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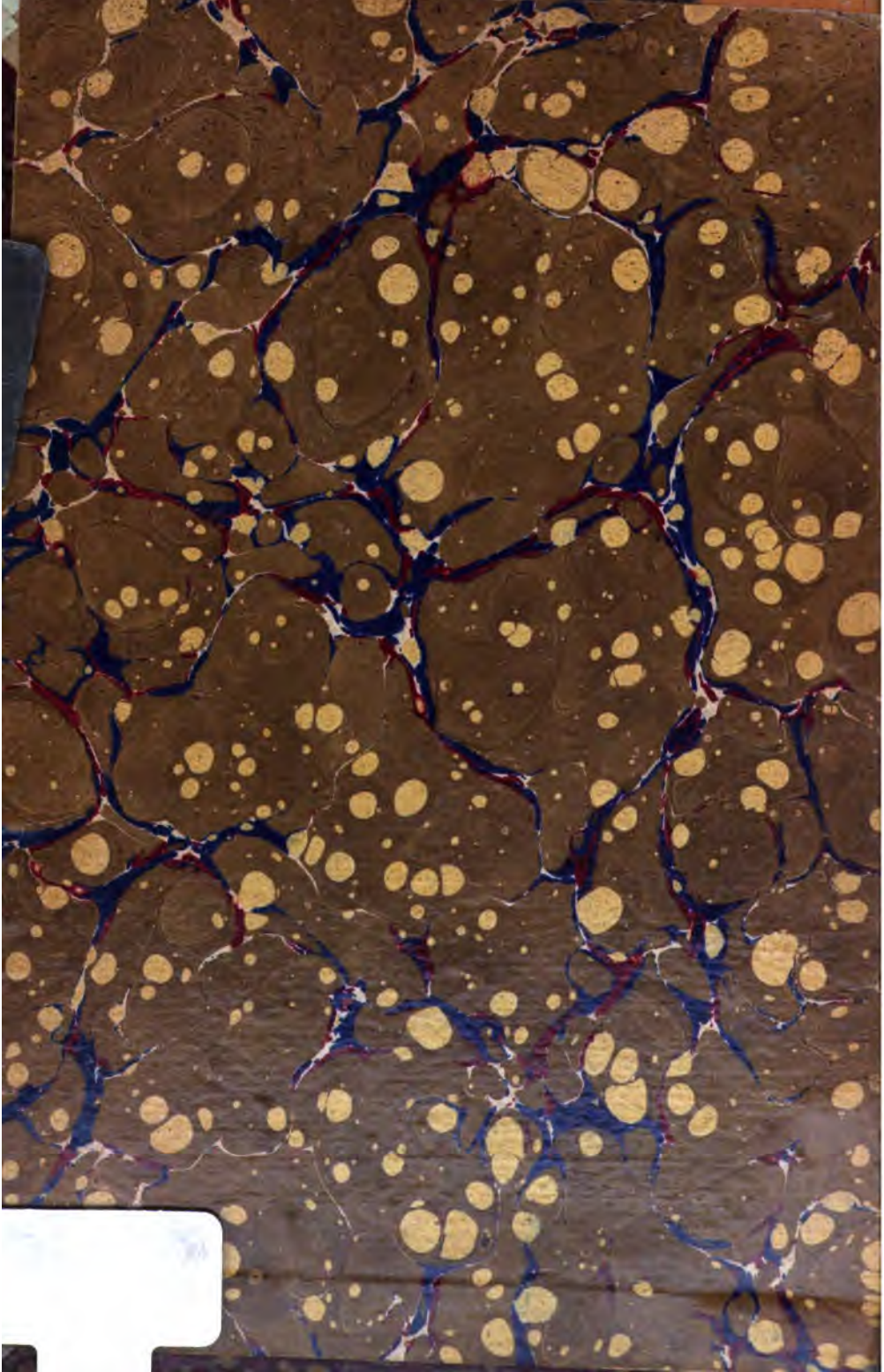

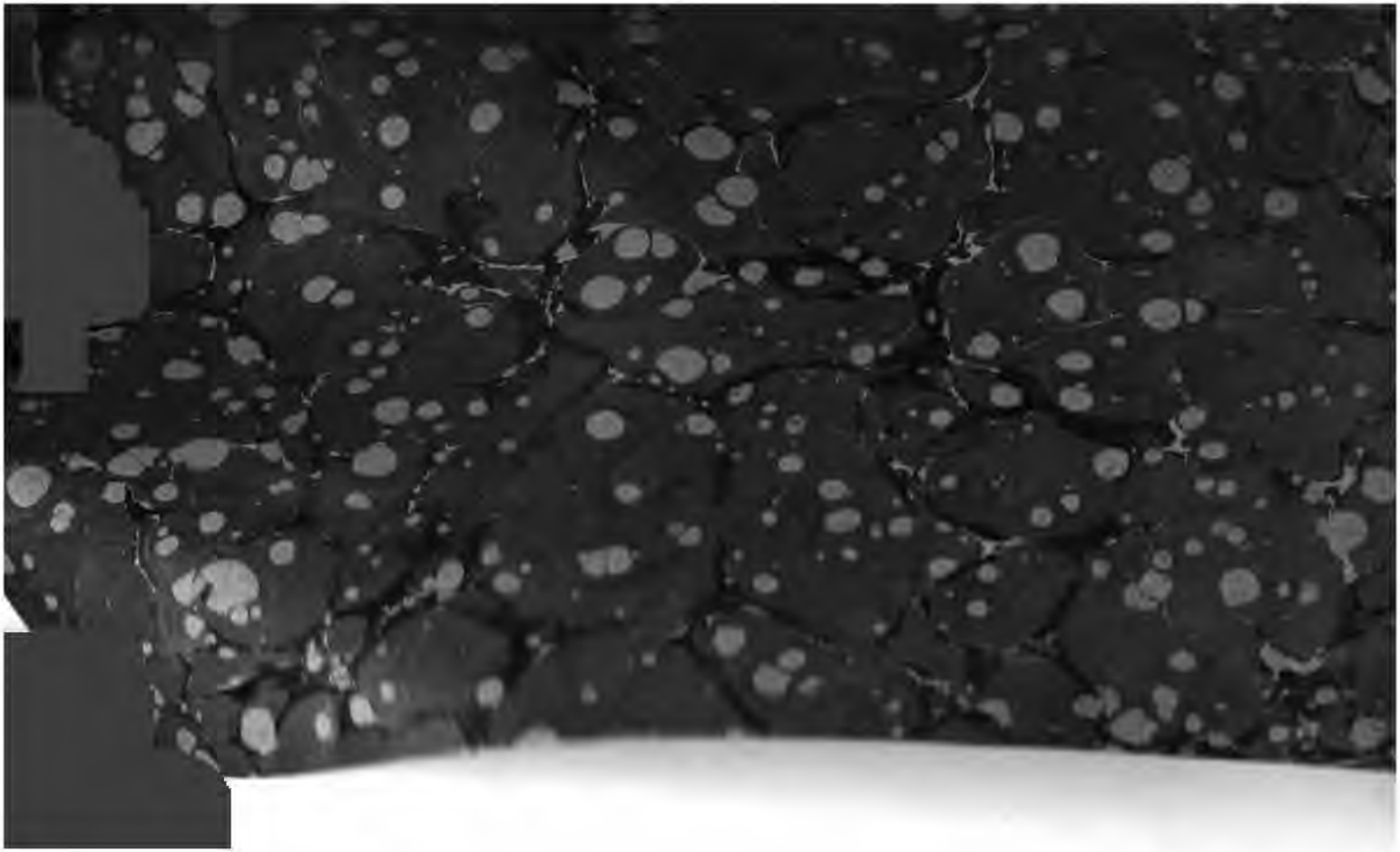

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ll the brave men who have devoted their lives to the stablishing and confirming England's empire of the he one whose name, first after Nelson's, would rise aneously to the popular lips is undoubtedly Drake. his memory there is a golden halo, richly set, too, precious stones, which lightens up the obscurity dition and legend; and even when viewed with the the lamp of history, his story still shines forth nt beyond the conception of fable. It is to elucida- his story, to illustrating its relation to the winning of ea-power which has been England's heritage for the hree centuries, that Mr. Corbett has devoted the t labour of many years, now represented by the ad- le volumes whose titles stand at the head of this . No. 3, being a collection of official and other nporary documents printed for the Navy Records y, is the framework of the narrative of the West n campaign of 1585–6, and of the raid on Cadiz in just as the companion volumes relating to the defeat Spanish Armada * are for the events of 1588. Nos. 1

* Edinburgh Review, January 1895, p. 59.

and 2, based throughout on these or similar documents not yet published, and very largely on Spanish authorities, chief of which are the 'Armada Española' and the 'Armada 'Invencible' of Captain C. Fernandez Duro, embody the results of painstaking and costly research in a way which places Mr. Corbett high on the list of modern historians. It is, of course, specialised work, but work which few—it any—besides himself could have carried through.

The volumes are, in fact, a monument to the memory of Drake—the Drake of history; Drake drawn forth from the legend of fable long associated with his name, and now presented to us as a real man, though grand beyond the ordinary run of men; grand in his deeds, grander still in his yet imperfect conceptions, instinct with that spirit of prophecy which is so closely attendant on genius, and which links the musings of the poet to the warnings of revelation. That, with a sound mind in a sound body, Drake had also some of this transcendent feeling, impelling him to acts which he himself could not understand, and to plans which he himself could not realise, is clear to every one at all familiar with the story of his life. It was not calm judgement, it was rather a movement akin to inspiration, which, as he descended from the tree over against Panama, threw him on his knees to pray that he might be permitted to sail on that southern sea which his eyes had just beheld. Judgement would have declared the thing impossible then, as six years later it declared it to be to Doughty, who mutinied, or to Wynter, who deserted. To these men, Drake was a dreamer of dreams, dangerous when in authority. But the dreams became accomplished facts, the passage through the Straits of Magellan was made in a shorter time than ever again for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and the raid up the coasts of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico brought to the adventurer wealth 'beyond the dreams of avarice.' Of other dreams, other conceptions, then impossible, but long since realised, we shall have to speak later on. We do not propose to follow in detail Mr. Corbett's lifelike narrative of Drake's career, to do which, indeed, would be trespassing on the domain of the historian or biographer; but rather, while briefly recalling the sequence of events, to examine some of them, interesting in themselves and tending to illustrate not only what was most remarkable in Drake's character, but also the tendency of the age and the outburst of maritime energy which so especially distinguished the reign of Elizabeth.

Somewhere between 1540 and 1545—the exact date is indeterminate—Francis Drake was born in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, at Crowndale, which his father, Edmund Drake, an old sailor turned into a farmer, rented from Lord Russell, whose eldest son, Francis, was the Drake baby's godfather. There can now be no doubt that Edmund Drake was near of kin to the Drakes of Ash; but Mr. Corbett is probably right in speaking of him as 'a poor 'relation,' whom the wealthier family was not too willing to recognise. Through them, he was related to Ralegh and to Howard, and remotely to Elizabeth the Queen. In some other direction, probably by marriage, he was connected with the Hawkynses, the wealthy shipowners of Plymouth; William Hawkyns, the Mayor of Plymouth, whose numerous privateers made the name of Hawkyns—or Achines—very terrible to the Spaniards, and John Hawkyns, mariner, adventurer, and treasurer of the navy.

The boy was but a few years old when—it was in 1549—a violent reaction in favour of the old service and the old Church broke out in the West country. Round Tavistock it raged furiously. Those who adhered to the new Prayer-book had to fly for their lives, and among many others Edmund Drake and his young family. In flying it would seem that they lost all their property—chiefly consisting, it may be, of household furniture and farm stock—and would thus have been altogether destitute had not some of their relatives—probably the Hawkynses—or perhaps the Russells, found an asylum for them on board one of the king's ships in the Medway, where Edmund Drake was shortly afterwards established as a sort of scripture-reader, and later on, having taken orders, as chaplain of the ships in ordinary and vicar of Upchurch. The whole story is obscure in its details, but it fits together fairly well, and at once explains Francis Drake's early apprenticeship to the sea. It reminds us, too, of the boyish training of Nelson in the same waters, where—as he himself wrote—he 'became confident of him-'self amongst rocks and sands,' a state which was afterwards 'many times of the greatest comfort' to him. Mr. Corbett puts altogether on one side the Spanish story that Francis Drake, as a boy, was a page of King Philip during his stay in England, or if not of Philip—as to which Spanish writers are not agreed—of some Spanish grandee or grandee's lady. He does not even allude to it, and in this we think he is right; for the story, extremely improbable in itself, is not supported by a tittle of English

evidence, which all points to the same conclusion, that while still very young Drake began his active career as boy on board a small coasting vessel, trading sometimes to France, sometimes to Zealand.

It was unquestionably a rude life, one which would have ended the career of a weakling before it was well begun, but which strengthened, hardened, and developed both body and mind of a lad so exceptionally gifted as was Francis Drake. Of book-learning he cannot have had much, and though we may suppose that his father's religious teaching left a lasting impress on his mind, it must have been overlaid by a vast heap of sordid cares and ungodly experiences. What these were we do not know. Our first direct knowledge of the young sailor is as captain of the 'Judith,' a small vessel in the fleet with which, in 1567–8, John Hawkyns made his third slaving voyage to Guinea and the West Indies. When destruction fell on this fleet in the harbour of San Juan de Ulua the 'Judith' was the only one that escaped, with the exception of the 'Minion,' on board which was Hawkyns himself. Mr. Corbett takes the customary view of this affair, and says that 'the Spaniards acted with confessed and 'deliberate treachery in breach of a formal military convention;' but he forgets or ignores the certain fact that, in the eyes of the Spaniards, Hawkyns and all his gang were smugglers and pirates, whom it was quite as legitimate to deceive by false promises, confirmed by oath if necessary, as it was to bait a trap for a mouse or a rat, and that, having done so, it was as correct to shoot or hang the one as to drown the other. This is not the morality of the present day, but we are by no means sure that in the sixteenth century Englishmen would have acted very differently if the *rôles* had been reversed. That, being as they were, Elizabethan Englishmen should take the view which Mr. Corbett takes now was perfectly natural, and as natural was it that a hard-handed, hard-headed man like Drake should vow that the Spaniards should pay for all he had suffered, and for all he had lost. It was, so far as is known, his first introduction to the Spaniards, and it fixed the character of his relations to them. With England they were, ostensibly, still friends; to Drake they were then and always treacherous and forsworn enemies.

The next two or three years of Drake's life have hitherto been a conundrum which Mr. Corbett now partially solves. He thinks there is sufficient evidence and probability to permit him to say that, during 1569, Drake was serving

as master of one of the Queen's ships with Wynter in the North Sea, or in the summer guard. Drake has himself told us that, in 1570 and 1571, he made two voyages to the West Indies in order 'to gain such intelligence as might further 'him to get some amends for his loss;' but the statement has always appeared doubtful. It was certainly not the whole truth; for Drake had not the means to undertake these voyages either with two ships, as in 1570, or with only one, as in 1571, solely in pursuit of geographical knowledge. The natural inference, therefore, was that he was carrying on some irregular traffic, which was probably supplemented by piracy, or what he would have called reprisals. Of these reprisals Mr. Corbett has now found evidence, and he establishes a fair presumption that, in 1570, Drake was sent out in a semi-official manner to prepare the way for a possible *riposte*, if Alva should carry out his threat of an invasion in support of the Northern insurrection. In February 1570 the Spanish ambassador wrote to his King: 'No fleet has 'left this country for the Indies except three medium-sized 'ships which sailed for the Guinea coast, where they always 'go on their way to the Indies;' and in June he wrote again: 'One of Wynter's ships which went to Guinea has 'returned, and the other two, if they can escape from the 'Portuguese fleet, will go to the Isle of Hispaniola.' As we know that Drake did go to the West Indies with two ships, and as the writer of these letters, who was keeping a very sharp look-out, was satisfied that no other than those mentioned had sailed from our western ports, Mr. Corbett considers it

'extremely probable that the two ships belonging to Wynter which continued their voyage to Hispaniola were none other than the "Dragon" and the "Swan," and that Drake was sent out in advance for intelligence purposes by the same group of politicians, financiers, and naval officers for whom he had been acting before.'

We see no reason to dispute this conclusion, which satisfactorily explains the difficulty. The state of affairs at home, too, seems to fit in with it. The Northern insurrection was suppressed; Alva's invasion did not come off; the *riposte* was not delivered; and it is likely enough that Drake was not in the full confidence of those who sent him out, and did not attribute any political meaning to his voyage, of which, from a Spanish manuscript* entitled 'A Summary Re-'lation of the Harms and Robberies done by Francis Drake

* Ashmole MSS. 830.

'an Englishman, with the assistance and help of other 'Englishmen,' Mr. Corbett extracts the following account:—

'In the year 1570 he went to the Indies in a bark of 40 tons, with whom there went an English merchant of Exeter called Rich. Dennys and others, and upon the coast of Nombre de Dios they did rob divers barks in the river Chagres that were transporting merchandize of 40,000 ducats of velvets and taffetas, beside other merchandize, besides gold and silver in other barks, and with the same came to Plymouth, where it was divided amongst his partners.'

Mr. Corbett thinks that the value of the booty is probably exaggerated; but he also thinks that, whatever it was, Drake's share enabled him to fit out the 'Swan' the next year on his own account. From this voyage he returned home with much plunder and 'his head full of the daring 'scheme upon which his reputation was founded.' This was the attempt on Nombre de Dios in 1572—an adventure so marvellous in its boldness that Mr. Froude characterised the story as 'obviously mythical, in parts demonstrably false, 'and nowhere to be depended upon.' A curious fancy; for we have it as told by Drake himself, or with his express sanction; and Froude was never weary of expatiating on Drake's fervent and all-constraining sense of religion. We may not feel quite so sure of the piety and religion; but if the story is not true in the main, Drake was a senseless liar, for he certainly intended it to be accepted as true, without any prospect of gain from it. Splendid as it was, the attempt on Nombre de Dios failed by reason of an unlucky accident. Drake was severely wounded in the thigh, and at the critical moment fainted from loss of blood. Without his leading, his men quailed and carried him down to the boat, happy in being able to get off without further loss. But on Drake's recovery the expedition met with compensating success, and finally returned to Plymouth with a large amount of treasure openly torn from the Spaniards, with whom the country was at peace.

Its arrival in August 1573 was exceedingly inconvenient. The Ridolfi plot had been brought to an end, and the Spanish authorities—Alva among others—were bidding for the goodwill of Elizabeth and her government. It was hoped on both sides that a peaceful understanding might be come to and diplomatic relations be resumed. And on the top of this delicate situation came Drake with his booty—enough to upset any negotiation. He had no letters of reprisal; and though authorised reprisals were legitimate, from the personal point of view, reprisals that were not

authorised were piracy, for which hanging was the meet reward. If the Spaniards demanded Drake's punishment, it would be difficult to refuse and still more difficult to grant it. 'There can be little doubt,' says Mr. Corbett, 'that he 'received a hint from his friends in authority to disappear.' Disappear he did, and for the next twenty months nothing is known of him. It has been commonly said that he was with Essex in Ireland; but Mr. Corbett shows by the irrefragable evidence of the pay-lists that he did not join Essex till the end of April 1575. Where, then, was he? What was he doing? Mr. Corbett's answer is ingenious and plausible. It is very likely the true one. This is what he says:—

'In the recesses of Queenstown harbour, a notable haunt of pirates in Tudor times, is a land-locked creek which still bears the name of "Drake's Pool," and here, a persistent tradition says, he used to lie hid and pounce out upon Spanish ships. The details of the legend vary. The only feature that is constant is that at one time or other Drake was there in hiding, and so closely are we able to follow his steps for the rest of his life, that if he ever did make use of "Drake's Pool," it must certainly have been at this time. Nor is the tradition without documentary support.'

And he quotes from the State Papers a memorandum that Drake, on his return, 'kept the seas till he had obtained his 'pardon.' That he was combining profit with safety, scouring the Bay of Biscay in command of one of Hawkyns's privateers, and from time to time cleaning his ship or refreshing his men in 'Drake's Pool' or some similar creek on the coast of Ireland, is exceedingly probable.

In connexion with this disappearance of Drake and the activity, at this time, of the English and Dutch privateers, Mr. Corbett gives an account of the Spanish armament of 1574, which has not, we think, been previously noted by any English historian. Burghley and Walsyngham knew of it and took measures accordingly, but it is very clear that they did not consider it so serious a danger as Mr. Corbett now supposes it to have been; following in this the excellent narrative of Captain Fernandez Duro, without bearing in mind the personal, or rather national, equation of the writer. The story is that, by desire of Requesens, a flotilla of small vessels was ordered to be got ready for service on the coast of Flanders. These vessels, which eventually numbered nearly 200, were to be convoyed up the Channel by some twenty great ships, carrying in all 12,000 soldiers. All this was on a much larger scale than Requesens had intended

or wished; and when the command was finally given to Pero Menendez—who had won a high reputation in the West Indies—the plan of operations was similarly extended. The idea, as he developed it, was to seize on the Scilly Islands, and from them relieve Flanders, occupy Falmouth, terrorise England, support their friends in Ireland, and crush the pirates of the Channel before they could get into the open sea. Before the scheme could take effect, Menendez died of 'an appalling epidemic' that raged through the fleet, and thereupon the panic-stricken force disbanded itself.

Mr. Corbett appears to say that this alone saved England from a very great and real danger, forgetting, it would seem, that three pages before he had written, 'It is probable 'the scheme must have failed, for it reckoned without the 'English naval power. Without first crushing the English 'navy it was certainly impracticable.' It appears, in fact, the design of an unpractical theorist who could not understand that the enemy might oppose its execution. It is difficult to believe that the hardy 'pirates,' then clustering for concerted action off Rochelle and the south of Ireland, would not have been sufficient to settle the business of this flotilla and its convoy, even without the fleet of some seventy sail which the Government had ready for 'mobilisation'—a modern term for modern conditions which Mr. Corbett habitually employs to denote something widely different, it is not easy to say exactly what.

It was in April 1575 that Drake joined Essex in Ulster, and, according to a story which Mr. Corbett accepts, struck up an intimate friendship with one Thomas Doughty, an ex-lawyer turned soldier and adventurer. That Doughty was serving in Ireland, and was there acquainted with Drake, is not improbable; but we think that Mr. Corbett exaggerates the intimacy; and, in fact, the whole story of Doughty is so overlaid with lies—lies manifest and lies suspect—that it is impossible to put together a certain story of what led to the celebrated trial and execution. That in the voyage which ended in putting a girdle round about the earth, Doughty commanded the soldiers, that he incited to mutiny, and was tried, condemned, and put to death, we know; but it is not necessary to explain this by the ingenious piecing of sentences from the several narratives to which Mr. Corbett attaches a great deal more importance than, in our opinion, they deserve. He shows that the aim and purpose of the voyage were kept strictly secret from the Spanish Minister and the Spanish King, but thinks that Burghley knew all

about it, was strongly opposed to it, and engaged Doughty to thwart and prevent it, even by the murder of Drake, if necessary. The story holds very well together, but it is unsupported by any evidence which we feel bound to accept, and it is unnecessary, for it is at least as probable that Doughty knew no more of the purpose of the voyage than the Spanish Minister did, and that when he learned it, his heart failed. Here, of course, comes in a question as to the degree of friendship which had grown up between Drake and Doughty. So far as we know Drake was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. His friendship with Doughty was, says Mr. Corbett, 'the only one that he permitted 'himself.' The evidence that he permitted himself this one is merely the assertion of a palpable liar, and is, in reality, no evidence at all. And in considering this question as a whole, some weight ought to be given to the remarkable facts that Drake's predecessor, Magellan, and his successor, Oliver van Noort, met with almost exactly the same difficulty, and solved it in practically the same way.

No part of Drake's life is more familiar to us all than his voyage round the world. The discovery of the passage afterwards known as 'round Cape Horn;' the capture of the Callao treasure-ship and of Zarate's 'falcon of gold, 'handsomely wrought, with a great emerald set in the breast 'of it'—as if it had just come out of Aladdin's cave; the visit to New Albion and the crossing the Pacific to the Spice Islands; the great crabs, 'each one sufficient to satisfy four 'hungry men at a dinner;' and the return to England, 'very 'richly fraught with gold, silver, silk, pearls, and precious 'stones,' to the value, as was reported, of a million and a half sterling—all of it is, or ought to be, as familiar as the 'Wonderful Lamp' or the 'Open Sesame.'

Naturally the Spaniards were very angry and clamoured for restitution, compensation, and Drake's blood. It was thus, perhaps, fortunate for him that his home-coming in September 1580 fitted in so well with the landing in Ireland of the so-called papal volunteers—Italians, indeed, most of them, but Spanish subjects, and brought from Spain in Spanish ships commanded by Juan Martinez de Recalde. Recalde himself judged badly of the adventure and withdrew, taking with him all the Spaniards who had joined the expedition at Corunna; but the Italians remained to surrender and be put to death as pirates—a summary execution which has been much talked of, but which, brutal as it was, was no worse and no better than similar things done by the Spaniards.

Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, could not and would not complain; he took the position that the slaughtered men were servants of the Pope, and that he, representing the King of Spain, had nothing to do with the matter. Elizabeth was not convinced of this. She knew that the men had been brought by a Spanish officer, in Spanish ships, and pending satisfactory explanations refused to receive Mendoza or to hear his complaint of Drake's piracies. It is not, indeed, to be doubted that she was really well pleased with what Drake had done, with his bringing home the spoils of the Indies, with his teaching Philip that Englishmen were not to be robbed with impunity, and with his—even if by anticipation—punishing the Spaniards for the invasion of Ireland. Eventually, after his ship had been brought round into the Thames, she visited him on board and conferred on him the honour of knighthood, which had not then lost the sense of distinction which originally attached to it.

Mr. Corbett rightly considers this the watershed—if we may adopt the term—of Drake's life. He had been till now a privateer or pirate, showing an energy and power above his fellows, and making his name peculiarly hateful to his enemies, but still fighting for plunder, in an obscure quarrel of his own. From this time onward he became a servant of the Crown, and may fairly be spoken of as an officer of the navy. He did not, in fact, after this go afloat except in the Queen's service; whilst ashore he was consulted by her Ministers and by herself on measures of naval policy. Even before he was knighted, he was conferring with Walsyngham about a proposed expedition in support of Don Antonio, the pretender to the throne of Portugal. Drake's practical mind seems to have been the first to point out that to hold the Azores with a sufficient force by sea and land would paralyse Spain; and the proposal at once took that direction. The scheme ultimately fell through, for the French Government would not, or rather could not, join it, and Elizabeth was fixed in her resolve not to undertake it singlehanded. We know now that in 1581 it would have been not only possible, but easy, for there would have been no opposition on shore; but neither Elizabeth nor Burghley had then gauged the real weakness of Spain in a naval war. Sixteen years later, when this was better understood, the islands had been put in a position to defend themselves; but even then —as will be seen—they owed their safety as a Spanish possession less to their own efforts than to the incompetence of their enemies.

On the relative power of England and Spain Mr. Corbett

has an extremely interesting chapter which, more clearly, more fully than anything yet published, brings out the position of the two countries now on the brink of war. In 1583, Burghley, Lincoln, Howard, Walsyngham, and Mildmay (the chancellor of the exchequer) were appointed commissioners to report on the state of the navy; and to them were added sub-commissioners, practical men, of whom Drake was one. 'Thus,' says Mr. Corbett, 'at the outset of 'his public career, Drake was afforded an excellent oppor- 'tunity of measuring the weapon he was to wield;' and he goes on:—

'So much misconception has always existed as to the nature of the force at the Queen's disposal, so long have imaginative pens rejoiced to represent the overthrow of the Spaniards as due to an outburst of instinctive and untutored national energy, that at this late hour it is difficult to disinter the truth. It is only by a patient study of what the officers engaged have left to us that it is possible to reveal the struggle for what it was—the triumph of advanced organisation and science over a maritime system that was dead, and service traditions that had sunk into senility.'

This is perfectly true; and though of late years much has been done to dispel the misconception, it still remains to do duty—or mischief—in school-books, in examination papers, and in newspaper articles. Mr. Corbett's chapter is thus peculiarly valuable for the detailed and somewhat technical account of the improvements in shipbuilding which had been gradually adopted; of the construction of the ships of the new design, and of the guns with which they were armed. In all these, England had made a very great advance during the last ten or fifteen years; Spain had been standing still, and her armament was almost mediæval.

'In organisation,' says Mr. Corbett, 'the Spaniards were as far behind the English as they were in comprehension of the naval art and in the material for its exercise. . . . It is not just to a warlike nation that had nothing but the time-honoured weapon to bring into the field not to remember that Spain entered upon the contest at a technical disadvantage that no height of chivalry or courage or devotion could countervail.'

Besides these material advantages, Mr. Corbett discusses also the strategical principles as then understood, and in doing this makes us acquainted with a remarkable pamphlet which had been written and circulated in manuscript some fifteen or twenty years before.*

* In manuscript it still remains, though an abstract of it was printed in 1807 in Vol. V. of Brydges's 'Censura Literaria,' where it remains buried almost more deeply than the transcript in the Addl. MSS.

'Its teaching,' he says, 'is startling in its modernity; nothing nearly so far advanced has come down to us from the time. The paper is not alarmist in tone, though perhaps rather for fear of being thought treasonable than because the situation was not felt to be grave. As it stands, it was calculated to restore calm by pointing out the strength which an adequate navy afforded against invasion if properly used, and that England was in a position to have one. His text is that for a maritime State, unfurnished with a navy, the sea, so far from being a safe frontier, is rather a highway for her enemies; but that with a navy it surpasses all other frontiers in strength.'

The paper is, in fact, an embryonic form of Colomb's 'Naval Warfare,' or Captain Mahan's 'Influence of Sea-Power;' and though of its author nothing appears to be known except that his name was John Montgomery, it may reasonably be supposed that we trace his teaching in some of the letters which Wynter and Drake wrote in the summer of 1588, though it is, perhaps, most probable that Drake only knew the paper at second hand and by conversation. However that may be, it appears certain that during the five years which followed his return from the South Sea he had not only familiarised himself with naval methods, but had accustomed himself to the consideration of questions of strategy and tactics, so that when war broke out in 1585, he was accepted by Walsyngham and the Queen as the most capable and experienced officer at their disposal.

None the less, although Mr. Corbett would not admit it, we doubt if Drake was at his best in command of a fleet. In 1585–6 he had such a command and raided the West Indies with destructive effect; but nothing in the campaign came near to rivalling the brilliance of his own petty expedition against Nombre de Dios. And yet the scheme which he outlined was a wonderful conception. The more so because at the time and under the existing conditions of ships, finance, and policy, it was quite impossible. He proposed to raid the coast and to sack towns; and these things he did, as he had done before. But he hoped also to take Havana, and 'if he found it tenable, 'he meant to establish a garrison in the place and hold 'it.' This suggestion of Havana captured and held is perhaps the first indication of the modern English idea of empire; but it was not for the age of Elizabeth to give effect to it. Seventy years later, it was judged too big a job for a more powerful fleet; and eighty-five years later again—in 1741—it still seemed beyond the grasp of a force vastly stronger than that which either Penn or Drake had

commanded. And yet, relatively, Spain was much weaker. But even if it had been possible to take it in 1585, all our later experience shows that under Elizabethan conditions it could not have been held. And this Drake realised, for he made no attempt to hold Cartagena; as to which Sir William Monson wrote some fifty years later:—

'It seems our long peace made us incapable of advice in war; for had we kept and defended these places when in our possession, and provided to have been relieved and succoured out of England, we had diverted the war from this part of Europe; for at that time there was no comparison between the strength of Spain and England by sea, by means whereof we might have better defended them and with more ease encroached upon the rest of the Indies, than the King of Spain would have aided and succoured them.'

Monson's idea of constant reliefs and succours out of England in 1585 was, of course, absurd; and though possibly Drake might have agreed with him as to there being 'no comparison between the strength of Spain and England 'by sea,' it was certainly not known to more than a select few before it was openly proved in 1588. In 1585, Burghley and most of the Queen's Ministers, and the Queen herself, would have accepted the statement, but in a sense diametrically opposite to that intended by Monson, writing many years after the wager of battle and of war had given him some glimpses of the truth.

Of the events of the next year Mr. Corbett says: 'In all 'those wars there was no campaign to match that of 1587.' Certainly there was nothing in Drake's career that surpassed it; and, as the Venetian Ambassador wrote, 'he has 'done so much damage on these coasts of Spain alone, that 'though the King were to obtain a most signal victory 'against him, he would not recover one half the loss he has 'suffered.' On the Spaniards it reflected more than a little shame. They had been warned for months that an attack was pending. Cadiz had been named as the objective; and yet when Drake arrived in April 1587, no precautions had been taken. He had thus no difficulty in beating back the few galleys which did their best to oppose him, in forcing his way into the harbour, and in burning the ships with which it was crowded. Thirty-eight vessels burnt, sunk, or brought away was the estimate of Fenner, Drake's captain; and great as the material loss was, the insult was almost greater. Drake himself described it as 'singeing the King 'of Spain's beard.'

The Spaniards had expected that after dealing this blow

he would stretch across to the islands, and lie in wait for the treasure fleet. The plan would have been worthy the old privateer. Good success would have won untold wealth, and would have most seriously crippled the Spaniards. That Drake did not altogether adopt it shows the change that had come over him. With a strategical insight beyond the possibilities of his age, he conceived that by taking his station at Cape St. Vincent he would absolutely prevent the enemy from concentrating at Lisbon. With this object he took possession of Sagres, and as long as he could remain there he did prevent the Spanish ships from passing. But his ships were not equal to the task: his provisions gave out; Borough, his vice-admiral for the expedition, was insubordinate, and the men could not and would not stand the strain. No reliefs were sent out, and he was compelled to relinquish the attempt, leaving it, however, to the memory of strategists of a later age. The delay in collecting the Spanish fleet was put an end to by his departure; but one apparently small part of his operations was destined to have tremendous results—results which Drake himself probably never knew of. Whilst at Sagres he took and destroyed a great number of coasting vessels. Nearly half of these were laden with hoops and cask staves, all of which were burnt. It is scarcely a stretch of imagination to suppose that the loss of these seasoned staves—equivalent in quantity, as was estimated, to near 30,000 tuns of liquor—and the consequent necessity of using new and green staves, had much to do with the ruin that fell on the Spanish fleet in the following year, when its drinking water ran out of the leaky casks, and, on the coast of Ireland, the dying wretches were vainly offering their wine as the price of a fresh supply.

As might be expected, it is in the campaign of 1588 that Mr. Corbett's story culminates. In it he has put out his full force, and excellently he has told it, although there are certain points of detail which we should interpret otherwise, and we are compelled to differ from him absolutely in his estimate of Drake's share in the great events. That share was, beyond question, very large, but we do not agree with Mr. Corbett in its pre-eminence. We cannot admit the contention virtually put forward that Drake was, *de facto*, commander-in-chief—the deviser and orderer of the tactics, the first in council and in action. We know of nothing in the way of evidence that supports the claim. Putting this, however, aside for the moment, we find Mr. Corbett's eluci-

dation of many controverted points interesting and satisfactory, and especially his defence of Elizabeth's strategy, which many modern writers have vehemently condemned. When Drake came back to England in the end of June 1587, he had been anxious to return at once to the coast of Spain and complete the work of destruction. The Queen would not permit this, nor would she hasten forward the preparation of her fleet.

'For this she has been most severely handled in recent times, as though she had come near to sacrificing the country to a constitutional parsimony and levity of purpose. Yet for this part of her policy may be found not a little justification, and it must be doubted whether much of the animadversion of modern critics is not due to a misapprehension of the conditions that then existed.'

He points out that in England it was the general opinion that the Spanish fleet could not sail that year, or that if it did it would be to its own destruction, from the lateness of the season. It was not only that Drake had done much damage, and had hindered the ships getting to Lisbon, but when he left the coast and stretched over to the Azores, where he captured the great and rich 'San Felipe,' Santa Cruz had followed him with the Lisbon squadron—the most powerful of the Spanish ships. It was a wildgoose chase, for he did not know whither Drake had gone; but, fearful for the treasure fleet and anxious to ensure its safety, he did not return to Lisbon till the beginning of October, and then with ships so strained by bad weather that they were in need of a very extensive refit. Philip was much annoyed, and wrote a series of letters to the Marquis, finding fault with the delay, charging him with want of zeal and with making difficulties, till the grand old veteran sank under the mortification. There is really no sufficient reason to suppose that Elizabeth was not informed of the state of affairs at Lisbon, and was unable to judge of the result. Meantime, Sir Henry Palmer, with a squadron on the coast of Flanders, was preventing the possibility of any direct attempt from these, and Drake, with a sufficient force at Plymouth, was exercising 'a disturbing influence' on the King of Spain's plans.

'Yet because the main fleet was kept at its moorings in Gillingham Reach Elizabeth has usually been regarded as guilty of complete and unpardonable inaction. "Had Santa Cruz sailed," says the best known authority [Froude], "before the end of September, as Philip intended, not a ship could have been brought out to encounter him. Parma beyond question would have crossed the Channel, and the

battle of English liberty would have been fought not at sea, but on shore." Parma himself was of the same opinion. "Had the Marquis come," he wrote, "when I was first told to look for him, the landing could have been effected without difficulty. Neither the English nor the Dutch were then in a condition to resist your fleet." But the point is, the Marquis did not come, and the main fleet was not wanted. The English seamen must have known as well as he did himself that there was barely a chance of his coming, and less to fear if he did. The event at least justified the Queen's policy. There is no trace of her having been blamed for it at the time at home, nor is there any reason to doubt it was adopted sagaciously and deliberately on the advice of her most capable officers.'

As it was, the ships were in such a state that they could be fitted for sea in a very short time. According to Howard's 'Relation,' the preparations were begun to be made about November 1, and the ships were fully ready to take the seas by December 20, 'a time very short for such an enter-'prise, having respect to the length of sundry years which 'the Spanish navy was in preparing.' And then came news that Philip had determined to postpone the expedition, and that February 15 was named as the earliest date of its possible sailing. The Queen and the Queen's Ministers took advantage of this information, and, while keeping the ships otherwise ready for sea, reduced the number of men on board by nearly half. This was, of course, a very different thing from putting the navy on a peace footing; and Howard, who considered the negotiations with Parma as 'a stratagem and a mask to deceive England,' approved of the measure, only pointing out that it would take a good time to get the men together again, and that therefore he should be warned as soon as the news from Lisbon seemed threatening. All which Mr. Corbett arrays against those who have attributed the reduction to 'the Queen's infatua-'tion for peace,' and sums up:—

'When we consider the practical impossibility of a winter campaign in those days, and the absolute necessity there was of dry-docking the ships if they were to be of any use in the spring, it is difficult to regard the policy adopted as otherwise than statesmanlike and seaman-like. Compared at least with the way in which treasure, stores, and lives were being squandered in Spain, the whole of the English naval administration at this time was a masterpiece.'

With the exception of 'the four great ships' the fleet was again fully manned in the beginning of February, and by the end of March the four great ships had been added to the fleet. Drake had from the first been in command of the ships at Plymouth, though his formal commission—

which may have been a renewal or extension of an older one—was not dated till March 15. On March 30 he wrote to the Council a letter in which, says Mr. Corbett, 'is found 'for the first time an enunciation of the root ideas of the 'new English school that Nelson brought to perfection . . . 'of the modern doctrine that the kernel of naval strategy is 'to destroy the enemy's main fleet, and that no invasion is 'practicable without command of the sea.' He desired, in fact, to be off the Spanish ports and to attack their fleet as soon as it showed outside. 'With fifty sail of shipping,' he wrote, 'we shall do more good upon their own coast than a 'great many more will do here at home.' From this opinion Drake never departed. We may believe that Howard took it from him and urged it on the Queen. But the Queen would have none of it. She and her Ministers could not rid themselves of the dread feeling that when the fleet was on the coast of Spain or Portugal, the Spaniards might give it the slip and suddenly appear in the undefended Channel. From the modern point of view, such a notion is untenable; but it does not follow that Elizabeth's advisers were fools. Napoleon tried to do something of the kind in 1805; and we can very well imagine Philip trying it in 1588. That he could have succeeded is less probable; but neither he nor Elizabeth understood that; and so Howard, Drake, and the Council of War insisted in vain. On July 4 Drake drew up a memorandum for the Council, which Mr. Corbett describes as a protest, but which appears to be more exactly described in the endorsement—'Sir Francis Drake's 'opinion touching our going to the coast of Spain.' It does, at any rate, put his opinion very clearly:—

'Our being upon the coast of Spain will yield us true intelligence of all their purposes. The taking of some of their army shall much daunt them and put a great fear amongst them. My opinion is altogether that we shall fight with them much better cheap upon their own coast than here; for that I think this one of the unmeetest places to stay for them.'

It was not to be; a couple of weeks later the Spanish fleet entered the Channel, and the fighting began. Mr. Corbett prefaces his account of it by a remarkable examination into the relative strength of the fleets, and arrives at the conclusion—which indeed had been outlined before, but never shown in such full detail—that the English had a considerable superiority of force. That they were vastly superior in the quality of both ships and men has long been known; that they had also a very great superiority in guns

and at least an equality in the number and size of their effective fighting ships, is comparatively new. In this we are quite in agreement with Mr. Corbett; but when he passes on to speak of the actual fighting, he appears to attempt too much in trying to give a detailed tactical description of events. That the Spaniards, whose ideas of fleet fighting were derived from the Mediterranean and were inspired by the still fresh memories of Lepanto, should prescribe a minutely formulated battle-array in line abreast, is easy to be understood; and it is extremely probable that they did fight in some such formation till the stiffening was taken out of them in the early battles. That they had any such formation in the later battles—off St. Catherine's and off Gravelines—is contrary to all evidence. On the other hand, there is nothing to convince us that the English aimed at any concerted formation; and Mr. Corbett's idea that they fought in a close-hauled line ahead—the line of battle of the eighteenth century—is, we think, a very 'fanciful inference.' In broaching it he seems to have forgotten that a few pages before he had written:—

'Accustomed to fight only with single ships, or with very small squadrons, and impatient of the restraint which a strict organisation placed upon the free movement of their individual vessels, the new school of seamen-admirals, it would seem, could see nothing but the evil of the old military formations, and hastily discarded every trace of them.'

This we accept. We entirely believe that the English fought in such small squadrons, the ships grouping themselves, largely at their own pleasure, round their chosen captains. It was what they had been doing any time for the last thirty years, as privateers in the Channel or the Bay of Biscay. We can also agree with Mr. Corbett that the English attacks were concentrated on the enemy's weathermost ships, and that when three or four ships made such an attack they would do so in line ahead, following the leader; and this is, we think, exactly what is meant by Ralegh's instruction of 1617, which Mr. Corbett quotes. 'The whole 'fleet,' he says, 'shall follow the admiral, vice-admiral, or 'other leading ships'—not ship. There are, therefore, several such leading ships, several small lines ahead, and the number of ships in each line is limited to four. What is quite certain is that in the first Dutch war, thirty-five years after Ralegh wrote, the line of battle was utterly unknown, and the fleets, both English and Dutch, were organised in squadrons.

We must further dispute Mr. Corbett's assumption that the tactics adopted were Drake's. In the earlier engagements Drake commanded in the second post, and had necessarily a prominent voice in the council of war, but there is nothing to show that the Lord Admiral was in any way subservient to him. It was then, and long afterwards, the rule for the policy of the campaign to be decided by the council of war, presided over by the commander-in-chief, and we have it recorded by Ralegh that in 1588 the tactics adopted were determined by Howard. Howard may have been—probably was—largely influenced by Drake, but in this particular matter Drake had no personal experience, and it is at least as probable that in the early months of the year Howard had discussed the matter with Wynter and Palmer. Wynter in particular had more than forty years' service in the navy, and had seen more and thought more of the conduct of fleets than any man in England. But Howard himself had much more experience at sea than Mr. Corbett admits, and, without being a 'tarpaulin,' had had something of the training of a naval officer. He was quite able to hear what Wynter, Drake, and all the others had to say, and to form his own opinion on the course to be followed.

We will not follow the accounts of the fighting, which we now know to have been really very one-sided. The force, the skill, the material advantages were all with the English; the Spaniards could oppose to them nothing but unflinching and useless courage: how useless a comparative estimate of their loss will show. We quote Mr. Corbett's version of Ubaldino's summary:—

'The Spanish Armada, in its passage through the Channel, from July 19, when it arrived off the Cape of Cornwall, till the 30th or 31st, when it was deprived of all possibility of joining its forces in Flanders, had lost about eleven good ships and some 8,000 men of all sorts, and a large sum of public money; while of the English ships had perished not one, and of their men (a thing marvellous to relate) little more than 100 in all the actions that took place.'

The story that the Armada was scattered by the winds—defeated by a special interposition of Providence—may have been consoling to the Spaniards, though it would seem to deny the righteousness of their cause; or acceptable to the shore-going Englishman who understood nothing of the affairs of the sea; but the English sailors, and the Spanish sailors, too, knew that the battle was fought out, and the

victory won, on the merits of the combatants. There is one other point which Mr. Corbett brings into prominence:—

'Much has been said and sung of the prowess of the English privateers who swarmed out boisterously and swept the formal Spanish navy from the seas. This is but pleasant romance. It was England who had the formal navy, not Spain, and it was the navy, not the privateers, that decided the campaign. Here and there individual cases of private ships distinguishing themselves occur, but often they were doing more harm than good. For scouting service, and perhaps for a certain moral effect, they were of use, but the men who fought the campaign hardly counted them as battle units. It was their boast afterwards that "thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war and a few of our merchants" had done the work.'

It was thus that, considering the numbers and size of the Spanish ships, as well as their power of passive resistance, and the shortcomings of the English gunnery, men's minds were turned to the necessity of strengthening the navy royal by more ships and by better gunnery. This leads Mr. Corbett into an interesting discussion on the changes then introduced in the form and construction of English ships, into which, however, it is unnecessary here to follow him. It is sufficient to note that a period of great activity ensued, and that large additions were made to the navy. But the more immediate and more public answer to the Armada was the Lisbon Expedition of 1589, and there seems little doubt that the conception of it was mainly Drake's. He consulted with Sir John Norreys, and these two arranged it on the basis of a joint-stock company. The Queen was a third in the bargain; she and Drake and Norreys were each to contribute 20,000*l.*, but the Queen was also to contribute largely in material—six ships and two pinnaces, besides guns, and arms, and armour for the troops. As the chief shareholders after the Queen, Drake and Norreys, with whom was joined Don Antonio, were to command the sea and land forces respectively. This seems to have been so much a matter of course that it is difficult to understand the contention of Mr. Corbett, who writes:—

'That Howard should have felt hurt at the arrangement is only natural. To have had the conduct of the war thus taken out of his hands and placed in those of his second in command can only have appeared to him as an unmerited slight. Nor can we wonder if his cordial relations with Drake were unable to withstand the shock, and were for a time replaced by a jealousy unworthy of his nature.'

To us, on the contrary, any other arrangement than that made would appear unnatural. To the Queen, of course, the

principal object was to have the work done as cheaply as possible, and if Drake and Norreys were willing to put their 40,000*l.* into the venture, it was only right that they should command it. From first to last there is no hint that Howard wished to have anything to do with it, and, still less, that he thought the command should have been given to him. But, in fact, Mr. Corbett's argument is based entirely on his former assumption that Drake was the virtual commander-in-chief of the fleet in 1588. Howard's narrative does not lend any countenance to this, and does not put Drake's personal action in any exceptional light. Therefore, in Mr. Corbett's view, Howard was jealous—not of Drake's superior command in 1588, but because, in 1589, Drake was appointed to command an expedition largely fitted out with Drake's money. So far as we can judge, it would have been vastly better for the nation if Howard had commanded it, for as it was, under the triple command of Drake, Norreys, and Don Antonio, and the unrestrained interference of the Queen, the expedition was doomed to failure from its very inception. What Drake had to do personally was well done, but the plan of the operations was faulty throughout. There is no secrecy equal to celerity, and this secrecy was lost by the order given to the generals to make their first attack on Santander or Corunna. They took and plundered Corunna. The error has been generally attributed to want of provisions, or to Drake's 'piratical' instincts; but Mr. Corbett shows good grounds for believing that it was really due to instructions from the Queen, and he quotes the exact words, as first drafted:—

'Before you shall attempt either Portugal or the Azores, our express pleasure and commandment is that you distress the ships of war in Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Galicia, that they may not impeach you in such enterprises as you are to execute upon his [the King of Spain's] dominions, and so that they may do us no harm in your absence.'

The injunction was doubly unfortunate, for from Corunna the troops brought the seeds of the pestilence that wrought such dire havoc among them. The landing at Peniche, involving the long and deadly march to Lisbon, was so clearly a mistake that it has been doubted whether it was not done in opposition to Drake's better judgment—carried, in fact, by the votes of Norreys and Don Antonio; and so it is represented by Mr. Corbett, who writes:—

'Drake, it is said, was altogether opposed to the operation. . . . As a point for commencing shore operations he considered Peniche radically vicious. Without a baggage train, field guns, or a proper

complement of cavalry, so long a line of approach was obviously a mistake. . . . He was therefore for proceeding direct to the Tagus, where with exact precision the army might operate from Cascaes in time with him, as under cover of fireships and a land attack he forced the defences at the mouth of the river with the fleet. It was St. Julian's Castle, the powerful work that covered the difficult entrance, that was the real key of Lisbon for a naval power, and upon this the land forces should have been directly thrown.'

The story is consistent and in itself not improbable, but there is no authority for it except that of Major Hume,* who avowedly depends on Spanish or Portuguese accounts. It is not explained how Major Hume's Spanish chronicler got hold of Drake's proposals and arguments, which were unknown to English writers, and are virtually if not positively contradicted by such accounts as we have from the men themselves. There is really no English evidence that Drake disapproved of the landing at Peniche; and as he bid his colleagues farewell, he promised to meet them at Lisbon. He did not then think that St. Julian would be a serious obstacle. At Cascaes he changed his opinion: and though, with a leading wind, he would perhaps have attempted to force the passage, the attack on Lisbon was repulsed before the leading wind came. And so, after a vain attempt to reach the Azores, and after burning Vigo, the ships, buffeted by storm and helpless by sickness, returned to Plymouth. The loss of life had been fearful; and though perhaps not so great numerically as was commonly said, Mr. Corbett considers that, after all deductions, the expedition had consisted of about 12,000 men, of whom 'not more than '6,000 seem to have ever returned.' It seems quite possible that the number of men who returned was very much less.

It was some years before Drake was employed again. Mr. Corbett speaks of these as 'Drake's disgrace.' He considers that the want of success had alienated the Queen, and that all those 'who regarded themselves as the natural 'leaders of the country in arms' were hostile to him. He retired, and during his retirement the conduct of the war was changed—'the plausible, but unsound ideas of Hawkyns 'were allowed to supersede the more drastic doctrine of his 'pupil.' This seems to us to resemble the description of Hawkyns's ideas; it is plausible but unsound. It implies that previous to 1590 the war was waged by 'offensive 'operations in grand form;' after it, by commerce-destroying

* *The Year after the Armada.* Mr. Corbett refers to Hulme, but his spelling of proper names is everywhere curiously erratic.

only. This is certainly incorrect. Commerce-destroying was indeed carried on after 1590 on a larger scale than before it, but so also were the offensive operations. The attempt in 1591 to intercept the treasure fleet—though a brilliant failure—must rank above 'mere commerce-'destroying;' and the relief of Brest, the capture of Crozon in 1593, comes into a totally different category. But the hero of this exploit was Frobisher, and Mr. Corbett finds it hard to forget that Frobisher had a bitter quarrel with Drake. Yet Howard had a high opinion of his experience and judgement, and the capture of Crozon was no light thing. It gave, in Mr. Corbett's own words, 'the last blow 'to the Spanish cause in France.'

But meantime the King of Spain, taught by many severe lessons, had reconstructed his fleet; many new ships of improved design had been built, principally for the 'Indian 'guard,' and in England it was believed that another Armada might repeat the attempt of 1588. Mr. Corbett takes Philip's efforts as seriously as did Elizabeth's Ministers, to whom the building of ships seemed to be the formation of a strong navy. He thinks 'that Spain had become a great 'sea-power,' and the failure to understand this caused the ill-success of the expedition which Drake, with Hawkyns as his vice-admiral, led to the West Indies in 1595. But it was not by Spanish ships or by Spanish sea-power that this expedition was brought to naught; it was by its own shortcomings, by the disagreements between Drake and Hawkyns, by administrative blunders and by vexatious delays. Everywhere the Spaniards were forewarned and, goaded to action by the terror of Drake's name, were, for once in their history, forearmed. At Palmas the English were repulsed, and again at Puerto Rico, where Hawkyns died. The burning of Rio de la Hacha and of Santa Marta was poor compensation. Nombre de Dios offered no resistance and no booty; but when a party 750 strong tried to get across the isthmus to Panama, they found the road blocked and so stoutly defended that they were obliged to retire. Sickness had played havoc among them, and it may be that they brought the fever on board. Dysentery too was raging through the crews, and many died, Drake himself among the number.

The command devolved on Sir Thomas Baskerville, who brought the fleet home after defeating, off the Isla de Pinos, a Spanish fleet of more than double their nominal strength, specially sent out in pursuit of Drake. The story of this

fleet and its action with Baskerville's does not seem to bear out Mr. Corbett's opinion that 'Spain had become a great 'sea-power, with a fleet in a constant state of mobilisation, 'and admirals well practised in handling and protecting large 'numbers of ships.' When this special fleet 'of over twenty 'sail, including some of the new "Apostle" galleons,' arrived at Cartagena,

'it was in so bad a condition that its commander was easily persuaded by the Governor to stay where he was and refit. Nor does he seem to have made any attempt to move again until an *aviso* brought tidings that Drake was dead. Upon this he summoned courage to sail with twenty vessels which he considered fit for service and to make for Havana, where, he says, he expected to fall in with the English fleet.'

He did fall in with it, but was glad enough to part company when the English, after doubling Cape Antonio, pursued their way to the northward; for Drake was gone; and without him, their one thought was to return to England. As they arrived, the expedition for Cadiz sailed, the greatest effort made by England during the war. Elizabeth had learnt by experience the wisdom of the counsel to seek the enemy in his home ports. And that counsel was emphatically Drake's. Mr. Corbett writes:—

'The sailing of that fleet, which he should have lived to command, marks the triumph of his ideas. The Lord Admiral was at its head, the most famous of the seamen were amongst its captains, the whole force of the nation was put forth, and all were at one in an undivided purpose to fight a campaign on the lines he had pleaded for in vain. It is impossible not to regret that the master who had traced the design was not spared to execute the work.'

This regret is more sentimental than practical. Social prejudice was then far too strong to permit a man like Drake to be commander-in-chief of such an expedition; and even had it not been, we may very well doubt whether Drake was a fit man for such a post. He was, indeed, a man capable of achieving great results with very small means; with a marvellous insight into the enemy's designs, and a genius that laid down strategical suggestions which the experience of three centuries has not been able to better. But of his ability as a tactician we know nothing, and, on the other hand, we do know that he was very apt to quarrel with his subordinates. Admitting that he knew what ought to be done in any given case, it is very far from certain that he knew the best way of getting it done. Howard, as Lord Admiral, exercised an authority which no one afloat could dispute, and had a rank which cut short all jealousy. The Queen's

great blunder—and it was a very great one—was the appointing Essex as his coequal; junior afloat, but senior ashore.

So far as we can see, Essex had not one qualification for high command, unless we except his physical courage, which was perhaps not inferior to that of the average foremast hand, and was as little under control. In patience, temper, tact, foresight, prudence, intelligence, knowledge, and experience, he was utterly wanting. To set him up as the worthy successor, the compeer, of Drake is surely the most astounding proposition. The expedition to Cadiz was his first command, and he did his best to ruin it. Though he is far from laying the blame on Essex, Mr. Corbett thinks it was ruined; he describes it as 'an irretrievable miscarriage 'that condemned the war to an inefficient conclusion.' From this we altogether dissent; but it was no fault of Essex's that it was not so. His hot-headed rush to the shore as soon as the galleons gave way compelled Howard—trammelled by the knowledge that Elizabeth would hold him responsible if anything untoward happened to her favourite—to follow him, and gave the Spanish ships time to seek refuge up the creeks, where it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to follow them. Happily Howard had to deal with his old antagonist of 1588—the Duke of Medina Sidonia—and the ships were burnt to prevent their falling into our hands. This is the way Mr. Corbett describes this, our irretrievable miscarriage:

'So heroic a measure compels a certain admiration. The cargoes alone, without the ships or their armament, Sidonia estimated at four million ducats. The hostages told the English they were worth twice as much. The whole is said to have been valued by the merchants at twelve millions. Yet without flinching the terrible order was put into execution. For three days and three nights the holocaust raged, and in this way were consumed the two Lisbon galleons, the three Levanters which had just arrived richly laden from Italy, the three new treasure frigates, thirty-four ships of the *flota* with their costly lading for the luxurious colonial markets, and many smaller vessels. The loss was incalculable, not only for the intrinsic value of what was consumed, but for the complete dislocation of the American trade that it involved, and the ruin it meant to the impoverished merchants.'

Of course it all ought to have been prize, and in that sense the burning of it was a miscarriage; but the next best thing was its total destruction, and that seems to have been done very thoroughly. It appears to us the decisive event of the war; and notwithstanding the ships still left to Philip, neither he nor his successor was ever afterwards able to

make any effective show. But Essex lay a dead weight on the navy and the might of England. Notwithstanding the failure at Cadiz, his Court favour obtained for him the command of 'The Islands Voyage,' the expedition to the Azores in 1597, undertaken with the object of capturing the treasure fleet. The Spaniards were unable to offer any resistance; their sea-power, such as it was, had been burnt at Cadiz the year before; and the treasure fleet, coming necessarily to the Azores, ought to have been captured. It might have been captured if Ralegh had been in command; it is doubtful: Ralegh's reputation, as Mr. Corbett properly points out, was not based on any achievement. It probably would have been captured if Lord Thomas Howard had commanded in the first, instead of in the third, post. He had, at any rate, some experience of fleets and of the Azores and of the navigation of the *flota*. But under Essex nothing but failure could ensue. The curious thing is that while Mr. Corbett gives an admirable narrative of the voyage, he does not permit himself to see how entirely its ill-success was owing to Essex's ignorance, incompetence, and want of temper. It was his last opportunity at sea. Other fields were found for the display of his peculiar talents—his incapacity and bad temper—which occupied him till his death a few years later.

Of the naval operations in the meantime, of the attempts and failures on both sides, Mr. Corbett gives a very good and most interesting account, but throughout he seems to estimate the power of Spain rather by what was proposed than by what was done. Time after time a Spanish fleet was got together; and the English very properly prepared for its possible coming. As old Wynter wrote in 1588, 'In 'these princely actions a man cannot be too provident, and no 'wisdom were it to put things to an even balance when more 'weight may be added.' But never once was the alarm justified by the result. The Spanish fleets when they got to sea were broken up, dispersed, or driven ashore by the first threatenings of a gale. As Mr. Corbett says, 'Spanish 'seamanship was powerless in conditions at which English 'ships and mariners could laugh.' Never once did they try to secure the command of the sea by force, and their projects of invasion came to naught. They tried a policy of evasion, and were destroyed in the attempt. In 1601 their policy of evasion, on a small scale, seemed for a moment to be successful: but their communications were cut, and the troops they had landed in Ireland were forced to surrender.

The whole story but illustrates the teaching of Captain Mahan and the late Admiral Colomb, that the command of the sea is not to be won by evasion; that without the command of the sea invasion is fatal to the invader. The whole course of the war was the death-blow to the power of Spain, as it marked the new developement of the power of England. The story has thus an importance exceeding even its great interest. We do not agree with all Mr. Corbett's conclusions, but in relating the facts in detail, and in marshalling the authorities, he has enabled us the better to examine his theories. Even where we differ from him, it is largely to his industry and acumen that we owe the facility of discussion. He deserves and has the warm gratitude of every student of naval history.

ART. II.—1. *Annual of the British School of Athens.* London: Macmillan. 1899–1900.

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3. *Further Discoveries of Cretan and Ægean Script.* By A. J. EVANS. London: Quaritch. 1898.

4. *History of Art in Phrygia, Lydia, Caria, and Lycia.* By G. PERROT and CH. CHIPIEZ. English translation. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

5. *Mycenæ.* By Dr. H. SCHLIEMANN. London: Murray. 1878.

6. *Ilios.* By Dr. H. SCHLIEMANN. London: Murray. 1880.

THE recent discovery by the Cretan Exploration Fund of a thousand inscribed clay tablets in the ruins of the palace at Knossus in Crete, appears likely to throw a flood of light on the origin of that early art in Greece, which is conveniently described as Mycenæan, or Ægean, and on the relations which existed, in early times, between the Greeks and the civilised nations of Asia and Italy. At Troy and at Mycenæ alike so few traces of written characters were found by Dr. Schliemann that it has always appeared remarkable to see a people possessed of riches and of distinctive art, apparently also illiterate; and, although it is as yet impossible to fix very closely the age of the Cretan texts, their appearance in connexion with a civilisation clearly connected with that of Mycenæ is a new and valuable addition to positive knowledge. Dr. Schliemann held firmly that the race to which this art belonged was Greek. He argued from the racial types represented by the gold masks covering the faces of the dead; from the character of the designs on the gems; and from comparisons with the Homeric descriptions. But he was unable to prove his case by aid of writings. It now appears that the tongue used in Crete by those whose art is so similar was Greek; * but at the same time many features in the new discoveries at Knossus point to the origin of the Ægean civilisation as having been found in Western Asia. The Greeks, as Herodotus knew, invented nothing, but it was their glory to advance to a higher pitch of artistic excellence all that they borrowed from older civilised nations.

Philologists have traced the spread of the Greek tribes

* See the letter of Colonel C. R. Conder, 'Times,' April 16, 1901.

from the old Aryan home on the Caspian. The mingled Latin-Celtic stock separated from the Slavs, and the Greeks passed south, while the Latin tribes separated from the Celts in Austria, and descended the Italian peninsula as Umbrians, Oscans, Faliscans, and Sabines. The Armenians are classed by language as intermediate between the Slavs and the Iranians, or Eastern Aryan family, and, according to Herodotus, they were an offshoot of the great Aryan wave from Thrace which appeared in Asia Minor in the Phrygians, Mysians, and Bithynians.* The 'divine Pelasgi,' as Homer calls them,† had a home in the Peloponnesus south of Corinth; they were among the early Aryan colonists of Crete, and included the Ionians who, expelled from the mainland, reached the east shores of the Ægean in Asia. As far as personal names and other indications can show, they were of the same Aryan stock. The Lycians, who are even said to have been Cretans, and who were allies of the Trojans, were connected also with Attica. The later Lydians, from the time of Gyges onwards (intermarried with Ionians, and spreading over Caria), were also of European origin. By about 550 B.C. these Aryans had conquered Asia Minor as far as the river Halys, and in the time of Herodotus they had overrun Armenia further east.‡

Another Aryan wave here met them, coming from the east. The Cimmerian raids from the Caucasus were followed by the more formidable advance of the Medes,§ who were found as early as 850 B.C. by the Assyrians near Lake Van, and who were established in Cappadocia by the middle of the seventh century B.C. By about 540 B.C. Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, after subduing Ionia and Caria, had reached the Ægean at Xanthus in Lycia, and the eastern and western Aryans were here found intermingled somewhat later, before the great Macedonian advance under Alexander.

But while historic statements thus clearly trace the early invasion of Asia Minor by Greek races, before 1200 B.C., it is equally clear that another civilised race was found in possession by the Aryans. The earlier Lydian civilisation was Asiatic rather than European. Traditionally they claimed descent from Ninus, son of Bel, which suggests a Babylonian origin. Their social customs were strange to

* Herodotus, vii. 73; Strabo, x. iii. 16; Pliny, H. N. v. 41.
† Odyss. xix. 172 *seq.*; cf. Il. ii. 840; Herodot. ii. 56.
‡ Herodotus, i. 173, i. 7, vii. 73; Iliad, iv. 197, vi. 78, 184.
§ Herod. i. 176.

the Aryans, yet are familiar to the present day among the Mongol races of Asia.* In Lydia the peculiar Babylonian double system of weights prevailed, and the light and heavy mina, divided into sixty parts in each case (one mina being exactly double the other), had weights only slightly degraded from those used about 2000 B.C. by the Mongol Kassites of Mesopotamia.† It was from Lydia also that the Etruscans proceeded to Italy about 1000 B.C.,‡ and modern authorities, like Sir H. Rawlinson and Canon Isaac Taylor, assure us that the Etruscans were not Aryans at all, but Mongols. Many words of their language are known with certainty, and are closely similar to those used by the Akkadians and Kassites in Babylonia. The title, or name, Tarkon, which often appears in Etruscan texts, and which is familiar to us as Tarquin, was not an Aryan word. It is a common element in the names of Hittite chiefs about 1500 B.C., and it survives to our own time in primitive Turkish and Mongol dialects as meaning 'Chief of the Tribe.' Etruscan language, type, customs, art, and dress alike serve to connect this sturdy stock with their Lydian kinsmen, and with the original and distant home of the race in the valley of the Euphrates.§

The evidence of monumental records, and the actual remains of ancient art in Greece and Asia Minor, agree in a remarkable manner with such literary accounts. It is very generally admitted by antiquaries that the origin of Aryan art in Asia Minor is traceable in that of the older population, which had its centre in North Syria and Cappadocia; while the remains found at Troy, Mycenæ, and in Crete clearly indicate that much of the wealth of the Greeks came to them from Asia Minor and Phœnicia, and—to a lesser degree—from Egypt, though as yet they had no direct communication with Babylon or Nineveh. It is impossible to suppose that the art of Mycenæ, though distinctive and admirable for so early an age, was of European

* Especially that of sacred prostitution, Herod. i. 93, 94; see also the peculiar matriarchal customs of Lycia, Herod. i. 173.

† The weights at Troy—silver ingots—have also been compared with those of Babylonia and Carchemish.

‡ Herod. i. 94.

§ At Troy the skull found in the second city was brachycephalic, but those of the third city were dolichocephalic, as though the first settlers had belonged to a Mongolic race, and the later ones to an Aryan stock. The prognathous jaw which was characteristic of the older skull is not uncommon among the northern Tartars.

origin. The written characters used in Crete, before an alphabet had been formed, are admitted to compare closely with those found in use among the Greeks of Cyprus, and also scattered over the mainland in Cappadocia, Caria, and Phrygia. It is also very generally admitted that these characters were derived from the older hieroglyphics popularly called 'Hittite;' and, whenever first adopted by the Aryans, it appears clear that they were not the invention of an Aryan race.

Hellenic scholars are naturally jealous of the credit of Greece, while others have endeavoured to establish a separate Asiatic civilisation, due to Armenian genius. But the latter theory fails, because the Armenian never coincides with the Hittite word. It might have been expected that the views of Sir H. Rawlinson and Dr. Birch, who saw in the so-called 'Hittite' civilisation that of a Turanian or Mongol race, would ere now have won general acceptance. The round faces, high cheek bones, slanting eyes, and long pigtails of the Hittites are neither Aryan nor Semitic characteristics. Racial type, art, and language alike connect this race with the Akkadians and Kassites of Babylonia.* Quite recently Dr. Koldewey has dug up, in Babylon itself, a fine specimen of the so-called 'Hittite' writing, with an archaic relief, showing that this script prevailed, and this type existed, in the great capital as early, perhaps, as 2200 B.C. Somewhat later these tribes are found in Cappadocia, mingled with Semitic traders, who used the cuneiform characters on their tablets. The Hittite monuments and gems occur down the course of the river Halys in Pontus. They are found in Phrygia and Cilicia, and even on the Ægean shores near Ephesus, and in Lydia. It was apparently from these civilised Mongols, or Turanians, that the wild Aryan tribes learned the arts of working in precious metal, of carving gems, and of turning a fine class of pottery, and finally that of writing. It was only after about 800 B.C. that the Phœnician element began to be distinctly visible in Greece. The early communication with Egypt was much less familiar than that with Asia Minor, and only after the defeat of Xerxes did direct intercourse with Babylon become usual. Dr. Schliemann insisted that the remains at Mycenæ showed no indication of any Assyrian influence.

* 'Die Hettitische Inschrift gefunden in der Königsburg von Babylon am 22. August, 1899.' Von Dr. Robert Koldewey. Leipzig, 1900.

The oldest known notice of Asia in Egyptian records belongs to the beginning of the Twelfth Dynasty—perhaps about 2300 B.C., and is found in the 'Story of Sunahit.' Tonu is there noticed as a country in the north, reached by ship; and Tonu is noticed with Tyana, in Cappadocia, by later Assyrian scribes. The names of chiefs in this region —Ammiansi and Khontiaush—are, however, not Aryan or Semitic, at this early period; and that of Tarkontimmi, from Gozan, who is represented, perhaps as early, near Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, subduing the local chief Artes, of Erime, is very distinctively Hittite. In Egypt itself foreign pottery is found at Gurob, which is believed to be as old as the Twelfth Dynasty, and again at Kahun, probably in the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty. It is marked with letters, or syllables, like those of the Cypriote script, and is usually called Ægean, because similar to that of the early Greeks. But it is found at Lachish and elsewhere in Palestine as early as 1500 B.C., and it has recently been dug up by M. Chantre in the Hittite ruins of Cappadocia. It cannot, therefore, be considered evidence of the early presence of Greeks in Egypt, since it may prove to have been of Hittite and Canaanite origin.

About 1600 B.C. Thothmes III. extended his conquests to the borders of Assyria and Cilicia, but encountered only Semitic and Hittite tribes, though he knew of certain 'Danonas of the Isles,' in whom some antiquaries propose to recognise the Danai. The names of many such northern peoples, mentioned in Egyptian texts, are very doubtful, on account of the imperfect representation of the words in hieroglyphic script; and their identification has been disputed for the last thirty years. About 1500 B.C., or later, letters were received by the Pharaoh from a maritime people in Elishah, who sent copper in ships at a time when it was scarce in Egypt. They were enemies of the Hittites and Leku (of Ligyes of the Taurus), and wrote in a Semitic dialect. Elishah was apparently in Cilicia, near the Cappadocian mines. The great league against Rameses II., about 1350 B.C., included these Leku, with the Kaska, and the tribes of Gozan and Carchemish, who were Hittite, and with other peoples at the 'farther end of the sea,' such as the Masu, Maunu, Dardani, and Pidasa; but whether these represent Mysians, Mæonians, Dardanians, and people of Pedasus, near Troy, must still be regarded as uncertain. In 1300 B.C., or later, Mineptah was attacked in Egypt by the Libyans and the Mashausha (thought to be Maxyes),

who were allied to the Leku, Shardana, Shakalsha, Akaiusha, and Tursha, peoples of the 'north' and of the 'sea,' in whom, again, have been seen the Lycians, Sardians, Cilicians, Achæans, and people of Tlos, Tros, or Thrace. They were defeated, and peace was established as far north as the Hittite country, but the alliance of these Aryans (if such they were) with their kinsmen in North Africa continued to be a great danger to Egypt.

In the time of Rameses III., about 1200 B.C., we have actual representations of blue-eyed, light-haired tribes, who again attacked the land of the Amorites in North Syria, and aided the Libyan colonists in a descent by sea on the Delta. These were 'people of the North'—Purosata,* Tekkari, and Danau, with spears, short swords, round shields, and crested helmets, and may have included Teucrians (whence sprang the Trojans) and Danai. The 'people of the sea'—Shakalsha, Shardana, and Uashash—came with them, in mail coats, with bossed shields, long swords, and helmets having horns like those represented on one of the early vases from Mycenæ. This raid of Aryan pirates was again repulsed, and among the thirty-nine cities conquered by Rameses III. rather later, Dr. Brugsch would recognise Tarsus and Adana in Cilicia, with Salamis, Kition, Soli, and Idalium in Cyprus.

Passing to the later age of Assyrian conquest we find Sargon, in 720 B.C., acquainted with the Ionians; and in 680 B.C. Esarhaddon enumerates the petty subject kings of Cyprus, including Ægisthus of Idalion, Pythagoras of Kition, Euryalus of Soli, and Damasus of Curium. But while it is clear that the Greeks, as early as the eighth century B.C., shared this island with the Phœnicians, making

* The Purosata are indistinguishable in dress and type from the others. They may have come from Prusias, or even from Præsos in Crete. Some scholars have read the word Pilista, and have supposed them to be Philistines. The idea that the Philistines were Pelasgi, and that the Cherithites were Cretans, rests only on the later speculations of Tacitus, and Stephanus of Byzantium. Philologically it is unsound. From the monuments we know that the Philistine rulers, about 1500 B.C., were Semitic; and according to the Bible, they were so yet earlier in the time of Abraham. The Tekkari (otherwise read Zaggali) are said to have inhabited a place on or near the shores of Canaan, called Dori, whence it is urged that there was a Teucrian colony at Dor, south of Accho; but it is not even certain that Dor was on the sea coast, and no real evidence of Aryan settlements in Syria can be held to have been adduced from any other monuments.

it the outpost of their Asiatic trade, it is equally certain that no Greek names ever occur among those of princes on the mainland of Syria, mentioned by any Assyrian or Babylonian conqueror.

On the south-west Crete appears to have been in like manner a great outpost of the Mediterranean trade, in which the Samians and other Greek islanders vied with the Phœnicians. Crete, according to Homer and Herodotus, was first barbarian (whatever that may mean), and was colonised by Pelasgi, Achæans, and Dorians.* The Ægidæ from Sparta, migrating to Thera, and under Battas about 640 B.C. to Crete,† proceeded thence—reinforced by the Cretans—to Cyrene in Africa; and, as we have seen, it is probable that other Greeks had reached Libya even seven centuries earlier. The old Libyan stock was closely akin to the early Egyptians, and indeed—as Champollion pointed out—the languages and customs of the North Africans generally connect them with Egypt, even as far west as the Canaries, where, in the fifteenth century, the Spaniards found the Guancho Berbers not only mummifying their dead, but calling the mummy *Kha*—its old Egyptian name. But the fair-haired Libyans who attacked Mineptah appear to have been Greek colonists, and to the present day a fair type is found among Kabyles and other Berbers. It must, however, not be forgotten that this population was reinforced later, not only by Dorians and Italians but by Vandals, who may be responsible for the blue-eyed Libyans of to-day. The problem of race is yet further complicated by the long dominance of the Punic and Arab stocks; and from the first of these the Numidians learned the art of writing, as is evident when their alphabet is compared with the late Punic letters found in Spain. It is not, therefore, from Libya that any important light on the true origin of Greek civilisation is to be expected, though Mr. A. J. Evans was no doubt justified in casting his net wide in his attempt to explain the origin of written characters in Crete.

The statements found in Greek writings, the evidence of script and symbolism, and that of various materials in use, together with some of the Greek mythical stories, and the representation of mythical monsters on gems, all point in one direction, and connect Greek culture more closely with that of Asia Minor, and, later, of Phœnicia, than with any

* Odyss. xix. 172 *seq.*

† Pindar, 'Pythian Ode,' v. 69–98; Herod. iv. 154.

other. Homer speaks of the chased goblets of Sidon; and the breastplate of Agamemnon comes, as Mr. Gladstone reminds us, from Cyprus.* The great poet was, however, acquainted with Egyptian Thebes as a mighty city. He speaks of the Carian and Mæonian (or Lydian) maids, who adorned the harness of chariot horses with purple-dyed ivory.† The Cyclopes, or 'round-faced people,' who built the giant walls of Mycenæ, came, according to tradition, from Lycia,‡ and this Cyclopean or unsquared masonry—conspicuous in the Mycenæ Acropolis—is found all over Asia Minor and in Etruria. It occurs in the Hittite ruins of Pterium, east of the river Halys, and in North Syria. We may well imagine that these 'round-faced' architects belonged to the broad-headed Mongol race, which is known from so many early monuments. The earliest Lydians worshipped the earth goddess under the name of *Ma*,§ by which also she was known in Pontus and Cappadocia. She was represented standing or sitting on a lion, as on the Hittite bas-relief near Pterium. Her name is the common Mongol word for 'earth;' and that of Ninus, the first king of Lydia, in like manner is but the Greek form for *Nin*, the common Akkadian term for 'lord.' Tradition points equally with monumental information to the origin of Greek art among the non-Aryans of Asia Minor.

The materials used at Mycenæ, in Crete, and in the tombs excavated in Caria, while showing communication with foreign lands, are not as a rule very conclusive evidence. Gold was plentiful in Asia from the earliest ages, as well as in Egypt. It might come from the mines of Thasos worked by the Phœnicians, or from the gold regions of Colchis and east of the Caspian; Midas, in Phrygia, turned all he touched to gold; Crœsus gave presents of gold to the amount of a million sterling; Dusratta, of Armenia, was equally rich in gold in the fifteenth century B.C. Amber, thought to have come from Sicily, occurs at Mycenæ, but is also found in use in Asia. Ivory might come from Egypt, but it was plentiful in Western Asia. In the sixteenth century B.C. herds of wild elephants existed on the banks of the Euphrates. Ivory objects occur in Cappadocia and Syria at a very early age, as well as in Mycenæ, Troy, and Crete. Alabaster and obsidian are also Asiatic. Cobalt glass and porcelain at Mycenæ and Troy would seem to be

* Il. xi. 15–46.
† Il. iv. 141.
‡ Strabo, viii. 6.
§ Stephanus Byzant. s.v. 'Mastaura.'

Egyptian, but glass is also found early in the ruins of Nippur, dating back to the time of the Kassites.* The animals represented on bas-reliefs and gems include the lion, throughout Asia Minor and the Ægean, but lions existed also in Thrace. The ostrich appears on Cretan gems, and existed in the Syrian desert as well as in Africa. The horse and the camel (the latter once found represented in Crete) are more distinctive. Neither was known in Egypt, apparently, before about 1600 B.C., and both bore Semitic names in the Egyptian language. The horse was specially distinctive of Phrygia and Armenia. At Troy and Mycenæ iron only occurs very late, yet it was known from a very remote period in Mesopotamia, though in Egypt it also bore a Semitic name. This partial distribution shows how impossible it is to speak of stone, bronze, and iron 'ages,' as though marking contemporary chronological periods. Till the present century natives of Australia and other regions had never passed beyond the stone 'stage,' and bronze first reached Europe long after it was known in Asia, while iron was familiar in Western Asia centuries before the date of the Mycenæ tombs.

The mythological figures on the gems of Crete and Mycenæ are, as a rule, rather distinctively Greek. At the latter site we find Hercules and the lion, the Garden of Hesperides, the sphinx, and the gryphon; and a curious monster, formed by joining the front quarters of two beasts, occurs on an Athenian gem. The same monstrous combination is found in other cases in Crete, and in Egypt, but is also traceable on Lydian coins. In Crete itself we find the centaur, the chimæra, the minotaur, Hercules and the tree of the Hesperides, Hercules and the Stymphalian birds, with the winged sun, as in Egypt and in Asia, and human figures with the heads of lions, goats, and eagles, as in Chaldea. The chimæra is also found on Greek sarcophagi and gems in Cyprus, the gryphon in Assyria, and the minotaur in Lycia. The Lycians, it may be noted, are said by Herodotus † to have come from Crete, which was the scene of the victory of Theseus over this monster.

There are, however, at Mycenæ examples of a double eagle in gold,‡ which strongly suggest the distinctive

* The jade found at Troy is more distinctive. It was very early used in Babylonia, but was apparently not known in Egypt. Lapis lazuli (see Annual of British School of Athens, 1899–1900, p. 41) is found in Cretan ruins. It was in use in Babylonia about 1500 B.C.

† Herod. i. 173.

‡ Mycenæ, see figs on pp. 183, 318.

emblem found in the Hittite ruins of Pterium and Eyuk, as well as on the Akkadian bas-relief of Tell Loh. This monster, which was adopted as a badge by the mediæval Turks, and which penetrated to the Netherlands, to Austria, and to Russia after the Crusades, is a Mongol emblem of unknown meaning. In the rock temple near Pterium it supports a twin goddess on the famous bas-relief. In Egypt it appears to be unknown.

Many other Greek figures and legends appear to be of Asiatic origin. The sphinx is found in Hittite ruins at Eyuk, as well as in Egypt. Pegasus, the winged horse, occurs not only on coins of Carthage, but also at Nineveh, and on a very archaic seal with Hittite inscription. The *Labrys*, or double axe, which was a divine symbol in Crete and at Mycenæ, is also found in Caria, and elsewhere in Asia Minor. It is borne by the sun god in the great Hittite relief near Pterium. Votive axes of this kind, made of bronze, are found in great numbers in the Dictæan cave in Crete, and votive axes with Kassite inscriptions have been discovered at Nippur, south of Babylon. The double axe is not an Egyptian emblem, though it is borne by figures on the early slates, which are attributed to about the time of the second dynasty, and which in general character are more Asiatic than any later Egyptian sculptures, though they present Egyptian hieroglyphics, and refer to wars with negroes, and to hunting expeditions against the lion, bubale, giraffe, and ostrich.

It is well known that the Greeks took many legends and divine figures from Phœnicia. The names of Kadmus, Palaimon, Melicertes, and many others are Semitic. Athamas is probably the Akkadian Tammuz, and his Semitic name, Adonis, also reached Greece. The Chaldean cycle of legends includes the exact parallels to the stories of Hercules and the lion, Hercules and the magic tree of the Hesperides, Actæon torn by his dogs, Ganymede and the eagle, and Prometheus stealing fire, although the names of the heroes are not the same. In Chaldea we have the bull-headed man, but the Asiatic minotaur is friendly to the human hero—a legend said still to survive among the Tartar tribes. The orgies of Atys in Phrygia, and the temple girls of Lydia, remind us of the lamentation for Tammuz, and of the social customs of Babylonia. We may remember that the kings of Lydia, preceding the semi-Ionian dynasty of Gyges, claimed descent from Hercules; and we can hardly doubt that much of the early Greek

mythology was derived from the non-Aryan population of Asia Minor. We certainly do not gather from any ancient accounts that Asiatics or Egyptians regarded the Greeks as superior, in early times, to themselves in civilisation. Sargon, about 720 B.C., speaks contemptuously of the Ionians 'spawning like fishes' on the shores of the sea.

But it is perhaps in connexion with the art of writing that the clearest indications are now found of the source whence Greece drew its first civilisation. Twenty years ago the learned world was content to accept two propositions, which have been quite overthrown by recent discoveries. First, that the Phœnician alphabet was derived from the Egyptian hieratic script, as De Rougé endeavoured to show; and, secondly, that writing was first taught to the Greeks by the Phœnicians. Neither of these views can now be maintained, but when first accepted no one knew of the Hittite, Cypriote, and Carian scripts; little was thought about Lycian or Phrygian; and the newly found characters of Crete were entirely unsuspected. In the light of such new information all our previous ideas as to the origin of alphabets, and the date at which writing was first used in Asia Minor and in Greece, require to be entirely recast.

The three ancient systems of writing—Egyptian, Babylonian, and Hittite—show the same process of developement in each case. From the old picture-writing of prehistoric times developed the hieroglyph, which, in the earliest monosyllabic languages, represented a word. It came in time to be used merely as a syllable in spelling longer words, and the rough sketching of the form on clay, or on papyrus, produced the conventional signs which are called hieratic. In each case there was finally a further advance to the more abstract idea of the letter. The Egyptian alphabet had twenty-five letters. The Persians developed a rude alphabet of thirty-five letters from the cuneiform of Babylon. In the case of the Hittite it is generally agreed that the character used by the Greeks in Cyprus, even as late as the fifth century B.C., was derived from the old hieroglyphs found in Syria and Asia Minor, and now known to have been used also in Babylon at an early period, probably before 2000 B.C. The Cypriote character is a 'syllabary' of some sixty signs; that is to say that words were spelt not with letters, but by signs representing syllables, as was also the case in the cuneiform. But even in Cypriote some of the signs resemble those used in the Greek alphabets, with the same sounds, and some are found also in the early

alphabets of the Carians and Lycians, where they occur side by side with the regular letters of the Ionian alphabet. In like manner in Crete, Mr. A. J. Evans, the discoverer of the new script, has remarked that, while in many cases there is a strong resemblance between the newly discovered signs and those of Cyprus, and of the Hittites in Cappadocia, others are very clearly similar in form to letters of the Greek alphabet.

Another very striking indication of this connexion is found in the *boustrophedon* arrangement of texts representing the early Greek and Phrygian languages in Asia Minor and the Ægean. That is to say, that the first line of a text reads from right to left, but the second (with all its letters reversed) reads from left to right, and so on alternately. This arrangement is never found in Egyptian or in cuneiform. It is unknown in any hieroglyphic system except the Hittite, but in the latter it is the invariable rule. The Greeks cannot have derived this method from the Phœnicians, for the Semitic writing in all alphabets derived from Phœnicia is from right to left in every line. It seems clearly from Asia Minor that the *boustrophedon* arrangement was derived.

Ancients and moderns alike have disputed the source whence the alphabet proper—that of the Phœnicians, Etruscans, Greeks, and Latins—arose. That it had a single source is probable, yet the Greeks could not have relied wholly on Phœnicia, because the Ionian alphabet contained four letters more than the Phœnician, while the Carians and Lycians used yet other additional signs. Herodotus speaks of the Phœnician origin of the alphabet, and it is clear that many Greek letters—*alpha, beta,* &c.—bear the same Semitic names, found as *aleph, beth,* &c., in Phœnician and in Hebrew. Gesenius and other early students of the history of writing naturally concluded that these names indicated the original emblem whence the letter developed: *aleph* means an 'ox,' and the sign was originally an ox-head; *beth* means a 'house,' and the original sign was a hut. But no system was known, a century ago, in which the required signs could be found with the required sounds.

Tacitus held that the Egyptians were the first to write, and the French scholar De Rougé, boldly breaking with tradition, endeavoured thirty years ago to prove that the Phœnician alphabet was derived from the hieratic alphabet of Egypt. This theory has found its way into many popular handbooks, but it is open to grave objection, and has never

been generally accepted by scholars. The supposed resemblances of form are by no means satisfactory; the original signs are not those which the Phœnician names of the letters indicate; and at the time—1800 to 1500 B.C.—when the Phœnicians are supposed to have adopted this system, we now know, from the Tell el Amarna discoveries, that they were actually using quite another script—namely, the cuneiform.

Berosus claimed the invention of writing for the Babylonians, and Dr. Deecke endeavoured to show that the Phœnician alphabet came from the cuneiform system. But in this case the forms were not similar, although in some instances the original hieroglyphs had the required sounds. Thus the bull's head stood for the old Akkadian sound *au* or *ā*, and is rendered *alpu* in Semitic speech: the hut sign stood for *ab*, 'house,' and is rendered *bitu* in Assyrian. It cannot, however, be said that the comparisons were in all cases satisfactory, nor has the theory met with acceptance.

There remains the third solution, namely, that the Greeks and the Phœnicians alike took their signs from the system used by the Hittites, and actually adopted by the Greeks in Cyprus in the syllabary which, naturally, preceded the alphabet. It is already generally acknowledged that all the Greek signs not found in the Phœnician alphabet had this origin. It is very improbable that a mixed system would have been used, and yet would be found throughout the regions between Crete and Syria, used by peoples who spoke several languages and dialects. The Hittite hieroglyphs present the required forms—the bull's head and the hut, for instance—and it is clear to the least initiated that the shapes and general character of the Cypriote and cognate emblems are much more like those of the later alphabets of the Mediterranean than are the cuneiform emblems, or those of the Egyptian hieratic running hand.

We do not exactly know when alphabetic writing began to be used by the Phœnicians and Greeks. In 1500 B.C., and even a century later, the Phœnicians were using cuneiform characters. The oldest dated texts of their alphabet are the Moabite Stone (about 900 B.C.) and the Samalla text (800 B.C.); and it would seem that after the collapse of Egypt, about 1200 B.C., when Palestine had been conquered by the Hebrews, and the Hittites and the Phœnicians in the north had regained their independence, and before the Assyrians had conquered any part of Syria, the native

alphabet was developed from the old syllabary, and was carried—after 800 B.C.—by the Phœnician colonists to the islands of the Ægean, and to the mainland of Greece.

There were some fifty local alphabets in Greece, which are arranged under the seven classes called Ionian, Ægean, Corinthian, Argive, Attic, Eubœan, and Peloponnesian. They differ mainly in the manner in which distinctive Aryan sounds are represented by emblems which were not of Aryan origin. The Cypriote syllabary, which survived for centuries after the establishment of the standard Ionian alphabet, was very ill adapted for writing either Greek or Phœnician. It did not distinguish the dentals, or the gutturals, or the numerous Aryan vowels. It was better fitted for Mongol speech. In Babylonia the Semitic people found the same difficulty. They took from the Mongol Akkadians the sounds of their signs, and the cuneiform syllabary was also insufficient for distinguishing the peculiar and important differences of Semitic dentals and gutturals. The oldest dated Greek text belongs to the Ionian alphabet, as used by the Greek followers of Psammetichus in Egypt, about 600 B.C.; but the texts in the island of Thera are thought to be older, and the letters are fewer. Side by side with nineteen Greek texts at Abu Simbel are three supposed to be Carian, since Carians also served in the same expedition. These include several additional emblems, which are clearly the same used in Cyprus. Dr. Sayce* has collected about fifty graffiti of this larger alphabet in Egypt, some as late as the fourth century B.C. and one in the same writing occurs in Caria itself. The Lycian texts again contain additional signs, also clearly connected with the Cypriote, used with the ordinary Ionian letters. These texts belong to the fifth century B.C., and the language is closely akin to ancient Persian. It appears that the followers of Harpagus, who spoke a Medic dialect, and who settled among the Greeks of Lycia in and near Xanthus, adopted the local script, and used it for their own language, which required even more numerous distinctions of both consonantal and syllabic sounds than did the Greek. Even the old texts of Phrygia contain occasionally signs which do not exist in the Ionian alphabet, while scattered signs of the earlier syllabary are constantly found by explorers in all parts of Asia Minor, and especially in Cappadocia, where a very

* The Karian Language and Inscriptions, 'Transactions of the Biblical Archæological Society,' vol. ix. part i. 1887.

perfect tablet—apparently Hittite—has recently been found by M. Chantre, resembling in character the later forms of the incised Hittite inscriptions, and written probably in vertical columns. Some of these signs were also discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Troy.

It appears, therefore, to be clear that Greek and Roman writers were correct in saying that their alphabets were not entirely derived from Phœnician, and that additional signs were introduced from some other source. In Troy about 1200 B.C. (according to the usual chronology) writing was almost unknown. In Mycenæ it only appears on the handle of a stone vase of perhaps rather later date. Yet in Caria, and Lycia, and Ionia, alphabetic signs occur numbering some thirty-six in all, as against the twenty-two of the Phœnician alphabet. It is clear that these developed from the Hittite script, and the final solution of the alphabetic problem will very likely be found in the derivation of both Greek and Phœnician letters from this ancient character, used from a very early period in North Syria and in Cappadocia, carried by the Lydians to the Ægean, and by the Etruscans to Italy. The true alphabets, which finally conquered the cuneiform and the hieratic, seem to have been the work of busy traders, who required written documents, but who had no time to study some two hundred emblems, such as the professed scribes and priests employed. By reducing the number of signs they arrived at the very abstract and advanced idea of the letter proper, as contrasted with the syllable. They were perhaps regarded by the learned as ignorant and empirical, but they did a great service to literature in the end. The oldest alphabetic texts in Babylonia are dockets, scrawled on the official cuneiform tablets, which recorded agreements as to slaves and money. The trader noted the names, dates, and amounts, while the scribe gave a full text in cuneiform as the legal agreement. In the same way in Crete the tablets now discovered appear to relate to monetary affairs, and contain lists with many numerals. When these have been copied and deciphered we may obtain much light on the trading relations of the Greeks in the Mediterranean at an early period. It would, however, as yet be unsafe to attempt to determine dates, for we have to remember that in Cyprus the old syllabary survived for several centuries after the Phœnicians and the Ionians had begun to use regular alphabets, and the same may have happened in other islands, such as Crete.

The whole evidence, literary and antiquarian, tends there-

fore to show that Greek civilisation was mainly derived from the non-Aryan population of Asia Minor, and thus indirectly from the Mongol race in Babylonia, which first established art and a written character in Cappadocia, and conquered as far as the Ægean before the Thracian invasion of Asia. A new chapter in this early history is opened by the Cretan discoveries, and some further account of the results thus far published by Mr. Evans may be now given. The influence of Egypt was much less marked than some scholars would admit, and the fact that an Egyptian statue, supposed to be as old as 2000 B.C., has been found in the palace at Knossus has little weight, for it may have been carried off at a late period, like that torso of Seti I. with its hieroglyphic cartouche, which used to stand in the market square of Sorrento, and which certainly does not prove to us that Italy was invaded by the Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty. The Egyptian seals found in Palestine, in Syria, in Cilicia, and in the Greek islands belong, as a rule, to kings and queens of the Eighteenth Dynasty—the great period of Egyptian conquest. Before 1600 B.C. the Egyptian power was confined to Africa and to the Sinaitic desert, and their empire in Syria was destroyed in the time of Amenophis IV., and only partially recovered by Rameses II., while after 1200 B.C. the Pharaohs ceased to possess any part of Asia, though they raided Palestine in the days of Rehoboam, and as late as 600 B.C. Thus, though trade with Egypt was constant in all ages, it was naturally from a nearer source, in Asia Minor, that the Greeks drew the main elements of an art which, in their hands, finally eclipsed any that had been known to the ancient Asiatic world.

As early as 1894 Mr. Evans discovered that numerous seals were to be found in Crete which, whether used as amulets with emblems in relief, or as signets with incised characters, were clearly engraved with hieroglyphic signs. These signs include some seventy or eighty emblems, suggesting a syllabary rather than an alphabet. In many cases they recall the Hittite hieroglyphics; but they are not conventionalised in form, and the character of the art is Greek rather than Asiatic. The heads of the goat, wolf, bull, and ass, with a human leg, an arm holding a stick, and various forms of tree, herb, flower-bud, cup, vase, star, crook, spear, bird, and a human figure, are common to the Cretan seals and to the Hittite inscriptions. It does not, however, follow that the same sounds applied to these emblems in the two cases, but it is evident that hieroglyphic signs would

naturally have a monosyllabic sound only in early languages like the Egyptian and the Akkadian. The names of the objects in Greek, and in Semitic speech, were as a rule not monosyllables; and for this reason the Semitic Babylonians, when they borrowed the signs of the Mongol Akkadians, also retained the original monosyllabic sounds. The Cretans in like manner may have borrowed the sounds as well as the signs from the Hittite system more probably than from the Egyptian, for the seals do not show the occurrence of a single sign that can be indicated as distinctively Egyptian and not known in the Asiatic systems.

A second developement of the Cretan script,* recently found on clay tablets of a peculiar elongated form, which were preserved in the palace of Knossus until its destruction by fire, presents what Mr. Evans calls a 'pictographic' script, and which is evidently the hieratic developement of the seal hieroglyphs. A third 'linear' stage is found on other clay tablets from the same site, and in this case the resemblance of the signs to those of the Cypriote syllabary is often very striking. It does not follow of necessity that these tablets are in different languages, though, if they should prove to be of equal antiquity, the two types may be the work of different tribes of one race. In Egypt the hieroglyphic, hieratic, and later degraded scrawl of the demotic, all existed simultaneously in the country, and all read in the same Egyptian language. Hieroglyphs and hieratic characters are even found on one monument, in the case of the Rosetta stone, which twice gives the Egyptian text, of which a Greek translation is added. It is therefore quite possible that all the Cretan texts are in one language; and when we consider the accompanying symbolism and art, and its connexion with that of Mycenæ, or, again, the use of the Cypriote syllabary accompanying a somewhat similar art belonging to Arcadians from the Peloponnesus—as is usually supposed—it is natural to think that the language of the Cretan texts will prove to be Greek. We have no ancient account of the presence of the Lydians or Etruscans in Crete, and the Mediterranean trade was shared by the Phœnicians and the Greek islanders before the foundation of Carthage and the creation of a Roman fleet. Nevertheless, some of the rudest and oldest engraved gems in Crete are so very similar, in design and execution, to those which M. Chantre discovered in the Hittite ruins of Cappadocia,

* See Athenæum, May 19 and June 23, 1900.

that some trace of non-Aryan population may finally be discovered. The Hittites were, however, not apparently a seafaring nation. It is remarkable that the signs for fish, ship, and sail, which occur in Babylonia and Egypt, have so far never been recognised on the Hittite bas-reliefs. Yet we are told that the kindred Etruscans reached Italy by sea. In Crete the ship and the fish are common signs, as would naturally be expected on an island.

Knossus is traditionally the centre of Cretan civilisation; the home of those famous legends which connect the island with Attica and Thessaly; the kingdom of Minos, son of Zeus; the haunt of the Minotaur slain by Theseus. The great palace now unearthed covered two acres of land: the frescoes on its walls present social scenes; and faces of Greek type are recognised. In its magazines were stored the clay tablets preserved in boxes of clay, gypsum, and wood, the latter with hinges of bronze, and sealed with impressions of Cretan gems. These are said to belong to the latest period, before the conflagration which destroyed this remarkable building, but many of the statuettes, reliefs, and painted plastic statues may be of early date. The Cretan Exploration Fund has been working since 1896, and still continues its labours, but the more important results are as yet unpublished, and definite conclusions as to date and language must await a fuller account.* In the Dictæan cave a deposit of votive offerings, including many double axes in bronze, has been dug out to a depth of twenty-four feet; and a libation table with a broken inscription in linear characters was here discovered. Mr. Evans compares the libation tables of Egypt, but such altars were not confined to that country. A fine example occurs in a Phœnician ruin south of Tyre, explored by Renan, and such tables were, in fact, but later developements of the 'cup hollows' for libations, which are found all over Asia and Europe, in connexion with prehistoric dolmen altars.

It is always difficult to determine dates merely by consideration of the art represented on gems, statues, or uninscribed pottery. The ancient types were persistent, and the rude pottery, sold cheap to the poor, was often not older

* Mr. Evans promises copies of some 900 inscriptions. As yet only some sixty have been published, and some of the photographs are illegible.

than the finished work of vases designed for the rich.* Very rude statuettes, placed in tombs as amulets, everywhere co-existed with statues of much more advanced pretensions to artistic finish. In Cyprus the curiously archaic statues, which were at first supposed to represent early Phœnician art, were finally proved by their inscriptions to be Greek, and to belong to a comparatively late age. The culture of the islands probably lagged behind that of the great cities on the mainland, and it is only by aid of written texts, and of a very extensive knowledge of the history of such writing, that definite conclusions as to date can be reached. We should hardly suppose the rude bas-reliefs of Lycia to be as late as the fifth century B.C. if we were unable to read the Greek inscription of Xanthus set up by a successor of Harpagus. The rough statue of Panammu, at Samalla, appears more archaic than the Assyrian bas-reliefs of the eighth century B.C., yet it is dated by its accompanying text. It is to be hoped that some such indications will result from the final reading of the Cretan texts.

There will naturally be some difficulty in fixing the sounds of the emblems, and special knowledge will be required; but it is not likely that Sabean or Numidian alphabets will, as Mr. Evans seems inclined to think, be found of much assistance. The Sabean texts, in South Arabia, belong for the most part to the third and fourth centuries B.C., and the language is an early Arab dialect. The required link, connecting this South Semitic alphabet with the Phœnician, is found in the texts of the Safa region, south of Damascus, and Arabia owed her civilisation partly to Babylon, partly to the Aramean and Nabathean tribes of Edom, and to the Hebrew and Phœnician traders in the days of Solomon and Hiram. The Numidians and the later Berbers seem clearly to have been taught the art of writing by the great Punic race of Carthage, whose letters reached both France and Spain before the days of Hannibal. Nor will Egypt probably furnish any reliable comparisons of written characters, for even the earliest rude scrawls, which

* Thus, for instance, the figures rudely scrawled on the spindle-whorls at Troy appear to be often of the same significance as the well-carved emblems on the Cretan gems. These include the sun with flaming rays, the goat or stag, the sacred tree, the bull, and the human hero among monsters, as well as the cross, and the eye. It is probable that the very rough texts on some of the whorls were dedicatory, and one of them (No. 1860) might even be read 'To my Goddess Ma.' See Schliemann's 'Ilios,' 1880, p. 696.

are attributed to the Second Dynasty, are for the most part clearly in the distinctive Egyptian script. The so-called 'new race,' which has been supposed to be Libyan in Egypt, differed, no doubt, from that of later times, when Asiatic blood had mingled in the veins of the old stock, but Libyan names compounded with the divine titles of Ra, Aah, Isis, and Hathor, show that they were not Aryans. The Maxyes in North Africa called themselves Trojans,* but this was long after the age represented by the recent discoveries at Nagada and Abydos. The key to Cretan civilisation is probably to be found much nearer home, in that of Asia Minor.

The zeal of explorers is constantly making us better acquainted with the early art of the region stretching west of Syria and Armenia, and the existence of a distinct civilisation, intervening between that of the Ægean and that of Mesopotamia, has been established by the discoveries of the last quarter of a century, though much remains to be done, especially at Babylon and in North Syria, before we can regard this new field as exhausted. In Phrygia the rude and artless rock sculptures of the tomb of Midas represent the work of Thracians, not earlier than 800 B.C., yet even in Phrygia the signs of the great Asianic syllabary of an earlier age are found. The ramping lions of a tomb at Ayazoen, in this district (flanking a pillar), are almost exactly similar to those of the treasury of Atreus in Mycenæ. In the 'Hawk 'Valley' (Doghanlu Deresi) hard by, a bas-relief, which seems to be probably Hittite, was found by Professor Ramsay. Lydia was perhaps one of the most civilised regions of Asia Minor, and the Lydians were famous for the use of brick,† which they had perhaps first learned on the Euphrates; but the Aryan arts in this region, represented for instance on a gold plaque in the Louvre, are as uncouth as the earliest work of Chaldea. In Caria and Lydia alike, and in the Cyclades, the statuettes of stone and bronze represent the naked Istar just as in Mesopotamia or in the ruins of the Hittite capital of Carchemish. It is astonishing to see how rapidly the Greeks advanced from these rude attempts, in a few centuries, to the art of Phidias, and to the beautiful coins of Alexander and of the earlier Seleucidæ; but the art of outlying regions remained rude and archaic long after

* Herod. iv. 154.

† Pliny, H. N. xxxv. 49. Brick occurs in the third city at Troy, with hæmatite sling bullets such as are known in Assyria.

the highest point of excellence had been reached at Athens. At Nimrûd Dagh, on the Upper Euphrates, not many years before the conquest of Armenia by Pompey, we find the 'Phil-'Hellenic' later Seleucidæ erecting monuments of mingled Persian and Greek type, which are grotesque as compared with the higher efforts of Greek genius in Europe. The accompanying texts equally bear witness to a strange mixture of Greek and Persian religion. It is not possible, therefore, to feel certain at present that the art of an island like Crete is to be attributed to a very remote period merely because of its archaic character, and antiquarians generally are inclined to antedate their discoveries.*

As far as the history of the ancient world in general is concerned we may pretty safely conclude that the Greek tribes were ignorant of art, and of writing, until they came in contact with Asia, by crossing the Ægean, and by mingling with an older population in Asia Minor, which drew its civilisation ultimately from Babylonia. They were, perhaps, still ignorant of letters as late as 1200 B.C., but they had learned the syllabary of Western Asia before they came into contact with Phœnician colonists from Tyre, Sidon, and Arvad. Egypt they had attacked by sea as early probably as 1300 B.C., and its civilisation was known when the Homeric poems were first composed, if not in the age of the Trojan war. It is much the fashion at present to depreciate the writings of ancient authorities, and to charge them with ignorance and self-contradiction when their statements conflict with modern ideas; but one of the most remarkable results of monumental study is the constant confirmation of statements made by Homer, Herodotus, and yet earlier writers in the Bible, which have been discredited or overlooked by modern students, who are perhaps too self-satisfied in their attempts to reconstruct ancient history. The study of language, and of writing, leads us to see that the father of history was often most accurate where he has been thought to be most at fault; and the enthusiasm of Schliemann was often more in sympathy with the facts of antiquity than the scepticism of a school which rests on the comparative ignorance of Bayle and Voltaire.

* The well-squared masonry, and the style of the frescoes at Knossus, suggest a date later than that of Mycenæ. The *fibula* is not found in the early ruins of Troy, but occurs in the cave of Zeus on Mount Ida, in Crete. The discovery of bronze swords, the cock represented on gems, and the peacock's plumes on frescoes, alike point to a later age.

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IN 1884 a friend of Tolstoy brought to England the manuscript of his first constructive effort in the science of life. Its author thought to obtain here an attentive hearing, believing that England was interested in religious discussion, as, with certain rigid limitations, one may say she is; and so the book, which included a most interesting autobiography, was translated and submitted to the publishers.

Since 'Anna Karénina,' the last and greatest in the series of Tolstoy's descriptive novels, had been procurable for some ten years in half the languages of Europe, it did not seem unreasonable to expect some knowledge of his work from men who trade in books. But it was. The name was generally familiar; occasionally also the title of a story: in

one or two instances the recollection remained of some article upon the gentleman in a magazine. But that was about all. It seemed curious, but not more curious than what followed. The manuscript was submitted to one publisher after another of, one must add, unimpeachable respectability, and the same answer was received from all—a refusal to touch on any terms a book of such unspeakable tendency. So painfully were all impressed with its difference from their own blameless attitude that not one would even consent for any consideration to put his name on the cover. It is interesting to remember that only fifteen years have passed since that no doubt typical epitome of English public feeling; for we have come meanwhile a considerable way.

Tolstoy is probably now as well known in England as any living foreign author, even if his intentions are still somewhat imperfectly conceived, and we have become so acclimatised to foreign criticism on our faith that the heresies of 'Christ's Christianity' would not cause a qualm to any publisher.

That Russia, of all countries, should have yielded a Tolstoy—using the name in its later denomination—has been treated by some as a curiosity in developement. It is really far from that; for Tolstoy is very much the natural son of his country, and he is certainly in the legitimate line of its artistic descent.

Though class distinctions are daily increasing, Russia is still broadly divided into peasantry and nobility; the highest rests hard upon the lowest, and the contact is the closer and tells the more from the feudal relationship which still exists between them. The country people are in many districts still serfs in spirit—desire to belong to some one, to be fed, whipped, petted, and generally looked after—and the nobles have scarcely lost the sense of ownership. The result is a sympathy of relationship not easy to describe, a certain community of manner, more than a certain admixture of blood, and a hint, often a charming hint, of the peasant in the princess. And the moral affinity is even closer: the freedom, the directness of instinct, the indifference to opinion, and, in matters of faith, a craving for supreme discomfort. It is this craving which must be realised to explain Tolstoy, and it may be traced in almost every one of the innumerable sects which have broken away from Russian orthodoxy. The 'self-burnings' among the Bezpopóftsy, the flagellations of the Khlystý, the un-

speakable mutilations of the Skoptsý, with many another scarcely conceivable rite of self-torture, all have their origin in the strenuous asceticism at the base of the Russian character. Animal though the peasant may seem in his habits, beneath his dirty shirt there lurks almost always the makings of a mystic, and a mind that can find in mortification its serene content.

From that purgatorial soil Tolstoy has drawn a great part of his strength, and not he only, but by far the better part of Russian workers in art. Many of them, indeed, never reached the age at which the germs of mysticism and self-devotion most frequently develope; for Russia has been a bad mother to her emerging genius.

Rykéief was hanged as a conspirator; Gógol committed suicide at forty-three; Pushkin was killed in a duel when thirty-eight; Lérmontof, twice an exile, died in the same way at thirty; Shevtchénko, beaten, tortured, and robbed by imprisonment of half his life, died at forty-seven; Vénévitinof succumbed to insult and outrage at twenty-two; Koltzof died at twenty-three of a broken heart; Belínsky perished of starvation and consumption at thirty-eight; Chernishévski, after two years' imprisonment, was sentenced to the mines at thirty-five; Herzen was imprisoned, twice exiled, and finally banished; Dostoyévski, led out to be shot when twenty-seven, was only released from Siberia ten years later, broken in mind and spirit. What a record it is in three parts of a century for this other Jerusalem who stoned her prophets! And what wonder that Russia has had to wait till now for a message of maturity from any of her children!

Tourgénief, indeed, the most consummate artist of them all, lived to old age, but he lived out of Russia, with ears shut to his country's cry. The others, those who gave their blood or their lives for her, had ears for nothing else; and had they lived to speak, might have voiced before Tolstoy the inarticulate melancholy of her aspirations.

'He who has no country has no God,' sighed poor patient Dostoyévski, describing the tendency of the Russian toward extravagance in religion. 'But show these thirsty Russian souls, dry with spiritual drought, anguished with longing for higher things, for firm dry land, for the lost foothold in their own country . . . show them the restitution of humanity in the future by *Russian* thought, and by means of the God and of the Christ of our *Russian* faith . . . our Christ whom we have preserved unsoiled, and whom the Western nations have not so much as known . . . and you will see how

mighty and just and wise and good a giant will rise up before the eyes of the astonished world.'

It is at this point that one finds Tolstoy at the close of 'Anna Karénina.' He had, in the person of Levin, gone back to the Christ of the people.

'He was terrified not only by death but by life; because he perceived that he had not the slightest knowledge of its origin, its purpose, its reason, its nature. Perpetually the same questions pursued him—"What am I? and Where am I? and Why am I here?"'

To solve them he turned to materialism—'but became convinced of the uselessness of seeking there an answer to his doubts.' Then to the idealists—

'Plato and Spinoza, Kant and Schelling, Hegel and Schopenhauer; they satisfied his reason while he was reading them . . . but when he tried independently to apply their teaching to some doubtful point in practical life, he fell back into the same perplexities as before.'

Finally

'the thought struck him: How much easier he should find it to accept the Church, endowed with holiness and infallibility, since it had God for its head . . . but . . . when he had read the histories of the Church . . . this edifice also fell into dust, like the constructions of philosophy.'

In this condition of perplexity, enlightenment came from the chance remark of a peasant.

'"Men differ," said Feodor. "One lives for his belly, like Mitiukh: but Fokanvitch—he's an honest man—he lives for his soul. He remembers God."

'"What do you call living for the soul and remembering God?" exclaimed Levin eagerly.

'"Why, that's plain enough. It's to live according to God; according to truth."'

So the light came to him. There was nothing apparently brilliant in the revelation; but then the rays of truth, as each man feels them, always have defied the spectroscope.

In 1879, when fifty years old, Tolstoy wrote an account of his progress through agnosticism, materialism, idealism, and orthodoxy to the faith of Christ. It is very much longer than the story of Levin's enlightenment, but adds very little to that in interest or significant detail.

It concludes—

'That the men of the people had a knowledge of the truth was incontestable, for otherwise they could not live. Moreover, this knowledge of truth was open to me: I already lived by it and felt

all its force, but in that same knowledge there was also error. Of that again I could not doubt.'

Sutáyef, a peasant in the Government of Tver, was responsible for this final clarifying of Tolstoy's thought. He was a stonecutter who had taught himself to read, studied the Gospels, and, only after fifty years of the most pious orthodoxy, abandoned the Church. Truth, he said, was charity in common life; rites and sacraments were superfluous, because they made men no better; property was to be abolished, violence done to none.

He had no views as to a future existence. 'The kingdom of God,' he said, 'must be established here on earth.' He shared his savings, some fifteen hundred roubles, with the poor, tore up his debt titles, and began life anew. Tolstoy's obligations to him can doubtless be traced in the manual 'What I believe,' which came five years later, as a sequel to 'My Confession;' but by that time the author had extended his indebtedness to so many other sources—Buddha, the doctrines of Lão-Tse, Athenagoras, Origen, and certain others of the Fathers—that the first simplicity of the peasant faith has rather a decorated air. The decoration has proceeded—is, indeed, still proceeding—according as Tolstoy finds himself confronted with problems of life which demand a more intimate solution than he at first supposed. This continual flux of thought and remoulding of his material, though quoted occasionally in disparagement of Tolstoy's teaching, is really a point in its favour. He has never thought, according to the Kirghiz saying, that 'there was a blessing only upon his own milk;' but his view of truth has included a sense of his own ignorance, which is to say a good deal for a reformer, and he has always desired fresh enlightenment. His mutations have had, however, occasionally an inconvenient side for his disciples. There was a good lady in Moscow with thirteen children, a convert with some cause to what one might call his 'fecundity' period, who found her offspring on the wrong side of the account after the appearance of the 'Kreutzer Sonata.' But the difficulties of his disciples have never influenced Tolstoy: he has always supposed them to be as anxious to get to the root of the matter as he is himself, and in most cases he has been right.

'What I believe' was Tolstoy's first manifesto of his faith, and the summing up of his discoveries in the Gospels will give in the most compact shape his position at the time. He finds that Christ formulated five com-

mandments, which, with their coherent temptations, he thus enumerates—

'The first commandment says, "Be at peace with all men; consider no man as insignificant or foolish. If peace be broken, strive to re-establish it with all your strength. The service of God is the destruction of enmity. Be reconciled, however small the difference, that you may not lose the true life." In this commandment all is said; but Christ, foreseeing how strongly the temptations of the world would make against peace, guards against them by his second commandment. "In spite of physical beauty resist carnal desires; be a husband to one wife only, a wife to one husband, and quit each other for no pretext." Then comes the temptation to take oaths. "Know that this is an evil, and swear not at all." The fourth temptation is revenge, miscalled human justice. "Seek no vengeance, nor to justify yourself by the offences of others, but bear with injury, and render not evil for evil." The fifth temptation is the difference between nationalities, the enmity between races and kingdoms. "Know that all men are brothers, and sons of the one God; break peace with no man under the plea of national aims." The fulfilment of these commandments excludes evil from the life of man.'

One quotes Tolstoy's actual words to avoid misrepresenting them; but this summary gives no conception of the earnestness and force by which, somewhat prolixly, he reaches it. Briefly, his conclusions enjoin us: 1. To love and respect all men. 2. To live chastely. 3. To avoid oaths. 4. To judge and condemn no man. 5. To abolish patriotism. There is here no injunction as to poverty: that, however, it will be seen, is a natural result of obedience; no man can acquire or retain wealth who declines the appeal to force; indeed, adherence to the latter three of these commandments severs at once a man's former relation to the State. He will bind himself by no recognised sanctity of agreement; he will neither invoke nor support the ruling of its courts of law; he will decline to assist it in any struggle with a foreigner.

'All that once seemed to me fine and noble—wealth, property of every kind, honours, the consciousness of one's own dignity and rights—all this has become for me bad and mean; while all that once seemed to me so mean—labour for others, poverty, humiliation, and renunciation of all property and rights—has now become for me fine and noble.'

There is no mistaking that pronouncement, nor is it possible to be quite indifferent to the ideal it proclaims. Renunciation has had a considerable vogue in the esteem of men, without making very much difference to their actions. But

renunciation, which would be in England an eccentricity, is in Russia a crime.

The men who followed Tolstoy's teaching became the enemies of their country, and were treated almost as outlaws. 'They were tortured, not accepting deliverance; and 'others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, 'moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they went about in 'sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tor-'mented.' The old words had literal application. Some of those who amended their lives by this new gospel of the Steppe, and declined in consequence to carry a rifle, were beaten, imprisoned, exiled; and, when these means failed to shake their fortitude, were declared insane and kept in madhouses till their reason really gave way. It is to the disciple one must look for a practical commentary on the master's teaching, and this is especially the case with Tolstoy. Possessing a wife and family at the moment when enlightenment came to him, he considered himself bound by certain words of Christ to accept the obligations his earlier life had laid upon him, and live on such terms as might be possible with his wife and children. His disciples, on the other hand, consider themselves compelled by certain other words of Christ to renounce such obligations, and have most literally left 'house and brethren and sisters 'and father and mother and wife and children and lands,' for the sake of their faith. A colony of such men and women (the woman, from what Tolstoy would call 'her 'incapacity for self-effacement,' being much the rarer spectacle), ranging from nobles and millionaires to tramps and peasants, possessing not even the coat that covers them nor the spade with which they dig, with the possibilities of abuse and imprisonment always within the radius of a day, and yet happy, simple, content, serene, overflowing with hard work and brotherly kindness—such a colony is a more convincing testament to the teaching of Tolstoy than the uncomplaining adherence of the teacher himself to a form of life which he finds distasteful. And whether that adherence is dictated by the fineness of the spirit or the weakness of the flesh, matters not at all while we have visible witness of what his teaching—or perhaps one should say his interpretation of Christ's teaching—can accomplish for men of so wide diversity of breeding and taste and habit who have accepted it in Russia.

It is impossible to read the first five books of the New Testament in an historic spirit and to study the story of

Christianity in its first two centuries without conviction that, whatever were Christ's intentions, here at least is a faithful imitation of the life lived by Him and by those who were with Him, and by those who followed Him. The descriptions, the precepts of poverty, humility, and simplicity, which read like a derisive satire on our lusts and strife and luxuries, fit with absolute exactness the practice and ideals of these Commonwealths of the Steppe. Here, at any rate, are the true independents, the real conquerors of Fate. They are stripped of everything in which the world could clothe them, yet their cotton shirt is rather the emblem of dominion than the purple of a king, for they can smile at the worst that life may allot them, are above any bribe or force that men can offer, dread nothing that death may bring.

If any life-theory were to be judged by its consolations only, by the quietness and assurance it brings to those who adopt it, Tolstoy's interpretation of the Gospels would occupy an undisputed position. The most essential feature of that exposition is unquestionably the injunction which prohibits all resistance to evil. Grant but that turning of the cheek to the smiter, and the man's attitude to life is forthwith revolutionised. Poverty comes inevitably upon him, since the ultimate guardian of property is force, and he can no more employ the power of the State than use his own fists in defence of his belongings. So, even were he not forbidden to judge any man, he could make no use of the courts of law, and since he is left with little temptation to take an oath, he has small need to be commanded not to swear. The abnegation of patriotism to one so circumscribed has almost an effect of satire. Compelled as he is to submit unresisting to every form of personal injustice, would he be likely to resist a public injury? The man who tenders his cloak to the stealer of his coat is not likely to resent a theft of territory.

Tolstoy saw from the outset the part which the endurance of evil played in the scheme of Christ. 'It was,' he says, 'the first of the commandments which I understood rightly, 'and gave me a key to the meaning of all the others.' For thousands of years, he explains in another place, the world has fought evil with evil, violence with violence; but evil has never been conquered by these means, it has gone on increasing. Men in every age have tried to convert their fellows to their own conception of what is good, by death, scourging, and imprisonment. But evil cannot be over-

come by evil. Goodness, meekness, gentleness are the only things stronger than evil in the world; against those evil is impotent, as a fist lunged at the empty air. It is not the majesty of law, the sternness of reprisals, the outraged discipline of society, that have ever brought shame to the wrong-doer: not those, but, here and there, a majesty of forgiveness too great to retaliate, the meekness of long-suffering that would not be avenged. It was these that Christ prescribed to cure the world's violence; it was by these He was a victor, if victorious, when He died. And just as His own people would have none of Him because He came not as a king but as a sufferer, so the world has interpreted away every word of His teaching which won His title as the Man of Sorrows, and made kings and courts and armies for evermore impossible.

Such, very much epitomised, is Tolstoy's interpretation of Christ's intention. He would claim on his side that sixteen centuries of fashionable Christianity have not made a pin's difference to the practice of the world, and that as a public influence for reformation it has proved a dismal failure.

While 'What I believe' was being written Tolstoy was occupied also with a 'Criticism of Dogmatic Theology,' which has not so far been translated, and on a 'Harmonised 'Translation of the Four Gospels,' only two-thirds of which has been rendered into English, though a summary of it has appeared entitled 'The Gospel in Brief,' and an extract from the third part forms the concluding portion of 'Christ's Christianity.' Neither work can be said to be of much value. Although Tolstoy possesses a critical mind, he always seems in its expression to be too much the advocate, and he has no sort of claim to be considered a translator, for even his knowledge of Greek is always at the mercy of the dictionary. In the 'Criticism,' too, he abandons himself to prolixity, and in that direction he can travel an interminable way. Even in his novels he is occasionally the slave of detail; but, since in the affairs of life he is a master of it also, one forgives his digressions for the sake of the information they afford. But in the affairs of mind his digressions are too often mere dreary repetition, the ponderous labouring of a point which has already been made or missed.

Even 'What I believe' might with advantage be reduced by more than a third of its matter, and would gain force and coherency by the reduction; but it is perhaps in

'What must we do then?' completed about a year later, that Tolstoy reaches his apex of wearisome redundance. The book is, by its title, a constructive effort in sociology, but it really attempts little but the destruction of a building which already occupies the ground. It contains much naïve impalement of accepted incongruities of existence which Tolstoy achieves with such success, and many close and pitiful observations on the life which in Moscow stagnates and suppurates about the Khitrof Market and the Rzhanof Houses. But enveloping it all is such a fog of ethical insistence, such amplification of argument, such repetition of the phrase! The result is mental nausea, as from a dinner with ten courses of the same dish. 'On Life,' which followed, a product also of this teeming period, has quite another interest. It is far from well written; indeed, the original Russian is often so involved that translators have had occasionally to choose between the meaning and the sense of a passage. It is a curious fact that though Tolstoy's correction of his work is almost interminable, the alterations are always to ensure an extension and not a clarity of meaning. The absence of style in his novels is atoned for by the blunt force, the poetic feeling, or the singular discrimination of the things he says; but now that he has exchanged narrative for indoctrination, he is paying for the contempt of his proper medium.

'On Life' initiates the period of definitions which mark the early years of all new religions, and which drain at last the lifeblood from them. The idea of 'Rational Conscious-'ness' dominates the book, as does the 'Highest Religious 'Perception of our Times,' a later volume. But the work has for those who would follow the developement of Tolstoy a wider interest. One can hear in it the flutter of growing feathers which took such a frenzied flight in the 'Kreutzer 'Sonata.' The author has travelled some distance since he wrote 'I cannot encourage celibacy in those ripe for 'marriage, nor aid in the separation of wives from their 'husbands;' and later in 'What must we do then?'—

'The ideal woman, in my opinion, is the one who . . . gives herself to her feminine mission which is irresistibly placed in her, that of bringing forth, nursing, and educating the greatest possible number of children, fitted to work for people according to the view which she has of life.'

And again:—

'Love to her own children, that is inborn in woman, that exclusive

love against which it is quite vain to strive by reasoning, will always be and ought to be natural to a mother.'

But in 'On Life' the note is changing. All exclusiveness in love is coming under the ban.

'The much-vaunted love for wife and children as well as for friends brings the greatest evil to the world.' 'The feeling of passion called love not only does not remove the conflict of existences . . . but merely darkens life still more, embitters the strife, augments the thirst for pleasures, and increases the terror of death.'

This, though not quite in his words, is some distance in the direction of the immortal Pozdnishef. The mother is still granted a personal interest in her offspring up to a certain age, but that is the sole trace of individuality in love which is permitted to remain. One knows the words from which the theory runs: 'Whosoever shall do the will 'of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, 'and sister, and mother;' but even without them the needs of Tolstoy's renunciations would have forced him to the same conclusion. But there are excellent things in 'On Life' also:—

'The whole of men's complicated seething activity with their trafficking, their wars, their means of communication, are for the most part only the thronging of an unintelligent crowd about the doors of life.' 'Man, however well he may know the laws which guide his animal personality and those which govern nature, will derive from these not the least guidance as to what he is to do with the piece of bread which is in his hands; whether he is to give it to his wife, to a stranger, to a dog, or to eat it himself; to defend it or to yield it to any one who shall demand it of him. Yet a man's life consists solely in the decision of these and similar questions.' 'The very roughest Hindu, who stands for years on one leg in the name only of the renunciation of individual happiness for Nirvana, is without any comparison a more living man than the men of our contemporary European society, who have turned to beasts, who fly all over the world on railways, and exhibit to every one by the electric light their brutish condition.'

Compared with such a trenchant view as this of human animalism, the paragraph which begins, 'If I know a horse, 'a dog, or a cow, and have any spiritual relations with 'them,' reads rather curiously; but for all its eccentricity, 'On Life' is worth study. It is the most vivid of Tolstoy's didactic works; it abounds in striking similes, and, in addition to revealing the progress of its author's thought towards celibacy, gives the first formulation of his views on the persistency of life.

Under 'The Death of the Flesh' and 'The Life of Dead 'Men' Tolstoy gathered his previous hazy indifference to immortality into the expression of a belief. It is a belief which does not seem to include that continuance of personality which is the consoling feature in most popular impressions of a future existence. Tolstoy doubtless drew his intimations of immortality from the religions of the East. The Hindu on one leg served other purposes than to point a moral. And even this trituration of Nirvana is a distinct addition to the Tolstoyan canons, bringing them more in touch with the very natural craving of a short-lived race with a sense of unfulfilled potentialities. There is evidence also in his later work—the plea, perhaps, of his ageing years or the persisting memory of his earliest faith—that the vague beatitude of his paradise may yet take a more substantial shape.

With the 'Kreutzer Sonata' one reaches an epoch in Tolstoy's confession which makes essential a review of the position he had attained. The 'Kreutzer' has been treated by the world as an outburst of insane asceticism, and by Tolstoy and his followers as a counsel of perfection which did but enforce the teachings which had preceded it. It is really something far more significant. Tolstoy's insanity is always perfectly under control, and nothing rewritten as often as was the 'Kreutzer' could retain an air of impulse; and, so far from its very obvious moral being an enforcement of previous teaching, it is an absolute contradiction of the doctrine which Tolstoy selected and to which he subscribed as the 'Second Commandment.' Indeed, Tolstoy's own explanation given to us very shortly after the story's publication dispels either theory:—

> 'I wrote it,' he said, 'to clear my own mind of a subject on which it had long been in doubt. I had thought over it till thinking could carry me no further; then I put my thoughts on paper, and wrote and rewrote them again and again till my difficulties were decided and I had come to a conclusion.'

That conclusion was, of course, the inculcation of celibacy as the perfect condition. In his 'Afterword' on the subject to a somewhat astounded world, Tolstoy pleaded that all great teachers commend the impossible, the super-attainable ideal; and that he did not urge humanity to be celibate, but to try to be celibate. Very possible; but the point is not one which it is worth while to combat, the real question at issue being the commendation of celibacy to the highest aspiration of mankind. One can see how such commenda-

tion came to be a necessity. Tolstoy's system is monasticism without a monastery. His followers are the world's monks. No barriers measure their seclusion, no vows cut them off from their kind; they may wander where they will, they may speak to every creature, they may partake of any food; yet they are debarred as completely from all handling of the world's traffic, all assistance to its governance, all part in its pleasure, as though penned by bars and walls. They have thrown their unappeasable 'No!' in the face of all that the world does and wishes for, and they are cut off in consequence from every decision in its good and evil. That is in their lives the fact of supreme significance; there is for them no further debate of ultimate right and wrong. The decrees of justice, the craft of policy, the expediencies of art, the adjustments of commerce—all gradation of conduct to future effect is for ever at an end. They live in an absolutism of action which permits of no torturing hesitations—absolute poverty, absolute forbearance, absolute candour, absolute independence.

Such a system has, of course, its immense convenience. All personality is as completely surrendered as with a spiritual director. The man who adopts it is freed henceforth from doubt. He is freed also from that continual strife with all the disguises of evil which puts spiritual muscle into a man, even though he take a fall or two. He can never find himself in the worrying borderland of sufficiency and self-indulgence; never has to wrestle with the justice of the quarrel which he adopts; never need be perplexed by the truth of falsehood; never be discouraged by continual compromise. He is free of all these, free spiritually as an ox in the paddock or a frog in the pond; he has made his choice, he has stepped out of his generation as completely as though he had, indeed, with shorn head 'forsworn the full stream of the world.' But his security depends on the closing once and for ever of the doors of choice. Impose on him the necessity anywhere of a decision in degree, and his security is endangered, his peace is at an end. Tolstoy's keen mind revealed to him at once this weak point in his system, the one joint in the harness by which debate could enter. He had made renunciation absolute in every particular but one, and that one was marriage. No construction unfavourable to it could be put upon the words of Christ, and Tolstoy accepted its necessities from the outset; as we have seen already, declaring himself with emphasis against celibacy, and extolling the life of wife

and mother as the highest possible to a woman, adding, however—to cover the difficulty which he no doubt then foresaw—that the married should live as chastely as they could. That concession to human infirmity gave away, however, the whole position. The disciple was not told to be as poor as he could be, as kind as he could be, as candid as he could be; he was saved all perilous decision in the margin of his powers. But in marriage he was thrown back on the old dilemma, his security vanished, he was once more toying with evil, measuring out a dram of it to his debased nature and locking up the bottle—becoming, in fact, a moderate drinker in sin because total abstinence was so difficult. But Tolstoy knew well enough to what 'moderate drinking' has led in every department of ethics; he had, for that matter, only to compare the precepts of the New Testament with the modern practice of Christianity. He saw that if a man is permitted to legalise any one of the lusts of the flesh he will legalise all of them. Had not theft been legalised for the speculator and killing for the soldier? There could be no paltering with the accursed thing. Marriage must go. And so the 'Kreutzer Sonata' came to be written.

The 'Kreutzer Sonata' is a study of jealousy in its lowest and wholly sensual shape, and, though jealousy of any sort is the most extravagant and irrational of passions, some knowledge of the Russian temperament is needed to explain the madness which leads up to the murder by Pozdnishef of his wife. While he tells his story he never ceases to insist on his normality; but, though he may be normal as a Russian, as a European—to accept the distinction made by Russian writers, he is very far from being the common type. He has still the gross elemental passions of the savage forced on the surface by the hothouse of culture to a growth of intense sensibility. His impressions are received by nerves extremely delicate and precociously developed, and they are conveyed direct to an animality which is still almost aboriginal. Russia has produced a personality in fifty years which it took the Western nations four hundred years to evolve; and Pozdnishef is a specimen of what a pre-Elizabethan would be, transplanted suddenly into the twentieth century. Note, for instance, his view of music:—

'There is music,' he says, 'which excites, and one does not know what one may not do while in this condition of excitement. That is why music is so dangerous, and sometimes produces such terrible results. . . . It is a fearful power in the hands of any man. Take,

for example, this "Kreutzer Sonata" with its opening presto—and there are many works like it. Ought it to be played in drawing-rooms in the midst of ladies in low-necked dresses? . . . On me the piece in question acts in a frightful manner. It is as though new feelings, new qualities of which I was previously ignorant, suddenly declared themselves within me.'

No more accurate diagnosis can be conceived of a character with an extreme sensitiveness imposed upon extreme sensuality without the sensuous safeguard between them, that subtle mental mixture of sense and spirit which centuries alone can create, to disperse and neutralise in conveyance the external impression. Pozdnishef kicks, like a galvanised frog, under every æsthetic influence. You have but to touch him with the right tune to reduce him forthwith to the condition of a beast. He, with the voice of Tolstoy, calls that being normal; but it is a normality somewhat out of date, and the Muses will no doubt pluck the Sirens' feathers in Russia as they have elsewhere. This is by no means to affirm that all music is of an equal moral value, since every melody carries some taint of its maker, but merely to express the opinion that, outside of Russia, music is never of so hurtful a quality that it requires State regulation or to be listened to in a particular costume.

That Pozdnishef is sufficiently like the average Russian to be considered by Tolstoy a normal type must be remembered in estimating all the author's work. He is striving to reform a society in which the instincts of a Pozdnishef, and of men far more animal than he, would seem commendable. For Pozdnishef is really much more moral than his environment. He mentions, with a mixture of surprise and anger, that he has been true to his wife. Such a confession, he realises, makes him out rather a fool. The society in which he moves, still less the social circle above him, would not dream of exacting faithfulness from either wife or husband if not mutually convenient, provided a decent demeanour were observed. In Russia the wife is so often the undisguised means of her husband's advancement, that what one might call her sphere of influence is much larger than would be tolerated in this country.

Those who find Tolstoy's denunciations of social customs somewhat excessive should remember that this is the society of which he writes—a society openly sensual, extremely cultivated, mostly agnostic, and quite without hypocrisy. The 'Afterword' which Tolstoy appended to the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' far from mitigating its conclusions, shows how

completely the author's views were identical with those of his narrator. Pozdnishef's disgust at the sensual character of a mother's love for her children, his furious hatred of the medical profession—'these brigands,' as he calls them—have been endorsed by Tolstoy elsewhere; and here is the author speaking on the subject of marriage:—

'The enjoyment of sensual love, however we may idealise it, though good enough for brutes, is not fit to engage and consume the energies of man. . . . Hence it follows that not only to form a liaison, but even to contract marriage, is, from a Christian point of view, not a progress but a fall. Love and all the states that accompany and follow it, however we may try in prose and verse to prove the contrary, never do and never can facilitate the attainment of an aim worthy of men, but always make it more difficult.'

And again:—

'There is not and cannot be such an institution as Christian marriage, just as there cannot be such a thing as a Christian liturgy, nor Christian teachers, nor Church fathers, nor Christian armies, Christian law courts, nor Christian States. . . . Hence a Christian cannot view sexual intercourse otherwise than as a deviation from the doctrine of Christ, as a sin. This is clearly laid down in Matt. v. 28, and the ceremony called Christian marriage does not alter its character a jot. A Christian will never therefore desire marriage, but will always avoid it.'

It is interesting at this point to turn back to 'What I 'believe,' and read, written so few years before—

'Let every man in possession of his natural powers take to himself a wife; let every woman take to herself a husband, and let them under no pretext whatever dissolve the personal relations consequent on marriage. . . . This is the second commandment of Christ. . . . The wisdom of this commandment needed no thought. It avoided all the evils which threaten society from the relations between the sexes.'

One would never dream of urging consistency upon a seeker after truth. Consistency is the curse of second-rate minds; the big men are beyond it, since they desire rather to know than to seem knowing. But the alteration is interesting as evidence of the absolutely opposite deductions possible from the simplest words of the Gospels even to the seeker after truth.

Tolstoy might himself profitably consider them in mitigation of judgement upon 'liars' and 'brigands,' whose methods and motives he imperfectly appreciates. The objection immediately and most strongly urged, that the teaching of the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' if accepted, would bring humanity to a speedy conclusion, certainly seems curious in a com-

munity such as ours, whose religious belief contemplates, whose daily prayers desire, and whose highest aspirations are set on such a consummation. / The question which may reasonably be asked of this as of every other part of Tolstoy's system, seems rather to be—Is immunity from temptation worth the price in emasculation which we must pay for it? Are men made spiritually of more value by evading evil than by confronting it; by declining the life of the flesh than by using it with noble faults or in splendid failure?

After the 'Kreutzer' came—though the order of appearance is somewhat delusive—'The Kingdom of God is 'within you' and 'The Christian Teaching,' neither of which deals with points of new interest; and then, after an incubation of fifteen years, 'What is Art?' To those who had watched and listened to Tolstoy's long travail with art the work was of immense interest, quite apart from its novelty and suggestiveness. There had seemed a likelihood, and not in the earlier of those years alone, that Tolstoy would declare against art of any kind. He lacked so terribly a definition that should make it innocuous. But he found one at last. The artist in him triumphed. He realised that imagination, which is at the bottom of all great art, is really sympathy in a splendid dress, an insight into the ways and needs of men. So art became for him the speech of feeling, and from his definition he travelled either way, demolishing the past and mapping out the future till his theory was complete.

Those who would read the book with any profit must read it with a very plastic mind. The sounding-line of common criticism will not sink through the waters in which Tolstoy sails. But if the lead be laid aside and his pilotage accepted, acquaintance may be made with a country very insufficiently explored, and with ideas and speculations of uncommon interest.

The book opens with the whimsical description of an opera in rehearsal, caustic but perfectly fair, in order to put art into its most ludicrous costume before discussing its merits. There is something perhaps a little 'dodgy' in such a method, but so long as the arts seriously concern themselves with opera, one has no call to complain. Then follows a dissection of various æsthetic theories and definitions from Baumgarten onwards. Tolstoy has obviously studied the major part of his authorities through the text-books of other men, but he knows enough about them to make

considerable fun at their expense. That, of course, is not a difficult matter, since the definers of art and beauty have been, as a rule, most unhumorous people. He finally summarises the definitions, and offers in place of them one of his own :—

'Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious Idea of beauty, or God; it is not, as the æsthetical physiologists say, a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy: it is not the expression of man's emotions by external signs; it is not the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is not pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress towards well-being of individuals and of humanity.'

After that Tolstoy goes back to the early days of art to show how false theories about it have been evolved. He is, of necessity, all for simplicity and all against the theory of the 'elect.'

'The assertion that art may be good art and yet incomprehensible to a great number of people is extremely unjust, and its consequences are ruinous to art itself. . . . Good art always pleases every one.'

One sees, of course, whither he is trending. He desires to crown the common man as the arbiter of art. In a manner so he is, but not immediately. Tolstoy speaks disrespectfully of the judgement of time. But what is time's judgement but that of the common man expressed successively? Connoisseurs may impose a false form of art that pleases them on their generation, but they cannot foist it upon the next. Only the art with something universal in its appeal goes down the centuries. But Tolstoy will not wait for so extenuated a verdict. 'Art,' he declares, 'is nothing but 'the infection by one man of another, or of others, with the 'feelings experienced by the infector.' And the infection must be immediate. He went himself to see the second part of Wagner's 'Ring,' with no knowledge of the first and very little of Wagner. He failed to sit it out, but while listening, 'I involuntarily thought,' he says, 'of a respected, 'wise, educated country labourer . . . and pictured to 'myself the terrible perplexity such a man would be in 'were he to witness what I was seeing that evening.' One is appalled at first thought by the crudity of such a test, but no age was ever conscious of the artificiality of its art, and the next may very possibly not endorse our enthusiasms. Certainly on the artificiality of the artist's calling Tolstoy has a very strong case. He points out that in Europe over a million works of art of a sort are produced yearly, that the

vast majority of these are absolutely worthless, and nearly all of them disappear within a decade. Yet that so long as artists live by their art such overproduction will continue, since, once started on his career, and cut off from other means of livelihood, the author must produce art, however devoid of inspiration, in order to live.

'Art is not a handicraft; it is the transmission of feeling the artist has experienced. And sound feeling can only be engendered in a man when he is living on all sides the life natural and proper to mankind. Therefore security of maintenance is a condition most harmful to an artist's true productiveness, since it . . . deprives him of the opportunity and possibility of experiencing the most important and natural feelings of man.'

The remedy he proposes is the abolition of art as a profession. In some of the arts—notably literature—this might prove of unmixed advantage, but there would be a difficulty with those in which technique counts for much and material is costly. Still, the reduction to a thousandth part of its present proportions of all one has to read and look at and listen to in the name of art is an alluring dream. It is when he deals with the subject-matter of art and distinctions between good and bad art within the limits of his conception that Tolstoy becomes less convincing.

He argues 'that the feelings transmitted by art in every 'age have been estimated by the standard of its religious 'perception.' That may be true after a fashion; but when he states that 'the Christian principle of universal union 'forms the religious perception of our time,' he treats an hypothesis as an axiom. However fully he may be convinced of the truth of such a statement, it demands, as his fundamental proposition, proof before enunciation. Proof, however, he does not offer, merely expanding the statement in a fashion he doubtless finds convincing, and adding that such perception has been 'expressed by the best men of past 'ages, and is repeated in the most varied forms and from the 'most diverse sides by the best men of our own times.' This merely supplies the occasion for a new definition, and suggests as a fresh difficulty this consistory of best men. Yet Tolstoy proceeds—

'It is on *the basis of this perception* that we should appraise all the phenomena of our life, and among the rest, our art also. . . . Christian perception gave a new direction to all human feelings, and therefore completely altered both the contents and significance of art. . . . The subject-matter of Christian art is such feeling as can unite men with

God and with one another . . . but it must transmit feelings accessible to every one.'

And he sees for this art an immense future. He reviews all that art has done in the past for false ideals of reverence and honour, and asks in conclusion—

'Cannot this same art also evoke reverence for the dignity of every man, and for the life of every animal; can it not make men ashamed of luxury, of violence, of revenge, or of using for their pleasure that of which others are in need; and compel people freely, gladly, and without remarking it, to sacrifice themselves in the service of man?'

The nobility of the writer is apparent in all he writes, but in this review of art there is a quality even more in evidence —a suffocating inability to see the innate purity of anything. Nothing for him 'stands sublimely in the nude;' for nudity and indecency are with him interchangeable terms; even the bared arm of Siegfried moves him to disgust. The splendid shamelessness of the early Greeks, the value set by their great law-givers and philosophers on the perfect shaping and fearless showing of the human body, is as much beyond him as an unknown tongue. He has the horrible Northern prevision of impurity, and with it a veritable passion for clothes. One suspects that he would view sympathetically the Bostonian draping of a wooden leg. But, apart from this fury for concealment, the book is full of a wholesome scorn for all the false pretence of art, which should provoke any artist who reads it to honesty of purpose and a distaste for the trivialities by which he is continually tempted.

'What is Art?' is, so far, the latest of Tolstoy's didactic works. He has, indeed, written nothing in the last twenty years without a definite moral aim, but he unfortunately does not recognise the fact that he is much more ethically impressive when he is telling a tale than when writing a treatise. Four such stories may be included in his latter period—'Master and Man,' 'The Dominion of Darkness,' 'The Fruits of Enlightenment,' and 'Resurrection.' 'Master and Man' is an account of a snowstorm which involves in its effects two men, uninteresting, gross, almost disagreeable creatures, in whom few novelists would have recognised possibilities of interest, far less of heroism. Yet Tolstoy, by the very realism which he scorns as provincialism in his views of art, makes notable the recital of that night in the snow, and, without a touch of melodrama, lifts into splendid relief the Master's sacrifice of himself for the Man; the

heroic quality, of which there is some hint in all men, only in him being able to assert itself when the petty animal commercial part of him is bemused with cold. No one could read the story without renewed hopes of himself, and a more fraternal assessment of his unprepossessing neighbour; though there is no hint from start to finish of its having been written with such an object.

'The Dominion of Darkness,' a tragedy of peasant life in five acts, has a more plainly but no more obtrusively moral intention. As a play it would probably be included in Mr. Bernard Shaw's 'unpleasant' category. A wife poisons her dying husband in order to marry their servant, who, when this object has been attained, carries on an intrigue with his step-daughter, and finally kills the child of which he has made her the mother by putting it under a plank and sitting on it, in order to marry her without scandal to an aspirant for her hand. The material recounted briefly does not sound promising, but such is Tolstoy's sympathy with the sinners of whom he writes, so profound is his knowledge of his poor folk and their blind fight for any sort of goodness, that the effect is not powerful only, but strangely beautiful. Yet in the cast there is but one old man, tongue-haltered and feeble-witted, who has any visible righteousness about him. 'The Dominion of Darkness' proves Tolstoy's power to tell a story in dialogue, and its success until suppressed by the censor—for Heaven knows what reason!—shows that he can write effectively for a stage which has not outgrown its elemental interests.

'The Fruits of Enlightenment' is labelled a comedy. It is a satire of contrasts between a wealthy household immersed in spiritualism and trivial amusements and a group of ignorant shrewd pedantic peasants who have come to town about a sale of land. There are thirty-two characters, each a study, and the queer mixture of modern frivolity and patriarchal simplicity in a large Russian household is most effectively drawn. But spiritualism is not a subject worth the scorn of such a pen, and, despite its cleverness in detail, the whole leaves an impression of unprofitableness, of labour spent on an ineffectual theme. But even with a theme more significant it is doubtful if Tolstoy would have been completely successful. He lacks the genial appreciation of folly which goes to make a perfect comedy of manners. His satire is always too acute; there are tears behind it instead of laughter; he sees with the reformer's eyes, not with the philosopher's, and his speech has none of

the compassion of a common frailty, but is edged for merciless extermination. To what purpose these very qualities serve may be seen in 'Resurrection.' This, the last of his novels, though but quite recently completed, was commenced many years ago, laid aside for what its author considers more important work, and finally completed in defiance of all his theories of art and life to provide funds for the emigration of the Doukhobórs to Canada.

'Resurrection' is not the most complete of Tolstoy's novels, but it is moved by an energy, devised and wrought with an intensity which cannot be matched elsewhere in fiction. It lacks finish, a fine sense of proportion, and the relief which life provides even for its gloomiest stories. It is depressingly devoid of humour, and the keen satire with which social Petersburg is sketched is too caustic a substitute. The benignant sympathy which breathes in all great work is in it either utterly absent or is displaced by a bitter tenderness wrung out by oppression, a scornful passion for the wrongs of the weak. It is encumbered with repetitions, overloaded with detail, and runs to an almost wearisome length. Yet by reason of its earnestness, its wonderful grip of material, the vehemence of its conviction, its unappeasable integrity, 'Resurrection' achieves a greatness which is, as it were, not in it. It is too topical probably to endure; it will pass with the conditions it has described; but its chief claim to fame may be that they will pass because of it. Perhaps its greatest fault is its redundancy of detail. Take, for example, that enumeration of the lunchers, seat by seat, round the table of the Korchágins. It is matter of the smallest moment who were there at all, and of none whatever how they sat. Yet, one by one, they are introduced to us, with little needless pointless explanations. Less forgivable than this redundancy is an iteration of detail which tacks on some specialising adjective like a *leit-motif*. Poor Maslova's 'slightly squinting eyes' are so persistently specified that at last the poor thing seems to be looking all ways at once, and were it not for Pasternak's kindlier interpretation one would not dare to look at her. By the same method Schönbock's and Sophia Vasílievna's 'long white teeth' have an effect of protruding like the tusks of a boar; unnaturally so, at least in the lady's case, since her teeth had been made for her.

Tolstoy, indeed, can mention nothing without describing it, however ephemeral or unimportant the fact may be, a failing the more curious when one remembers how he has

belaboured realism, and his praise of prehistoric simplicity in narration. But with detail of the essential kind he can be marvellously effective.. The break-up of winter, the groaning, sobbing, sighing, rending of the river ice beneath the fog on the night of Maslova's seduction, is about the only piece of pure artistry in the book, enforcing, as it does, the passion of her springtide in the girl's heart, and relieving the sordid desolation of her after-story. But it is in ethical observation that Tolstoy's detail is most convincing:—

'Every one, in order to be able to act, has to consider his occupation important and good. Therefore, in whatever position a person is, he is certain to form such a view of the life of men in general that will make his occupation seem important and good.'

How characteristic that Tolstoy should base such an aphorism on the sensations of a prostitute! And how profound the insight into Nekhlúdof's repentance!

'If he had not tried to expiate his guilt he would never have found out how great his crime was. Nor was this all; she, too, would never have felt the whole horror of what had been done to her.

Only one phase in the long struggle of Nekhlúdof's waking honour for Maslova's soul does he fail to make convincing; and that is Maslova's objection to assist in her betrayer's spiritual redemption, which seems too subtle a conception for a woman so sunk in the grossness of life.

In thus reviewing the work of a man who is trying by literary means (which he despises) to enforce a new standard of conduct, one does him the inevitable injustice of a divided mind. One vibrates between terms of one's own consciousness and terms of his; and one has to translate both into those of common understanding. It would be a much more grateful and probably a much more profitable task to interpret the reformer from the standpoint of his own ideals, or at least from that of disagreement with those of the world. For without some passion of comprehension, real appreciation of a greatness so incompatible with our peace of soul is quite impossible. There is the man and his immense conception! You cannot take him or leave him as a mere multiplier of words, but you must take him as a mouther of quixotic folly, or as a mouthpiece of that godhead which is in the minds of men. You must take him to your heart or you must turn him out of doors; there can be no middle course of smiling tolerance for him and you. You may deny his share in the thoughts of Christ, but you will find something common in their

fortunes. You must follow him, or you must, like the chief priests of Russian orthodoxy, cast him out of your synagogue. They indeed, probably, had they had their way, would have completed the parallel and given him too a place between the malefactors.

He still remains, however, a curious portent in that great empire of the North whose possibilities are known to so few. Strong with an unconquerable patience, passive and dumbly persistent as the beasts of the field, the driven slaves of an ancient faith, ruled by men immensely capable, boundlessly ambitious, and utterly unscrupulous, the Russian people, emerging at last from the long struggle with the interminable leagues of its land, has yet to make its bid for the dominion of the world. None can say what may come when its vast resources have been at last developed, but success must depend in the end on the solidarity of the common people, and to that solidarity Tolstoy may yet prove a disintegrating factor.

ART. IV.—1. *Observations on the New Star in Perseus.* By Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., F.R.S. Proceedings Royal Society, March 7 and 28, 1901.

2. *The New Star of the New Century.* By the Rev. WALTER SIDGREAVES, F.R.A.S. The Observatory, May 1901.

3. *Ueber das Spectrum der Nova Persei.* Von H. C. VOGEL. 'Sitzungsberichte der kön. preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin.' 21. März 1901.

4. *The New Star in Auriga.* A Discourse by WILLIAM HUGGINS, LL.D., F.R.S. Delivered at the Royal Institution, May 13, 1892.

IN looking at the sky we have to make allowance for a kind of perspective in time, as well as in space. The stars differ incalculably in remoteness; their ranks stretch backward without assignable limit, yet they are all projected together upon the imaginary surface of the 'sphere;' nor can the slightest hint be gathered from their aspect as to their relative vicinity to the earth. Similarly, they are presented to us without distinction on a single time-plane; we get the effect of a simultaneous view, which is nevertheless illusory, since our survey ranges, in fact, over many centuries, or even millenniums. Thus we perceive Sirius where and as he was nine years ago; our latest intelligence of Vega is forty years old; Arcturus quitted, in the seventeenth century, the spot he appears to us still to occupy; terrestrial information regarding the constellation of the Great Bear dates back to the reign of Queen Anne, regarding the chief brilliants of Orion, to the 'spacious times of great 'Elizabeth.' The sidereal heavens belong to the past; their annals are ancient before they are written; contemporaneous knowledge of the stars is unattainable, because we have no means of instantaneous communication with them. The express messengers they despatch travel quickly, but they have long journeys to make. Light flies at the rate of 186,300 miles in a second, and there are 31½ million seconds in a year, so that nearly six *billions* of miles are comprised in a 'light-year.' Yet the nearest star lies at a distance measured by between four and five of these prodigious units. The rays now reaching the earth from α Centauri were sent out early in 1897; we presume, but have no direct evidence, that things have gone smoothly with its system during the interval.

Now the great majority of the stars are immeasurably remote. The finest instruments can detect no alteration in their places as the earth sweeps round the sun. They are sensibly devoid, that is to say, of annual parallax. This fixity, when viewed from opposite ends of a base-line not far from two hundred millions of miles in length, implies that they cannot be within seventy or eighty light-years of the earth; they may be indefinitely farther off; they must be at least thus far. Among the denizens of this abysmal region are temporary stars. None so far submitted to trial show the least sign of optical shifting, and their proper motions are likewise reduced to nullity by distance. It follows that the outbursts represented by them are on a stupendous scale. Our own sun, removed to the profundities where they occur, would probably figure as an insignificant telescopic object, while stellar apparitions have often been of challenging brilliancy. Hipparchus was summoned by a blaze in Scorpio to enrol the celestial host; Tycho's wavering vocation needed to be confirmed by the famous Nova in Cassiopeia. All day, on November 11, 1572, he had been in quest of the philosopher's stone, or of some scarcely less precious alkahest or elixir; but on emerging after nightfall from his laboratory, a sky-portent greeted him. 'Ecce,' he exclaims amazed, 'juxta verticem capitum, insolens quoddam Sidus radianti 'fulgore lumen vibrare, oculosque percellere.' * Only Venus at her brightest could be compared with this stranger; it was visible at noon, and its rays often pierced the clouds. Then, after a month, it began to decline, changing from scintillating white to red, and again to livid white as it faded. In March 1574 it finally disappeared to the naked eye, and although a faint fluctuating object near its place may be a survival of Tycho's star, the identity cannot be certified. It would be futile to attempt an estimate of the actual output of light and heat that corresponded to the manifestation. There can, however, be no doubt that during forty or fifty days it amounted to some thousands of times that of the sun.

Three years after Tycho's death, Kepler witnessed a similar display in Ophiuchus, which was followed by a prolonged dearth of Novæ. Anthelm's, of 1670, only reached the third magnitude; Hind's, of 1848, was fainter still. Nor, even if they had been numerous and conspicuous, could much insight have been gained into their nature previously

* De Novâ Stellâ anni 1572, p. 298.

to the invention of the spectroscope. Simple telescopic observation was scarcely more effective for the purpose than the unarmed eye itself. Tycho Brahe got as near the secret with his 'sighted' quadrant as John Russell Hind with the Regent's Park equatorial. But before Nova Coronæ entered upon the scene fresh methods had been made available. On May 12, 1866, Mr. John Birmingham, of Tuam, in Ireland, riding home after dark, perceived beside Alphacca a second gem of equal magnitude in the Northern Crown. Two hours and a half previously, Schmidt, of Athens, had scanned the same part of the heavens without noticing anything unusual. The developement of brightness was thus shown to have been extraordinarily rapid. On May 16, Sir William Huggins directed his spectroscope to the object, and noted the peculiar quality of its light. Brilliant rays stood out against the prismatic background common to all stellar spectra, and of these the most brilliant were distinctive of incandescent hydrogen. The fact was thus acquired to science that Novæ are not 'pilgrim-stars,' just arrived, so to speak, from some adjacent universe, but genuine 'blaze-stars'—orbs kindled into brief magnificence by catastrophes of fierce violence but transitory effect.

Ten years later an opportunity presented itself of verifying this conclusion. Nova Cygni appeared and reproduced the spectral phenomena of the star in the Northern Crown. They were extensively observed, and had a strange sequel. As the star faded, a new ray became visible in its spectrum, and eventually survived all the rest. This was the green ray of 'nebulum.' The Nova was, to outward seeming, replaced by a minute planetary nebula. Some of these objects are distinguishable from stars only by the peculiarity of their light. It is concentrated in the green. They give monochromatic images, just such as Dr. Copeland derived, on September 2, 1877, from the stellar apparition of the previous season. Its transformation was unaccountable, but has proved to be typical. In the last stage of their decay, temporary stars ordinarily assume a nebular disguise. Their assumption of it illustrates curiously the relationships of stars and nebulæ. It shows conclusively that two bodies of identical chemical composition may emit totally different kinds of light if their physical condition be different. Spectral varieties are then often, through our defective interpretation of them, misleading guides; they suppress truth, although they cannot suggest falsehood. Nova Cygni had sunk to about the thirteenth magnitude in 1891, when

Dr. Roberts took a long-exposure photograph of the region where it had formerly shone.* Mr. Burnham made a corresponding and nearly simultaneous visual observation with the Lick 36-inch refractor;† and it has not seemed worth while to secure later records of an object on the verge of total extinction.

Meantime, another celestial stranger had caused its nine days' wonder. At the core of the great Andromeda nebula, in the midst of soft, irresolvable haze, a point of light stood out sharply stellar, August 16, 1885. Continuing to brighten, it reached the seventh magnitude August 31, then steadily declined, until, in March 1886, it was invisible with the largest telescopes. No spectroscopic blaze was shown by it. Its dispersed light extended pretty equably from red to blue. Hence, either by original constitution or in the mode of its kindling, it differed fundamentally from the Novæ of 1866 and 1876. That it was really *in* the formation it appeared to illuminate was probable in itself; and the probability was, by several attendant circumstances, raised to virtual certainty. The Andromeda nebula is not of the gaseous kind. The subtle element called 'nebulum,' which is the chief material of the vast structure in Orion, makes no show in it. Its light is, in fact, continuous, and was closely imitated by that of its temporary stellar inmate. The Nova of 1885, then, owed its origin, not to any sudden condensation of a 'shining fluid,' but to some kind of mutual action among bodies of analogous nature to itself. And if so, it was not simply projected accidentally upon the nebula, but had its proper location there at the centre of its shimmering spires. This inference was supported by the remembrance of a parallel event. On May 18, 1860, Professor Auwers of Berlin perceived, in the most compressed part of a globular cluster in Scorpio, an intruded component of relatively overwhelming brilliancy. To Mr. Pogson it seemed that a star had been actually substituted for the cluster. But the effacing splendour waned and vanished after three weeks, and the cluster remained *in statu quo ante*. Now the likelihood is small of one stellar outburst in space occurring precisely in line with a cluster; but the casual repetition of such a coincidence is, to a sane judgment, impossible. The stars of 1860 and 1885 may, then, safely be said to have belonged physically to the cosmic aggregations with which

* Photographs of Star-clusters and Nebulæ, p. 121, 1894.

† Monthly Notices Royal Astronomical Society, vol. lii. p. 457.

they were optically associated, and to have become flagrant incidentally to the slow progress of their developement. Their appearance gives a significant hint of the intense activities at work in the dim nebulous seed-plots of worlds that strew the sidereal heavens.

The sensation produced by the appearance and the transformations of Nova Aurigæ must be still fresh in the memories of most of our readers. Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, a modestly provided amateur, noticed a superfluous star in the constellation of the Charioteer, February 1, 1892. By means of an anonymous post-card he conveyed the intelligence to Dr. Copeland, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, who sent it 'east and west, and south and north,' over the telegraph-wires. The stranger, however, proved to have been waiting some time for recognition. An admirable system of celestial surveying is pursued at Harvard College Observatory, Massachusetts. To a great extent it proceeds automatically. Sentinel telescopes, moving by clockwork, watch the skies; photographic films are the perceptive organs; human agency is reduced to a minimum. An examination of the records thus obtained disclosed the remarkable fact that the Nova had impressed itself upon no fewer than seventeen plates exposed between December 10, 1891, and January 31, 1892. Yet its absence from a photograph taken by Professor Max Wolf at Heidelberg on December 8 left no doubt that it had not then attained the eleventh magnitude; nor was it included in any chart or catalogue, photographic or telescopic, of earlier date. Until it abruptly rose to the fifth magnitude, December 10, 1891, it was then sensibly destitute of light, which is the life of suns. To our apprehension, it was as good as non-existent. Nevertheless, it 'carried weight, it rode a race;' being endowed with mass and motion it was capable of vivification. How the vivification came about we do not know, for the luminosity significant of it was of a highly problematic nature.

It was studied spectrographically for the first time in the case of an object of the kind. And the advantages of aiding the fugitive impressions of the eye with the permanent and definite records of the sensitive plate were quickly apparent. The photographed spectrum was evidently double. With a strange effect of chiaroscuro, the emission spectrum was coupled with an absorption-spectrum. Each vivid line had a dark companion on its upper or more refrangible side, and all the lines were abnormally broad. It seemed im-

possible that a single body could be the source of so complex an arrangement, especially since the positions of the dark lines corresponded to a great velocity of approach towards the earth; those of the bright lines, to a rapid movement of recession. Their disposition in pairs was, indeed, a consequence of these opposite displacements, and if opposite displacements implied—as they were held to do—contrary motions in the line of sight, then, plainly, two encountering stars contributed their rays to the outburst of Nova Aurigæ. The relative speed, it is true, which had to be attributed to these hypothetical bodies amounted to at least 550 miles a second. At this tremendous rate a gaseous mass, emitting bright lines, and a stellar globe of the 'Orion' type, effected their rush past. But time went on and brought no slackening of velocity. It should, nevertheless, in six weeks have well-nigh disappeared if due to the pull of mutual gravitation. A comet, for instance, may attain a pace of as much as 350 miles a second when quite close to the sun, but this barely lasts for a couple of hours; the same influence which previously accelerated, now, with equal power, retards motion; and the body, losing all that it had acquired, resumes before long its original sluggishness. But the indications of movement derived from the spectrum of Nova Aurigæ did not change. The component stars continued, as long as they could be observed, to separate with their original celerity. There was no alternative, then, but to suppose it inherent. The conjunction of a pair of 'runaway stars' had to be admitted. These are bodies animated by proper motions greatly exceeding the average; they travel too fast—according to Professor Newcomb—for control by sidereal gravity, and must hence be regarded as exiles from some unknown universe, and as aliens to ours. This conclusion, however, although logically inevitable, illustrates the limitations of our knowledge more forcibly than it commends itself to our acceptance. As distinguished 'runaways' Arcturus may be cited, and 'Groombridge, '1830,' Argelander's 'flying star' in the Great Bear. But a quasi-collision between two members of so restricted a class could be thought of only as a desperate expedient of disconcerted theory. For the chance of their dashing together almost end on from virtual infinitude was absurdly small, and was reduced to evanescence by the further consideration of how nearly the earth must have been the *terminus a quo* of one, the *terminus ad quem* of the other; unless, indeed, their total speed greatly exceeded their

enormous radial speed, which was not, on the face of things, likely. Again, the bright and the dark spectra matched in a way scarcely conceivable if they belonged to vagrant, originally unrelated bodies.

These perplexities were not allayed by the march of events. The phenomena of the Nova as they developed were in many respects flatly contradictory of the hypothesis which had at first seemed the most promising mode of accounting for them. The spectral lines underwent subdivisions, which, if interpreted on the adopted principle of motion-shifting, would have implied the interaction of six distinct masses * collected from the ends of creation. The bare mention of such a rendezvous amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the double-star theory. Its adequacy was in any case questionable. A direct collision was out of the question for stars flying apart at express speed; and a grazing collision lay open to many objections. If, indeed, the conflagration had been due to impact in any form, motion must have been sacrificed to meet the expenditure of light and heat; and it was difficult to believe that the exorbitant velocities spectroscopically apparent represented only the balance of the account. Moreover, globes rendered incandescent by impact should necessarily take centuries to cool, while new stars are generally well advanced towards extinction after a few days or weeks. A more plausible form was given to the theory of oppositely rushing stars by Sir William Huggins. For the immediate, he substituted the secondary effects of an encounter. These would be mainly of a tidal nature. Enormous disturbances would ensue; pent-up forces would be let loose, and a luminous display on the observed scale might conceivably result. The assigned cause, it is true, could have acted sensibly only during a very brief time; provided, however, that it sufficed for the overthrow of an unstable internal equilibrium, the rest would follow, since the restoration of tranquillity could only by degrees come to pass after many partial calms alternating with renewed accesses of agitation. But things fell out adversely to this view, as indeed to every other propounded of this wonderful phenomenon.

On April 26, 1892, Nova Aurigæ touched the limit of visibility with the Lick 36-inch refractor. It was estimated to be of the sixteenth magnitude. That is to say, just one forty-thousandth part of its evanescent brilliancy

* V. Schumann, 'Astronomy and Astrophysics,' vol. xii. p. 159.

survived. Immediately afterwards, it was lost in the sun's rays, and remained hidden until August 17, when the astonished observers found, in the place of the all-but-vanished Nova, a nebula some hundreds of times brighter. Its faded radiance had not only revived, but had become transformed in quality.* The spectrum now consisted of nineteen bright lines, all nebular, the most intense being the characteristic trio in the green. Rays of metallic origin had disappeared; not a trace was any longer perceptible of the presence of calcium, magnesium, or sodium. The metamorphosis of Nova Cygni was repeated. Yet the transformed object was telescopically stellar. It had no appreciable dimensions. A supposed hazy envelope proved to be of instrumental creation, representing merely some outlying rays thrown out of focus. All could not, in an ordinary achromatic, be collected into one image; and the remainder served to blur that formed by their associates. With a reflector, on the contrary, as Sir William and Lady Huggins promptly ascertained,† Nova Aurigæ still presented the aspect of a star. It changed little for some years, maintaining about tenth-magnitude brightness down to the beginning of 1897.‡ A further stage of decay was then entered upon which steadily progressed until 1899, when the famous Nova might be said to have definitively quitted the astronomical stage.§ The apparition lasted just seven years, and left behind it a theoretical situation of aggravated perplexity.

'Primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.'

Nova Aurigæ had glimmered out as a star, and was dimly shining as a nebula, when Nova Normæ appeared. It was detected photographically. In examining a plate exposed at Arequipa in July 1893, Mrs. Fleming, Professor Pickering's able coadjutor at Harvard College, noticed that one among a crowd of spectra imprinted upon it was peculiar. Coupled bright and dark lines were included in it; they were distended and displaced, the emission-set towards the red, the absorption-set towards the blue. In every particular the spectral pattern of Nova Aurigæ was copied. The reproduction, after so brief an interval, of characteristics so un-

* W. W. Campbell, 'Astronomy and Astrophysics,' vol. xi. p. 715.
† Astronomy and Astrophysics, vol. xiii. p. 314.
‡ Campbell, 'Astrophysical Journal,' vol. v. p. 239.
§ Peek, 'Journal British Astronomical Association,' vol. ix. p. 260.

common, enforced the lessons learned from them. Clearly, there was nothing accidental about them. The displacements of the lines, their relative situation, the dark ones above the bright, could be due to no chance meeting of two globes endowed with fabulous velocities in the line of sight. The hypothesis of an explosive encounter, already discredited, received its *coup de grâce* through the mute evidence of a single spectrograph.

No more were taken. The outburst had subsided before it was known to have occurred. On February 14, however, Professor Campbell succeeded in visually observing the faded spectrum. Wonderful to relate, it was that of a planetary nebula! The example of Nova Aurigæ was followed from first to last. Under its changed aspect, Nova Normæ survived obscurely for a year and upwards, then totally vanished. Ten years earlier it would have been kindled in vain, at least for the purposes of human instruction. In its neglected situation, far to the south, it must have remained unnoticed but for the introduction of the new methods of wholesale photographic registration. Assuredly, then, it had innumerable precursors, which were as though they were not, so far as we are concerned. This inference has been amply verified by recent experience. Since the opening of the photographic era, new stars have succeeded each other almost without intermission.

In the spring of 1895 a star lit up in the constellation Argo. It did not, however, rise—so far as could be known—above the eighth magnitude, and lasted only three months. Nova Carinæ was identified six months after date by its photographed spectrum, which Mrs. Fleming perceived to resemble quite closely those of its predecessors.

This was not the only temporary star of 1895. Nova Centauri in the following July similarly announced its presence by the display of an unusual spectrum on the Arequipa plates. But it was unusual after an anomalous fashion. Instead of conforming to the established type, it showed nebular affinities. The Nova, in fact, emitted the distinctive light of the 'Great Looped Nebula,' which is one of the numerous occupants of the vast sidereal tenement known as the Magellanic Cloud. The star was, moreover, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of a small nebula,* or rather, as was eventually proved, in an outlying portion of it. For as the stellar rays grew dim, the nebulous glow

* No. 5253 of Dreyer's 'New General Catalogue.'

which they had obliterated became discernible to Professor Hussey* at Lick, and it continued to shine, undisturbed by their competition, after July 1896. By that time Nova Centauri was dead out. Its closest relationship was evidently with Nova Andromedæ. Yet much more might have been learned about it had its discovery been at all nearly contemporaneous with its apparition. At first of the seventh magnitude, it had sunk to the eleventh before the signals of its presence were read off; and, with the best appliances in the world, an eleventh magnitude spectrum is reticent of communication. Under the difficult circumstances, however, the outbreak might so easily have been covered by complete oblivion that even fragmentary information about it deserved grateful acknowledgement.

By a still further retrospect a star was announced in 1895—again from Harvard College †—to have been in 1887 temporarily added to the constellation Perseus. A photographed bright-line spectrum told the secret of its nature; but it was dim and imperfectly legible, and the chief interest of the record consisted in its exemplification of the frequency of cataclysmic occurrences in space, which may scarcely or not at all come within our ken.

Nova Sagittarii was of a different order of conspicuousness.‡ Its début was on a Draper Memorial chart-plate, March 8, 1898, when it was of 4·7 magnitude, or fully equal to Nova Aurigæ at maximum. It had, however, unfortunately dropped to 8·2 magnitude a month later, before the first impression of its spectrum was secured. Still, the blazing lines of Nova Aurigæ were there, although their dark counterparts were missing; they had probably vanished before they could be registered, since in the regular sequence of fading the effacement of absorption-rays seems to precede that of emission-rays. Nova Sagittarii pursued the beaten track of decay. Under the customary aspect of a planetary nebula, it was observed by Professor Campbell in April 1899, and the change, as usual, preluded extinction. Nova Aquilæ ran a parallel course.§ Detected by Mrs. Fleming on a photograph taken April 21, 1899, it gave the light proper to its class in their early stages, while in

* Publ. Astr. Pacific Society, vol. viii. p. 220.

† Harvard Circular, No. 4.

‡ Ibid. No. 42; Astroph. Journal, vol. ix. p. 182.

§ Pickering, 'Astr. Nach.' No. 3651; Astroph. Journal, vol. xii. p. 52.

October, having sunk from the seventh to the tenth magnitude, it radiated as a nebula. The spectrum when last examined by Professor Campbell, August 27, 1900, could be clearly seen, despite its extreme faintness, to preserve the same character.

Thus in the course of five years five temporary stars flamed out and smouldered back into obscurity. The detection of all was due to the vigilance of the camera; four out of the five reproduced the leading phenomena of Nova Aurigæ, including its nebular transformation. The third star, Nova Centauri, showed fewer signs of violent agitation; it pursued a more even tenor of change. Its immersion in a nebula lent a deeper meaning to the similar collocation with structures of that class of Nova Scorpii and Nova Andromedæ. But the fact most definitely ascertained by photographic surveys is the frequency of such displays. The five immediate successors of Nova Aurigæ would, there can be little doubt, have escaped direct observation. Their scarcity in the past, then, measured only the inadequacy of our surveillance; in the future it seems that we may count upon an average of one stellar apparition a year. The rate, not indeed of their occurrence, but of their discovery, has within the last half-century been multiplied something like a hundredfold. We recall with surprise that not one Nova was recorded between 1670 and 1848, although during the interval the heavens were kept under watch and ward by Flamsteed, Halley, and Bradley, by Lacaille and Lalande, by Piazzi, Argelander, Bessel, and the Herschels.

To such labours as they carried on, the appearance of strange visitants to the skies has occasionally acted as an incentive; it has rarely diversified their progress. More generally it first attracts the attention of star-gazers at large. This is easily understood. Astronomers by profession concentrate their faculties on the task immediately in hand. Only a narrow section of the heavens is at any one time before them. Their urgent business is to determine, rapidly and precisely, the place or the peculiarities of each object that it contains. The rest have to wait their turn. That men thus intently occupied should disregard the outside chances of stray detections is not to be wondered at; and prizes of the kind commonly fall to the share of those who take measures to secure them. Astronomers of the highest type cannot do this; the cost would be disproportionately great; their moments are too few for dealing with the

known contents of the sphere; bankruptcy in time would quickly ensue if they were to spend many in waiting for things new and strange to 'swim' into the field of their telescopes. Take the example of Caroline Herschel and her brother. She was a trained assistant, an amateur observer. Yet in her leisure hours, while 'sweeping' for pastime, she picked up eight comets. Sir William Herschel, reviewing the heavens systematically night by night, decade after decade, did not discover one. Nor was his son, whose explorations embraced both hemispheres, more fortunate. So the stars of Tycho Brahe and of Kepler were first caught sight of by less distinguished watchers; the Nova of 1670 primarily attracted the notice, not of Picard or Cassini, but of a Carthusian monk at Dijon; John Birmingham was an Irish country squire; Ludovic Gully, of Rouen, and Isaac Ward, of Belfast, casually anticipated deliberate investigators in the perception of Nova Andromedæ; Dr. Anderson, to whom belongs the unique distinction of having twice announced the advent of a lucid 'guest-star,' is a retired Congregational minister.

In the early morning of February 22, 1901, he was struck with the unfamiliar aspect of the constellation Perseus. A bright trespasser was there, a little to the north-east of Algol, and almost its equal. Twenty-eight hours previously, Mr. Stanley Williams had taken, at West Brighton, a photograph of that part of the sky showing stars down to the twelfth magnitude. The Nova was not among them. It had, then, sprung up during that brief interval to at least 6,400 times its original radiance. This would be incredible were it less absolutely certain. Confirmatory evidence was, besides, supplied by the Harvard plates; they attested the apparent vacancy, down to February 19, of the place later so conspicuously filled. The star continued to increase, and on February 23 outshone Capella; it had then no equal north of the celestial equator. This was its maximum. By the 24th it had entered upon a leisurely and intermittent course of decline. Spasms of recovery, periodical in about three days, very curiously checked its progress for a time; but they soon became less regular, nor could they countervail the irresistible tendency downward to extinction. Sir Robert Ball related, at the April meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, in humorous illustration of these vicissitudes, how he personally conducted a party into the streets of Enniskillen on the night of March 19, for the purpose of showing them 'the new star of the new

century.'* It was invisible. Next night he sallied forth again, proposing to demonstrate its disappearance; it shone in its place with renovated brightness. Still the fading went on, and was accompanied by a marked alteration of colour. From lustrous white the Nova had become deep red or purplish By the end of April, it had subsided to the rank of a telescopic object; and was, moreover, too near the sun for convenient observation.

Even more remarkable than these fluctuations in the quantity of its light, were the concomitant changes in its intimate nature. The original spectrum, photographed at Harvard College, February 22, was of the 'Orion' type. A vividly continuous background threw into relief thirty-three dark lines, many of them due to absorption by hydrogen and helium. The condition thus indicated lasted forty-eight hours. Decrease of brightness had set in before any strong symptoms of a gaseous flare were perceptible. A blazing atmosphere is, then, rather an immediate consequence than an accompaniment of a stellar outburst. The sudden and tremendous heating of a condensed mass precedes the ignition of the vapours surrounding it. That they are evolved from it as a consequence of catastrophic action, is suggested by Father Sidgreaves, and seems probable in view of the order of succession noted in the spectral phenomena. The emergence of bright lines only as a secondary effect is of great significance. It may fairly be assumed to be an essential, and not merely an accidental trait in the character of new stars. But it had previously escaped record because the critical stage had passed before spectroscopic tests could be applied.

From February 24 onward, Nova Persei showed the spectrum distinctive of its class. Bright and dark lines, widened and relatively shifted, were ranged side by side, the absorption-set being, as usual, the more refrangible. They originated, in the main, from hydrogen, but the recognition-marks of calcium, helium, magnesium, and sodium were also stamped on the rainbow-tinted band of photospheric light. The various displacements of these lines offered a profoundly interesting but highly perplexing subject of study. There was no unanimity about them, and their permanence was qualified by exceptions of enigmatical import. Those of the dark hydrogen-rays, if interpreted on

* The title of an interesting paper by Father Sidgreaves, quoted at the head of this article.

Doppler's principle, corresponded to a recession of the body producing them at the rate of a thousand miles a second! The inapplicability to them, however, of Doppler's principle was palpable. The 'two-star hypothesis,' long undermined, visibly crumbled to its foundations under the added strain put upon it by the newest Nova; and a substitute for it was not easily found. Many false theories, indeed, maintain a fictitious credit on the strength of this difficulty. They obviate the discomfort arising from an avowal of ignorance; and may even serve a useful purpose by providing a temporary framework for collections of facts, which must otherwise fall into hopeless disarray. For, as Bacon says, 'truth emerges more readily from error than from con-'fusion.'

The abrupt illumination of Nova Persei was, as we have seen, no isolated event. It was only a conspicuous example of the bale-fires often less noticeably kindled in the sky. Whatever its originating cause, it must be one which operates consistently and inevitably when the conditions favourable to its action arise. Clearly, what is true for one temporary star must, in a large sense, be true for all. We cannot have recourse to a fresh expedient of ordering thought on the occasion of each such outburst. Hence the first preliminary to any attempt at explaining their occurrence should be the gathering together into a general view of their dominant features.

To begin with, they are almost confined to the Milky Way. Setting aside the three lodged in nebulæ, Nova Coronæ is so far the sole exception to this rule.* One requirement for their brief incandescence is thus indicated. It may be described as cosmical crowding. The 'fleece-like 'floor' of the galaxy truly represents—as the telescope avers—cirrous formations of stars. No illusory effects of condensation by perspective are in question, but genuine thronging. The sky is whitened in the Milky Way by ranges of clusters—clusters of suns in closer relations than elsewhere—clusters imperfectly individualised, it is true, and indefinitely organised, but seething with tumultuous possibilities. Vast nebulous tracts intervene. Gaseous nebulæ are indeed hardly met with outside the galactic

* The true position of the star of 1012 A.D., described by the monk of St. Gall as *oculos verberans*, was proved by Schönfeld to have been in Scorpio, not in Aries. (Astronomische Nachrichten, No. 3034.) And Scorpio is in one of the densest parts of the Milky Way.

belt. They are of all degrees of luminosity. Some are bright and compact, others dim and diffuse; many can be seen only fragmentarily with the best telescopes, and need the prolonged gaze of the camera to bring them into full view. Now, temporary stars are not merely projected upon the great sidereal zone, they plainly belong to it; they are subject to the influences dominant there; they make an integral part of the stellar aggregations linked together to form it. It follows that they must be at the same average distance from the earth. And this is assuredly enormous. Immeasurable by direct means, it can be estimated from indications supplied by the general mode of stellar distribution. Guided by them we are led to the startling inference that light spends not less than two thousand years in travelling to our system from the sidereal assemblages in the Milky Way. But the Novæ of our experience are members of those assemblages; they are, accordingly, of the same prodigious remoteness.

This may in part account for their inconspicuousness antecedently to their one episode of distinction. New stars are literally such. They belonged originally to the submerged multitude. Only one had a traceable history before it attained notoriety. This was again, remarkably enough, Birmingham's star, the solitary Nova lying outside the galactic zone. There is reason to think, however, that the native obscurity of these objects was not wholly due to their great distance. If they had been shining normally to start with, and were nevertheless imperceptible telescopically or photographically, a degree of incandescence exalted beyond conception or comprehension would have been needed to bring them at once into glaring prominence. Nor does the analysis of their light bear out any such assumption. It shows their rays to be of the quality emitted by the ordinary run of helium-stars—by Rigel, Bellatrix, and Algol. Far more probable is the alternative supposition that they were intrinsically deficient in luminous power—that the raw material of Novæ is to be found in 'dark stars.'

Laplace considered that dark stars might be as numerous as bright ones. Yet his acquaintance with them was purely speculative. Modern science, on the other hand, has thrown out tentacles by which to feel them. Attached as companions to lustrous suns, they visibly sway their movements, or form with them pairs so close as to be separable only inferentially, through the study of the spectroscopic line-displacements produced by their revolutions. Multitudes

are thus combined into systems, and further multitudes doubtless roam through space free and unattached. Those that chance to be temporarily kindled can be no more than a small fraction of those that for ever remain obscure. For each meteor that flames in our atmosphere, there are millions that pursue their way, unscathed and unseen, through interplanetary space; and, similarly, a new star represents merely a unit from the uncounted ranks of invisible bodies.

These are generally, but perhaps too hastily, identified with effete suns. Suns, it is true, must in the course of nature become effete. Radiation cannot go on indefinitely, unless the loss of energy it entails is somehow supplied; and, so far as we know, the stock to be drawn upon is strictly limited. Our own orb, it is calculated, will sink, in the course of some ten million years, to the state of a colossal planet; and his compeers will doubtless, in their several turns, meet a similar fate. But as to how far this process of cooling has advanced throughout the sidereal world, we are absolutely ignorant; and upon this depends the actual proportion of superannuated to efficient suns.

There is no certainty, however, that temporary stars are called up from the retired list. They may never have been on active service. Possibly they are suns that never shone up to the moment of their evanescent splendour. Stars, there is reason to think, differ one from the other very widely in native brilliancy. Many send forth, ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred times more light per square mile of surface than our own sun; many more are dim, if not totally obscure. Now these are found in frequent and very close association with enormously bright bodies, such as Algol. They together form systems apparently of recent origin; the bright and dark companions were, in a not inconceivably distant fore-time, immersed in the capacious bosom of a single nebula. It seems, then, unlikely that one member of such pairs should have become extinct by cooling, while the other, not greatly different in size, remained at the acme of splendour. Again, the Milky Way is obviously a region where primitive conditions prevail. It is the especial habitat of gaseous nebulæ; stars at an early stage of developement seem to be the almost exclusive components of the galactic clouds; bright-line stars, helium stars, planetary nebulæ, throng the galactic plane. That curdling zone might be described as the nursery-garden of the universe, where seedlings are raised, possibly, for eventual transplanta-

tion to remote plots of sidereal ground. It is, then, just the region of the heavens where we should least expect to meet with effete suns; yet it is the chosen scene of stellar outbreaks. A presumption hence arises that the dark stars describable as Novæ *in posse* are globes of unimpaired vitality, although diversely organised from those destined to serve as lamps in the all but infinite desert of space. For it must be remembered that the shining of suns depends upon complex conditions which may not in all cases be realised. To be an effective light-giver, a mass of matter must not only be intensely hot, but must be provided with suitable apparatus for dispensing abroad the energy due to its heat. Gases are very poor radiators; liquids and solids cannot long maintain radiation, for lack of molecular agility. But suns combine the advantages, for this purpose, of each state of matter. Being mainly gaseous, they possess the utmost facilities for internal transport; while their investment with photospheres supplies a supreme faculty of radiation. A photosphere is generally regarded as an incandescent shell of clouds. It forms the visible surface of a sun, the shield of its inner activities, the immediate source of its light and heat, its most essential organ. Nevertheless, the preliminary requirements for its formation need not be at hand in every condensing nebula. For some, the possibility of spinning a radiant cocoon may never arise; they perhaps change unnoticeably from nebulæ into 'dark stars.' These might, then, be regarded as belonging to two categories, the one consisting of extinct, the other of abortive suns. That Novæ are taken from among the latter is intimated not only by their situation in the Milky Way, but by the character of their spectra. Their suddenly kindled light has the quality distinctive of an early stage of sidereal existence. It is scarcely credible that semi-solidified bodies should blaze out into helium stars.

What they were, what they are, what they become, are all difficult questions to answer; but the crux of the whole problem concerns the manner of their vivification. A body previously inert is transformed, well-nigh instantaneously, into a radiative centre of immeasurable intensity. How is the change effected? What store of energy is laid under contribution to provide the astounding spectacle? Are pent-up forces suddenly released in the mass itself? Or is it ignited by action from without?

Many years ago, M. Oswald Lohse propounded a 'chemical

'theory' of new stars as exemplified by Nova Cygni,* and it is still looked on favourably by no less an authority than Dr. Vogel of Potsdam.† At a certain stage of cooling, he pointed out, the enormous volumes of oxygen and hydrogen presumably existing in stellar atmospheres would combine with evolution of light and heat, their mutual affinities, until then nullified by thermal excitement, at last coming into full play. But hydrogen burning in oxygen gives a continuous spectrum. It was accordingly necessary, in order to account for the brilliant lines of that substance shown by Novæ, to postulate a vast excess of free hydrogen, rendered incandescent by the combustion of the remainder. Now there is no denying that a moment must come in the history of cosmic bodies when water begins to form; yet, by the nature of the case, its production can only take place gradually. For the heat set free by the union of its constituent gases necessarily tends to arrest the process by raising the temperature above that at which chemical association is possible. The formation of one drop of water, in fact, impedes very sensibly the formation of another. Aqueous condensations must then advance with extreme slowness; they can never induce catastrophes. There are other objections to the view; it suffices, however, to have adverted to one that is fundamental and fatal.

Most of the alternative hypotheses have been discredited by the inexorable logic of facts. Each successive apparition offers a fresh defiance to preconceived notions. Thus, the principle of opposite radial velocities has proved manifestly inadequate to explain the singular peculiarities of their spectra; it led to results discordant in themselves, and outrageous to common sense. But, although Novæ cannot be resolved into compound or colliding stars, collisions of a sort may supply the fuel for their conflagrations. The flaring of meteors in our upper air is, not improbably, an analogous phenomenon, although on a relatively infinitesimal scale. That semi-obscure stars may be raised to temporary splendour by the stoppage of their proper motion in traversing nebulous tracts, is an idea which has presented itself to many minds; M. Seeliger of Munich took occasion from the appearance of Nova Aurigæ to elaborate it into a formal theory ‡—a theory which did not, indeed, bear the full strain

* Monatsberichte, Berlin, 1877, p. 835.
† Astronomische Nachrichten, No. 3701.
‡ Astronomische Nachrichten, Nos. 3118, 3187, 3598.

put upon it. Many recalcitrant circumstances held out against adaptation to it; the spectral displacements, above all, were not successfully rationalised; yet the assumption of a rush through a nebula as the essential cause of these far-seen displays claims our provisional assent. The Milky Way, as we have seen, is composed of star-aggregations intermixed with nebulosity. There are glimmering regions in it suspected, rather than seen, to be replete with phosphorescent materials. Inevitably, then, unless, in the ordering of creation, special preventive measures have been taken, some of the swiftly moving stars thronging the perilous neighbourhood must become involved in a resisting medium. The rest should follow in some such order as we perceive it—the vivid incandescence, the powerful atmospheric disturbance attested by abnormal spectroscopic symptoms, the eventual prevalence of nebular affinities. Occasionally, perhaps, a star may pass right through a nebula and escape, as did apparently Nova Coronæ, little the worse for the adventure; but in most cases the capture would seem to be definitive, like that of shooting stars in the earth's atmosphere. The brilliancy of the beacon-fire signifying the nebulous engulfment of a star depends upon the amount of convertible energy at hand. It varies, other things being equal, as the square of the velocity of the body affected. When this is spent, the blaze flickers out, the sympathetic glow of the adjacent nebulous matter surviving for a brief period. Thenceforward, the burnt-out star is a *caput mortuum*. It has not only relapsed into its pristine obscurity, but has lost the capability of ever again emerging from it. A fly in amber it must remain to the end. At this moment, Nova Aurigæ probably lies at rest in its nebulous grave, and Nova Persei, the wonder of a day, will ere long be similarly reduced to darkness and immobility.

ART. V.—1. *'The Nineteenth Century' Inaugural Address: Cambridge University Local Lectures.* By the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P. Cambridge University Press: 1900.

2. *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. In 2 vols. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1881.

3. *History of Dogma.* By Dr. ADOLF HARNACK. In 7 vols. Theological Translation Library. London: Williams & Norgate, 1899.

4. *A Lecture on the Study of History.* By Lord ACTON, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Macmillan, 1896.

5. *The Social Philosophy of Comte.* By EDWARD CAIRD, LL.D., D.C.L. Second edition. Glasgow: 1893.

[And other Works.]

THE achievements and characteristic genius of the nineteenth century are naturally subjects on which many of us are meditating. And the coincidence of the termination of the century with the end of the Victorian era makes the present year, for us in England, doubly a landmark.

In truth the century has been very rich in achievement and in possession. But its achievement has not been quite coextensive with the riches it has actually been able to display. These have been largely the realisation of wealth potentially accumulated by its predecessors. Like money which cannot be touched or put to practical use during a long minority, and which accrues in startling abundance to its owner when he comes of age, so the methods inaccurately dreamt of by Bacon, and reduced so successfully to actual operation by Newton and his successors, have accumulated a wealth of knowledge in observatories and laboratories which was long tied up before it could be practically used by the many. The nineteenth-century surgeon, whose art is so perfect, must not forget that Harvey lived in the seventeenth. The substitution of the railway for the stage coach has revolutionised one aspect of social life in the course of the past century, yet the great discovery of Watt belongs rather to its predecessor.

These observations are suggested by Mr. Balfour's very interesting Cambridge address on the Nineteenth Century. 'No century,' he writes, 'has seen so great a change in our 'intellectual apprehension of the world in which we live,' and he derives this change mainly from the 'cumulative

'products of scientific research.' Mr. Balfour characterises his address as rather 'in the nature of a conversation than 'of ordered narrative or reasoned discussion.' It affords no opportunity for the sustained reasoning and metaphysical analysis to be found in the pages of the 'Foundations of Belief;' but it appears to us to have exactly the qualities of the very best dinner-table conversation. It is full of information and thought; it never bores the reader, although it exhibits the writer's very high powers of generalisation and speculation; the thought is always penetrating and suggestive, it seldom professes to be exhaustive; it stimulates comment and prompts us in one place to assent to and illustrate the speaker's words, in another to qualify or object. We shall attempt in the present essay to bear a part in the conversation, and to offer some *pièces justificatives* of our remarks.

The main question which Mr. Balfour's address prompts us to ask amounts to this—Is there any one great addition to our knowledge or fresh key to knowledge which *belongs* to the time-spirit of the century which has just expired, which really characterises its genius and is something beyond the more or less mechanical developement of past discoveries, or even their improvement in the hands of men of special insight? Is there anything which stands to the nineteenth century at all in the same relation in which the conceptions of Bacon and Galileo stood to the seventeenth century—conceptions which, with all their grave defects in elaboration or in proof, were destined to revolutionise the intellectual life of the world?

Mr. Balfour gives several characteristic notes of the transformation the century has witnessed. The first is 'a 'close connexion between theoretic knowledge and its 'utilitarian application, which in its degree is altogether 'unexampled in the history of mankind.' This does not fulfil the conditions we have laid down, for the reasons already indicated. It is, indeed, a startling verification of the soundness of scientific methods and their capacity of indefinite perfectibility. And it enriches us with priceless boons for human comfort and happiness. Practical applications of science become multiplied in the end with rapidity, and give the student a satisfaction similar to that which a child feels when he has reached the final stages of putting together a puzzle-map, of which the first steps were tentative and slow. Everything at the last falls quickly into its place; he finds nothing missing, and the map is complete and fit for use. Yet accuracy—or even approximate accuracy—in

the earlier stages was a more important and difficult step towards ultimate success, though it might leave him for a time anxious and dissatisfied.

Mr. Balfour appeals, again, to the new conception of the inner nature of matter which chemists and physicists are gradually working out. 'Differences of quality once 'thought ultimate are constantly being resolved into 'differences of motion or configuration . . . even the 'chemical elements themselves may be no more than vary-'ing arrangements of a common substance.' These speculations are, we agree, of very high value; but the general view underlying them was at least guessed at in the old metaphysico-physical speculations of the schoolmen, who regarded all matter as intrinsically homogeneous apart from the superimposed 'form.' Matter was the *determinabile*, form the *determinans*. The *materia prima* was 'nec quid 'nee quale nec quantum' apart from the 'forma substan-'tialis.' However fancifully and crudely expressed, we have in these ideas an anticipation of the direction which modern investigation seems seriously to be pursuing.

But Mr. Balfour regards this line of speculation as part of a vast change in 'the mental framework in which we 'arrange the separate facts in the world of men and things.' And in this conception of a new 'mental framework' in which we place the facts of the world and of life, we believe that he touches the really characteristic feature of the century. It is, as he truly says, not merely an immense increase in our 'stock of knowledge,' but a fundamental change in our 'point of view.' Mr. Balfour seems in one passage to regard that change as due primarily to the developement of physical science, but we should rather ascribe it to the application of scientific methods to a sphere far wider than the physical. It is true that we speak of the nineteenth century as the age of physical science. Geology, physiology, chemistry, astronomy, biology, all supply remarkable justification of such a claim—as Professor Wallace has recently reminded us. But we also speak of the century as the age of biblical criticism and archæological investigation. It is the age of the evolution theory in biology; it is also the age of historical research. It is the age of specialism in every department. It is also the age—in some departments—of that necessary complement to specialism, great and fruitful hypotheses and generalisations. Darwin stamped the evolution theory ineffaceably on the popular mind by his great hypothesis of the 'struggle

'for existence and survival of the fittest.' The same hypothesis shed a new light on, and was in turn confirmed by, the researches of geologists. The plains of Patagonia and La Plata pictured themselves, as Darwin himself has told us, constantly to his mind. They set aglow his faculty of imaginative generalisation. They yielded facts to the explorer. The fossil remains found among them by the geologists supplied, as we know, an important verification of details in the vivid pictures which the sight of them had inspired Darwin to paint. But so also the hypothesis of the Elohist and Jahvist authors of Genesis, and the document theory of the Pentateuch, have been the life of and the key to industrious and minute research in another department we have named. Kuenen and Wellhausen are as truly typical products of the nineteenth century 'time-spirit' as Pasteur, Tyndall, or Weissmann.

And the case is similar with historical research in other departments. The ideal of Hegel in his 'Philosophy of 'History'—only partially realised by himself—has had many exponents in both its aspects. That ideal was at once to scrutinise the facts of history without prejudice, or preformed theory, and then to rise to the ascertainment of underlying forces and tendencies—of the direction in which ideas were moving towards realisation. The self-realisation of the different national spirits, the developement of national institutions, their relation to the forces social, intellectual, moral, of different times and places, the growth of religions, the onward movement of the world-spirit are subjects for the philosopher of history. Reject the specialist, with his candour and his accurate observation, and your view of history becomes *à priori* or mythical. Banish the philosopher and you have mere facts without forces, succession without causation, dissolving views instead of the progress and developement, however irregular, of activities and ideas.

Can we regard these diverse characteristic activities of the century in specialism and hypothesis, in science and criticism, as parts of one process—just as the discovery of Columbus; the picture of the universe fancifully sketched by Copernicus in the 'De Revolutionibus Orbium;' the minute astronomical observations of Galileo and his successors were all exhibited by Newton as parts or consequences of one and the same great conception of the universe to which they led?

We believe that the past century has gradually come to see in them the application to the physical universe and to

our earth and its inhabitants regarded as developing in *time*, of the scientific method inaccurately dreamed of by Bacon, revised and applied by Newton, to the universe in *space*. Persisting or recurrent phenomena—from the falling of a stone to the movements of the planets—were scrutinised and explained two centuries ago by a great hypothesis, as due to common laws which govern phenomena indefinitely distant. And now we are applying our newly acquired powers of observation and our physical or mental microscopes and telescopes to the examination of all that throws light upon the movement of the universe in time—to the records of the past; to the mutual relations of the facts they disclose, and to their function in begetting the phenomena of the present; to geological strata; to embryology and the evolution of species; to documentary history. The one process is concerned with facts and laws which remain the same, and phenomena which recur; the other with an onward movement, which involves (apparently at least) the developement of fresh conditions and fresh forces —the organic, the sentient, the rational, the social—and consequently fresh laws. The analysis of this complex developement has not indeed been accomplished by the nineteenth century; but it has been first systematically attempted in its course. It contemplates as one whole the nebular theory of Kant, which traces our planetary system and the 'million million of suns' to the primitive undifferentiated nebula; the whole process of inorganic and organic evolution on our earth culminating in rational man; the developement of man himself, individual and social, religious, artistic, political, philosophical, scientific. It applies to each department the scientific method of observation, induction, hypothesis, deduction, verification.

Ernest Renan, writing in the midst of a movement in which he took so important a share, expressed its character as 'the substitution of the category of *evolution* for the 'category of *being*; of the conception of the relative for the 'conception of the absolute; of movement for immobility. 'Formerly (he adds) everything was considered as "being;" 'people spoke of law, of religion, of politics, of poetry, in an 'absolute fashion. Now everything is considered as in 'process of formation, not that formerly evolution and de-'velopement were not, as they are to-day, general laws. 'But people had no perception of them.'*

* The Future of Science, p. 169.

The culminating conception (to which Renan especially refers) of social evolution in humanity itself, is, perhaps, even more characteristic of the century than that of the inorganic and organic evolution which preceded it in time. It is discoverable in thinkers whose training, antecedents, modes of thinking, and circumstances are widely different. The conception of humanity as a developing organism was clearly formulated by Comte in the 'Positive Polity.' Professor Caird has pointed out that this idea, which has pervaded the thought of the nineteenth century, had already been glimpsed before its dawn. It had been conceived roughly and informally by Condorcet, by Kant, and by Edmund Burke—'three writers of very different temper and 'tendency.' Nor have those who arrived at a similar view at the same time as Comte or later, but independently of him, been less different from one another, either in their intellectual antecedents or in the accidental forces which impelled them to the same goal. It is curious to see such diverse influences as the French Revolution and the progress of physical science issuing in a similar result. And yet we have, in the Catholic reaction from the Revolution and from the philosophy of the encyclopædists, represented on its theoretical side by Bonald and Lamennais, in the 'Connoissances Morales' and the 'Essai sur l'Indif-'férence,' precisely that conception of humanity as an organism, of the organic life of the whole as distinct from the individual life, which Herbert Spencer has developed so elaborately, as the outcome of the biological views of Darwin. One is not apt to associate Hegel either with the discoveries of biological science or with the Catholic reaction; nor does one look at first sight for agreement between the French denouncer of metaphysics and the German transcendentalist. Yet Hegel's metaphysical speculation, not uninfluenced by the Revolution, included a social philosophy which was based upon the idea of the evolution of humanity as an organism. This conception underlies his whole work on the 'Philosophy of History.' It is to be found, too, in the Schlegels and other members of the Romantic school, although in a less scientific form. The relations of De Maistre to Bonald and Lamennais on the one hand, and to Comte on the other, mark out his share in the common movement of minds, although his purview was more or less limited by his special attention to the quasi-political functions of the Roman Catholic Church. Möhler's analysis of developement in

doctrine, but far more clearly Newman's work on the same subject, written more than ten years later than the 'Sym-'bolik,' contain the same ideas. And here they are traceable to yet other antecedents. In Newman the affinity to Hegel and to Spencer is very noteworthy. The actual tests of true developement in ideas towards self-realisation (Newman's phraseology is here almost identical with Hegel's) are in Newman's celebrated essay couched in the very language of biology. It is indeed, as the late Mr. R. H. Hutton pointed out, a remarkable fact that 'the doctrine of 'developement, treated many years afterwards in the physio-'logical order by Darwin, was anticipated in a theological 'treatise.' The moving impulse was here solely the stress of theological controversy in the Church of England. Newman was driven back by this motive power on to history, and his genius found in it the law of organic evolution. Thus does the time-spirit, in one who naturally belongs to it—who is in his degree what Hegel calls a 'world-spirit'—prevail over the strongest influences of surroundings and education. With yet other antecedents Renan attained to the same view in his brilliant though somewhat immature work, 'The Future of Science.' Not only is this diversity of origin a sign that the idea is characteristic of the age. It is also a *prima facie* testimony to its value. A conception which has supplied the key to problems in metaphysics, social speculation, physical science, politics, and religious controversy, bears on it signs of that important quality, power of unification. It comprehends as parts of an organic whole the various lines of thought which have given it birth.

To the unspeculative and unimaginative mind such *rapprochements* appear almost irritating. To point to them seems to be playing with words or using words so elastic that they stretch endlessly and measure nothing. Yet a little patience will show that we have in this common conclusion, reached from standpoints so diverse, the outline of the 'new framework,' through which the nineteenth century has looked at the world and its story.

The 'new framework' involved, we must remember, not merely a new unification of knowledge to replace a principle of unification already in existence in the eighteenth century. On the contrary. The old mediæval synthesis based upon theology as the *scientia scientiarum* had long ceased to govern the thought of Western Christendom. A period followed of specialism, involving fruitful synthesis in isolated depart-

ments, but without any unifying framework for the whole of knowledge. Professor Caird echoes the complaint of Comte in this respect. 'The decay of the old faiths,' he writes, 'and of the objective synthesis based upon them, has 'emancipated us from many illusions, but it has, as it were, 'taken the inspiration out of our lives. It has made know-'ledge a thing for specialists who have lost the sense of 'totality, the sense of the value of their particular studies 'in relation to the whole.' The 'new framework' of the nineteenth century is, if we are right, the first sketch, which the century has seen traced in ever deepening lines, of the comprehensive philosophy to which we look for the restoration of unity to knowledge, and in some degree for the replacing of our lost enthusiasms.

Let us first consider the old framework—the mediæval synthesis of knowledge—and then remind ourselves of some of the features of the individualism which succeeded it.

The old framework was most clearly defined in Aquinas's 'Summa Theologica,' and best illustrated in Dante's 'Divina 'Commedia.' If we take a period earlier than Aquinas, the element of explicit intellectual synthesis is absent. It was the outburst of speculative thought in the West in the twelfth century, reinforced by the introduction, in the reign of Frederick II., of the works of the Arabian Aristotelians, which made an explicit and comprehensive synthesis necessary. A century before Aquinas, St. Bernard was resisting the beginnings of the scholastic synthesis as in its essence rationalistic. The mysticism of the Fathers which 'tasted but did not solve' was the alternative; and the very method of Abelard's *Sic et non* was regarded as the substitution of human reason for divine faith. Aquinas grappled with the problem of the rational unification of knowledge instead of banishing it from the field of theology. He made theology a principle of universal intellectual synthesis, just as the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Church were already the principle of order and union in the practical domain—guarding for the many that faith on which the intellectual synthesis was based. On the other hand, if we go to a period later than that of Dante, this principle of practical union was showing signs of decay. When the 'De 'Monarchia' was written the Empire was still regarded as universal and Roman. A few years later it ceased finally to have a footing on Italian soil.

Two great facts of history gave to Western Christendom

the intense keenness of fundamental belief which threw around the old synthesis such a glory and imparted to it such force as a motive of action. The first was the rapid spread of Christianity, the outcome of the faith and constancy of the martyrs, culminating in its triumph under Constantine and Theodosius. To this fathers and schoolmen alike appeal. The heir to the fisherman Peter had triumphed over the heir to the Cæsars. The effigy of Him who was born in a stable and died a felon's death on the cross became the emblem which the successor of the Roman persecutors placed on his banners to secure victory for his legions. Christian basilicas were raised in Rome over the catacombs and displaced the temples. The 'gens lucifuga' crawled up from their subterranean hiding-places and ruled the Capitol. And they repeated the words of their peasant King—'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' As long as this victory remained in possession, it appeared a miracle. The spread of Christianity was, indeed, itself ascribed to miracles, but it also helped to make those miracles credible. If you disbelieve the Christian miracles, said Dante, there remains this greater marvel, that Christianity triumphed *without* miracles. To the same effect Augustine and Aquinas had also written. Look at it as you may, this triumph appeared encompassed with miracle—an object lesson in the Divine power working through the Church.

The other inspiring fact was the existing mediæval Christendom—the great ecclesiastical polity which had arisen from the victory of the Cross among the western nations—an adumbration of the Civitas Dei. In spite of all its incidental failures, the existence of this great polity appeared to be in no small degree the realisation of the promise of the first triumph of Christianity. Western Christendom was the whole world for the imagination of the bulk of its inhabitants. And the Church was to the eyes of faith the beacon light shed over all, guiding every soul in its struggle against the powers of darkness. The Monk Radulphus Glaber, speaking of the rich sanctuaries which covered the land in the eleventh century, wrote: 'It 'was as if the world had cast aside its old garment and 'clothed itself in a white robe.' Of the thirteenth century, Harnack writes: 'If ever ideals were carried out in the 'world and gained dominion over souls, it happened then. '. . . What a spirit of romance filled those souls which, at 'a single view, could see in nature and all sensuous life an 'enchantment of the devil and could behold it at the same

'time, as illumined by the Church, the reflection of the 'world beyond!' The Church, the oracle of the Divine revelation, was like the 'sun in the heavens.' If minor facts did not at once seem to square with the broad outlines of God's visible rule, such facts were naturally treated with impatience, as we should treat objections to the Copernican astronomy. In an uncritical and highly imaginative age, unwelcome facts, inconsistent with overwhelming presumptions, were got rid of. They were rebellious and were put out of existence. They contradicted what was intensely believed as Divine, and even though visible they were incredible—suggestions of the Evil One. They were crowded out by traditions, suppositions, or even inventions which bore out the Divine presumptions. The visible fact of the Papacy seated in Rome and thence dominating Christendom produced in the early Middle Ages the invention of the Donation of Constantine and the forged decretals. And their acceptance as genuine helped in the further realisation of the ideals they represented. The Holy Roman Empire is in Dante's 'De Monarchia' the normal and providential basis of Christendom. It is to Dante the coalescence of the great providential fact of the Christian Church with the great providential fact of the Roman Empire founded by Augustus, of which the Italian poet has an entirely Utopian conception, based in turn on the conception of what must have been. Reasoning *à priori* moved forwards easily and naturally from the belief in God's ever active providence. It was met halfway by reasoning *à posteriori* from the triumph of Christianity and the dominion of the mediæval Church in Western Christendom. It was thus on rough lines, and with a total lack of scientific precision, an application of the method of induction, hypothesis, and verification. The existing mediæval Church was the verification of the Christian view of the world. In an uncritical age a few overwhelming considerations from faith and from sight swept out of view the lesser evidences and smaller facts apparently inconsistent with the general trend of events. Historical and physical science were tried at the bar of theology, which was, in the words of Aquinas, the most certain of sciences, because its principles were revealed by the all-knowing God. The intellectual genius of those ages was strongest where a child's intellect is strong—in logical consistency. It was weakest in the sense of fact and of history. And theology which deals with the Eternal God, to whom time is a stranger, did little to correct

this. Types running through history seemed but illustrations in the concrete of the ever-living principles of God's Church. Events, however distant in time, all stood side by side on the same Divine canvas. Even foreshortening was unknown. Constantine and Sylvester in the fourth century, or Charles and Leo in the ninth, conferring or receiving gifts spiritual or temporal, were but incidental illustrations and realisations of the divinely appointed order of things. And we still see them depicted together in mystic parallelism on the Lateran façade. The Papacy and the Empire were the two lights placed by God in the firmament. The temporal rule of the Emperor was described by Hildebrand as the moon deriving its light from the Papacy, which was the sun. The deposing power was but a corollary gradually worked out from principles already in operation when Leo crowned Charlemagne. What the Pope could give he could take away. The spirit which made Fra Angelico paint St. Laurence in a mediæval dalmatic and Pope Sixtus in a tiara runs through the whole mediæval polity. As the tiara was projected on to the picture of Sixtus, so was the proud sovereignty of Leo III. reflected back upon the picture of Sylvester; so were the dogmatic symbols inscribed in mediæval manuscripts regarded as the precise *depositum fidei* committed by Christ to the Apostles. The great powers of the Church, and her vast dogmatic system whereby she ruled Christendom—both were sealed by the Divine stamp. What was Divine was unchangeable. Thus the dogmatic system and the powers of the Papacy must ever have been the same from the days of St. Peter. And the temporal possessions of the Papacy must be traced to the first days of the Christian Empire. Consistency of view was essential. Facts in an uncritical and unscientific age were apt to yield sheer useless chaos. Patience in presence of temporary inconsistency, faith alike in observed phenomena and in the future unification of what appeared disparate and perplexing, were unknown. Lesser facts of past, present, or future must be worked into a scheme, which was determined by revelation and confirmed by greater facts so full of significance, so illuminating in the twilight of life. Thus the past was treated in the spirit of Lactantius, according to whom all persecutors of the Christians incurred God's visible chastisement. The present must be met by the attitude of the Papacy from Gregory VII. to Boniface VIII., who strove but further to realise what they held to be the providential ideal, 'to give effect,' in Harnack's words, 'to the supremacy of the Church on earth.' For

that ideal was already largely realised. The monk who had vowed poverty was invested with the power of a noble. The meek had inherited the earth. 'The servant of the servants 'of God' wore the imperial crown and ratified or abrogated the claims of kings.

The Crusades were an outcome and illustration of these ruling ideas. Such an anomaly as the possession by the infidel of the very central shrine of Christian devotion—the Holy Land—the rule of the crescent in the very stronghold of the crucified—must summarily be got rid of. 'It was,' says Harnack, 'the ideas of the world-ruling Monk of Cluny 'that guided the Crusaders on their path. The Holy Land 'and Jerusalem were parts of heaven on earth. They must 'be conquered.' God, who was realising visibly the Civitas Dei on earth, would be with the soldiers of the cross. Peter the Hermit and those to whom he preached were but instruments in the completion of what had been already so wonderfully realised. The Crusades were an obvious duty, and promised an assured triumph. 'God wills it.'

Such was the tower which men confidently hoped would reach the heavens. But it tottered and fell. And the builders of Christendom came to speak different tongues. The Crusades were accompanied by immorality, and ended in disaster. The Empire failed utterly to realise its ideal. Indeed, in some respects, it never afterwards so nearly approached that ideal as under Charlemagne himself. After four centuries of vicissitude it ceased effectively to claim more than local authority. Dante, who celebrated its glories, was really, in Mr. Bryce's phrase, 'writing its 'epitaph.' After Boniface VIII. the papal power gradually declined. Physical science had already begun to assert itself under Roger Bacon. The Christian ideal—'the 'white robe' of the Church—was rudely torn by the Renaissance. The robe remained indeed, but no longer invested the countries of Christendom with one uniform supernatural glory. Wide spaces were visible in which unclothed pagan nature was apparent. The spirit of doubt had already appeared, now and again, even in the ages of faith, notably in the days of Frederick II. The extraordinary activity and zeal of the thirteenth-century schoolmen subdued the movement of freethought for a time. But the subjection was partly artificial. The seeds of rationalism remained in the scholastic method. The Renaissance brought before the imagination of Christendom the beauty and poetry of the old Greek civilisation. The

pagan ideal was exhibited by the side of the Christian altars in the Rome of Julius II. and Leo X. The confidence, intensity, and volume of Christian energy were lessened. Cross-currents dissipated its strength.

And to these blows at the old prestige of the Church succeeded the far heavier one of Luther's reformation, the confounding of the old common speech. The Reformers had, indeed, little of the critical or scientific spirit, little in common with cultivated and sceptical humanism, but they claimed and exercised, crudely it may be, the right of private judgement which refused to be carried away by the large presumptions ratified by Church authority. They exercised at first clumsily, in a limited field of Scripture interpretation, the weapon of independent criticism, which was later on to be melted down and forged afresh, and then skilfully wielded by freethinkers against the inspiration of Scripture, and against Christianity itself. The visible standing facts, which had once seemed almost a miraculous justification of the mediæval synthesis, had been one after another partly or wholly dissolved. Palpable corruptions, on the top of promises not realised on the part of the infallible Church, gave the protesting individual his foothold. He took it, roughly, largely on false issues, on grounds deprecated by the culture of Erasmus, Colet, and More. But for the movement of disintegration, which was to break up the old polity, a strenuous, bigoted, one-sided protest was exactly what was required. The remaining 'fact' which had been the chief stay of the mediæval synthesis in the West, the unity of the Visible Church, was in the course of thirty years utterly broken up. The theoretic claim of theology to judge the pretensions of physical science expired in the following century when the Copernican theory was first condemned by the Inquisition as heretical and then reluctantly accepted by the theologians.

Then came the individualist movement with which we are familiar. Descartes formulated the methodic doubt and initiated that analysis of the individual consciousness as the test of certainty which has lasted with such unsatisfactory results to a period within our own memory. 'Dubito ergo sum' or 'cogito ergo sum' was a point of departure for speculations which had great value; but the individualistic analysis it began proved barren. It was, in truth, strictly adhered to by no one. It was deserted really by Descartes himself, to whom God was a veritable *Deus ex machina* to save his

method from a purely sceptical issue. It was deserted more patently by Malebranche and Spinoza. But the rejection of preconceptions, the critical scrutiny of phenomena which the method involved in its examination of the facts of consciousness, took shape with remarkable results in the Baconian view of physical science. The method of the *Novum Organum* was, like Luther's assertion of private judgement, one-sided, and not strictly scientific. But it was effective as a protest against the 'intellectus sibi 'permissus,' against theorising irrespective of fact, and as clearing the ground for the great movement which was to follow. It undervalued hypothesis. And Bacon even failed to recognise the truth of Copernicanism. His method was unsuccessful at first in practical application. But it had the influence on thought which one true idea, urged in exaggerated form and with exclusive importunity, at the right moment, seldom fails to have. It established once for all accurate and systematic observation as the basis of science. In the hands of Newton, observation, hypothesis, experiment, verification—the method subsequently analysed by Mill—conquered so vast a field of knowledge that the beginning of the scientific period was attained. A new faith and hope dawned, though not looking beyond this world, or beyond a limited department in it. The faith of the mediæval Christian had, we have seen, been borne in upon the popular mind by the visible triumph of the powers he trusted, by the actual approximate realisation from such small beginnings of the City of God. And so, too, physical science justified its methods by its conquests, and thus began to inspire the many. Faith in a coming realisation in the domain of purely physical science of Bacon's dream, of victory by obedience dawned and spread.

In that domain individualism involved an exact scrutiny by every mind which issued in common conclusions acknowledged by all. It proved constructive, and the synthesis between individual effort and general knowledge was attained. But it was not so in other fields of research. Elsewhere individualism either proved largely barren as in metaphysics, or occupied itself in destruction and negation as in history and theology. Locke began as confidently as Bacon. The human mind treated as a *tabula rasa*, the banishment of preconceptions, was to issue in a systematic recognition of the laws of the mind based on observation of its phenomena. But instead of a law of gravitation unifying phenomena

which had appeared totally unconnected, an unfertile speculative chaos supervened in Hume's negations.

Theology dethroned stood apart, grey-headed, solitary, not holding converse with her neighbours—a Lear deserted by those who had formerly paid her allegiance. The one surviving organisation which witnessed to the old synthesis —the Papal Church—remained isolated, while passers-by smiled at Giant Pope and reported him to be mumbling and toothless. No longer understanding the 'time-spirit' (it seemed), no longer assimilating and subduing it as Origen took in the new Platonism or Aquinas the new Aristotelianism, the Church appeared only to cling to the relics of her lost dominion. The picture was the more pathetic because she would part with nothing which recalled happier days. Even the assertion of the deposing power, even the condemnation of Galileo, were long persisted in. The *Regnans in excelsis* which Pius thundered so impotently against Elizabeth had all the masterful tone of Boniface's *Unam Sanctam* two centuries and a half earlier, and the claim it advanced was persisted in up to the eighteenth century. The old proud intolerance was stereotyped in the establishment of the congregation of the Holy Office of the Inquisition in 1542, which continued thenceforth to use the language and method of the days of papal power. In her old age the Church appeared to be unable to put off the masterful habits of speech acquired during so long a period of dominion. The antithesis between the old standpoint and the new seemed here most complete by the time the eighteenth century was reached, and it only deepened as the century advanced. A reconciliation appeared beyond hope. The dogmas, the Donation of Constantine, the claim to depose kings, the claim to correct science, had all been found out. They were an imposition on mankind. They had been the 'frauds of the priests' designed to gain power for their caste. Such was the view of Protestant England and of the intellectual pioneers of the French Revolution.

The Church had in reality been active behind her own entrenchments, both intellectually and morally. She had gone through a period of penance and purification after the rebellion of Luther. Ignatius Loyola, Charles Borromeo, Philip Neri had inaugurated a far-reaching moral reform within the territories that remained to her. To the faithful remnant she was still more venerable in her age and isolation than in the days of her lost dominion. The world had for them simply gone astray. They served their mistress patiently

and waited for happier days. But active commerce grew less and less between the Church and the intellectual world. To the more advanced representatives of the time-spirit she gradually came to be an object of hate, or of derision, or of curiosity. The eighteenth-century Deists attacked the Christian dogmas openly. In the Church of England latitudinarians—more effectively—banished them from the intellectual arena, and relegated them to the position of *rois fainéants* of religion. The old theology, but above all the Roman theology, represented, for those minds which were most typical of the age, a civilisation for ever bygone. 'The 'period of conquests,' wrote Goethe, 'seems to me to have 'for ever departed from the Catholic Church.'

But when her assailants turned to their own sciences they found them indeed friends with the friendship of Pilate and Herod, but with little unity beyond common opposition to their discrowned ruler. History retained in Bossuet a coherence which it lost in Hume. In its new exponents it no longer ministered to the great providential conception of the Church, to which that was true which supported or illustrated her claims. Its genius, so far as it was scientific, was negative rather than constructive. It affected to discard and despise mythical tradition, but it had not analysed or mastered its own sources of positive knowledge, nor its relations to other sciences. And it often ministered (in fact) to prejudices scarcely less strong than the preconceptions of those ages when beautiful legends were no sooner imagined than believed, no sooner believed than they were illumined with strange and inspiring beauty on the scroll of Church history. The individualist metaphysic which had broken up into different schools—into the different varieties of empiricism, intuitionism, and idealism—eventually tainted with its characteristic vice social and political speculation. An individualistic theory of the rights of man and the doctrine of an ideal state of nature as untrue to fact as Locke's *tabula rasa*, obscured in different ways the perception of the organic unity of the race. Physical science alone was orderly and fruitful, and it stood almost as much out of relation to the rest of knowledge as theology itself.

Theology, indeed, the basis of the old synthesis, was in an anomalous position—not really accepted by the genius of the time-spirit, and making no serious attempt to trace its relations to knowledge in general. Yet it retained a hold on the masses, and its old unifying function was not replaced by any rival power. No world-philosophy or life-philosophy could

be satisfactorily attempted. The age shrank from avowed scepticism, and yet had lost the sources of enthusiasm. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there still lingered among master minds much of the faith associated with the mediæval synthesis. Bunyan and Milton regard the unseen universe and the drama of the Christian life with an imaginative faith not far inferior to that of Dante. From Shakespeare to Jeremy Taylor there still survives the clear recognition of the relations of man with infinite spiritual forces. Man is still, in Mr. Stephen's words, 'in the pre-'sence of infinity and eternity; life is a brief dream; . . . 'heaven and hell are behind the veil of phenomena, which at 'every step one finds vanish into the vast abyss of ever-'present mystery. To all such thoughts the writers of the 'eighteenth century seem to close their eyes as absolutely as 'possible.' (ii. 370.)

The phenomena of life and of history thus tended to become meaningless and disconnected. The old canvas on which the history of the world had been depicted as an ever-present scene before a God external to time, justifying his ways, exhibiting his providence and his judgements, was by some set aside as an interesting but unscientific relic, in part venerable; by others it was rent and put away with contempt. But what existed in its place? No coherent view of history at all. Authority and tradition were rejected. They belonged to the superstitious past and were done with. In their place we have the thin optimism of Shaftesbury or Bolingbroke—the satisfaction at having outgrown superstition, the pleasures of contempt.

'Hume,' writes Mr. Stephen, 'having abandoned the old theological and metaphysical synthesis, has reduced the race to a mere chaos of unconnected individuals. He cannot recognise, even when they are brought before him, the great forces which bind men together. A nation is not a living organism, but a temporary combination in various conformations of colourless units. National character results from forms of government; forms of government are the work of chance. . . . Even the great movements of thought present themselves to him as accidents. Religious wars are simple follies, for a controversy about an article of faith which is utterly absurd and unintelligible is not a difference in sentiment, but in a few phrases and expressions which one party accepts of without understanding, and the other refuses in the same manner. . . . It is no wonder if history presented itself as a mere undecipherable maze to the eighteenth-century thinkers, of whom Hume is the most complete representative.' (ii. 184.)

To live in an unexplorable maze, like living in a land of darkness, deadens certain faculties. When there is no

clue or no light, speculation seems vain and tends to cease. Enthusiasm is killed. Enterprise is without motive. To make the best of things, and to learn to feel your way about without troubling as to the unexplorable and unknowable. is the appropriate temper. It is a utilitarian temper and keeps to the work ready to hand—*cultivez votre jardin.* In the complacent it refuses to grumble and makes the most of work done under inevitable limitations. Hence the optimism of Shaftesbury or Tindal. In profounder and more restless spirits a natural vein of melancholy is deepened by the darkness. And so we see it in Swift. Cynicism and absence of enthusiasm are inevitable—and they are visible in various forms in Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Voltaire, Gibbon, and Swift himself. Such thinkers as Butler and Johnson upheld a religious philosophy—but it was a philosophy of patience under untoward appearances which were unknown to the buoyant and triumphant faith of the mediæval world.

Moreover, not only had the old faiths ceased to inspire, but their former power of inspiration was largely overlooked or disbelieved. The historians of no period have more needed Disraeli's rebuke that 'great movements are 'due not to intrigue but to faith.' Thus even Gibbon fails to appreciate the intense force in history as *motives*, of beliefs and inspiring enthusiasms which he does not share. His own cynicism or scepticism touches and often blurs his best pictures, and it is only an exaggeration of the truth to say what an acute critic has said—that his stately array of the *dramatis personæ* of history passes before the reader like a funeral procession. Hence also the astonishing want of perception visible in Bolingbroke's verdict on great men, landmarks in the evolution of thought—on Descartes, on Malebranche, on Leibnitz, on Plato himself. They are all victims, in his language, of 'metaphysical delirium.' And Plato alternates between the 'false sublime' and moods in which he 'sinks down, and lower no writer can sink, 'into a tedious socratical irony, into certain flimsy hypo-'thetical reasonings that prove nothing, and into allusions 'that are mere vulgarisms, and that neither enforce nor 'explain anything that ought to be explained or enforced.' ('Works,' iv. 141.) Such verdicts could only be possible in the peculiar darkness of a period which on such subjects was a night between two days. Plato was no longer the man God-inspired who had beheld the *logos* before he came. He was not yet viewed in relation to those to whom he spoke, and to his predecessors and successors. Platonism

was regarded as a group of dead formulæ vivified provisionally by an eighteenth-century spirit and then measured by an eighteenth-century standard as by an absolute norm of truth. Such is the marvellous courage of conviction, worthy of 'Athanasius against the world,' which a strong individualist temper may give. The old *securus judicat* of the Church was gone. The new *securus judicat* of historical science had not come. The individual could think as he pleased.

But while science and negation were working hand in hand and triumphing over tradition, authority, and the Church, came a very curious reshuffling of the cards with unexpected consequences. While individualism was claiming to share the triumphs of science, proofs sprang up in opposite and unexpected quarters, to show that the claim was false and even absurd. Individual effort, intent on ascertaining the objective law and framing a synthesis, had triumphed in physical science—because, as we have already seen, it was not in the last resort individualism. It obeyed the law which bound together individual effort and made it organic and corporate. It had little temptation to disobey it, for the *terrain* of physical science was removed from the angry passions which agitate and divide. The observatory shared the atmosphere of serenity in the light of eternity of the starry heavens themselves. But individualism in an atmosphere of conflict was widely different. Defiance of law and indifference to synthesis failed, for the reasons which made obedience to the law and the attempt at synthesis succeed. And so a few critical years so completely wrecked the eighteenth-century individualism that sanguine spirits among the adherents of the older order thought that the Church was to come back and that the main lines of the mediæval synthesis were to be restored.

Had individualism then been simply a failure? Far otherwise. But the shock of the Revolution brought out with intense force the fact that its work was not an end but a means; that individualism which was self-willed was a curse; that the true function of that liberation of the individual mind in which the reformers had gloried was to give it liberty to attain the *best* unfettered by a premature synthesis, which, though it might be unifying, was clearly seen to be not commensurate with the facts. Such freedom tended not to the denial of authority, but to the free acceptance of that highest expert authority which it helped to create. It may be said that the lesson of the Revolution,

coming as it did with the lesson of scientific achievement, revealed with startling clearness this discrepancy between the two views of liberty which had been marching together under one banner.

Two paths were then open—the reactionary and the scientific; to reject individualism and return to the old synthesis, or to correct it and attempt to make it subservient in sociology, politics, history, as it had been already in physical science, to a higher synthesis. De Maistre and the German Romanticists took the one path; Niebuhr, Ranke, and the scientific historians took the other. The world-philosophy which each course represented was sketched, in the first instance, on the one hand by Bonald and Lamennais, on the other by Comte. With a Frenchman's penetrating quickness and exaggeration of statement, with an absence of the sense of humour, with a utopian divorce from what was practicable in the concrete which repelled slower thinkers, Comte was the first to see clearly the central issues from the purely scientific standpoint. Both lines of thought are now yielding to a view which comprehends the two.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than briefly indicate some of the various sources of this new synthesis. And we can only point to main currents in a stream which has had many tributaries. Bonald and De Maistre set up against individualism and anarchy the banners of tradition, social and family life, and authority. They brought back into the field of speculation the old Church, wonderful still in its vitality and organisation, so long unnoticed and despised by the thinkers. The Church had sullenly refused to acquiesce in rationalism, or to test by the results of a smart argumentative duel the convictions on which it had lived. And Bonald now pointed to the wise practical instinct which this course displayed. The customs and immemorial beliefs so contemptuously rejected by the individualist philosophers as irrational were, he said, justified practically as embodying wisdom gained from the experience of generations or tested by it, and as the basis of order in the community. Their rejection had issued in the anarchy of '93. Bonald renewed the old philosophy of Euripides. 'We do not reason subtlely about the gods. The traditions 'of our fathers and those which we possess coeval with time, 'no argument can overthrow these.' And the distinctively Christian beliefs, too, were justified by their yet higher practical value, and traced to the revelation of God to man.

The corporate reason of man is analysed by Bonald. The family, the nation, the Church, treasure up and accumulate wisdom and hand it down from generation to generation. Christianity is the basis of the synthesis.

On this foundation of philosophical traditionalism was reared a movement which brought back for a brief space many ideals of the middle ages. De Maistre's 'Du Pape' was the earnest enforcement by a statesman of the value of the Papacy as a factor in international politics. Pius VII. by his high character was able for the moment to stand the light which was thus cast upon him. Lamennais emphasised the lessons of De Maistre. Both writers expressed a feeling which, for a few years, was general. We remember its chief manifestations in Chateaubriand and in the Romantic school. Napoleon himself had for a brief space conceived of himself as a Charlemagne. Men dreamt of the ages of chivalry and faith. Frederick Schlegel elaborated his ideals in a philosophy of history. Augustus Schlegel prophesied the return of thinking men to the old Church. Romance became Christian or mediæval from Chateaubriand's 'Atala' to the stories of Tieck and La Motte Fouqué. Cornelius and Overbeck breathed into their pictures the spirit of Fra Angelico. The Romantic school in Germany were the flower of the age. Many of them—though by no means all—joined the Church of Rome. Sir Walter Scott kindled in Protestant England an enthusiasm for ideals which he professed to criticise. And his was one of the influences to which the revival of Catholic sympathies in the Oxford movement was due.

This Catholic reaction, preceding in order of time the scientific and critical movement in history, supplied materials for it in two ways. In the first place, Chateaubriand, Bonald, Lamennais, the Schlegels, and the German Romanticists brought the past to life again and called attention to it. If the light they threw around it by their enthusiasm was not, as some of them supposed, direct from heaven, it yet made the middle ages once again vivid and conspicuous. The light was designed as an aureole; it served as the limelight in which the scientific historian could see to do his work. Men studied the records of history with new zest and intelligence.

Secondly, the irresistible rehabilitation by the Romantic school of the nobility and beneficence of Christian institutions against the exaggerated depreciation of the eighteenth century raised at once the question of relativity. The only possible reply was: 'These may once have been valuable;

'they are now outgrown.' This raised problems essential to the new historical method—the relation of institutions to their time; relation to their place and environment.

In the Church historian Döllinger the Romantic impulse and the scientific coalesced. So too in some degree with Frederick Schlegel. Ranke received his first impulse towards critical history from reading 'Quentin Durward.' Hegel has placed on record his own obligations to the Catholic historical revival, not only to the philosophy of history as represented by F. Schlegel and Lamennais, but to Catholic students of comparative literature and religion like Abel Rémusat and Saint-Martin.

Influenced on the one hand by De Maistre, on the other by the collectivism of Saint-Simon, Auguste Comte brought to his survey of history elements of scepticism and of enthusiasm. With romantic attachment to the old stately machinery of the Church, he was yet intellectually an empiricist of the deepest dye. With French logical precision and love of system, he reconciled his opposing tendencies by a sharp division between heart and head. For the head science alone is possible. For the heart a religion may be found in the subjective synthesis. For the head the whole universe, including the history of man, was amenable to the strictest scientific methods. To the intellect the transcendental was utterly inaccessible. Positive facts and their connecting laws were all in all. The relations of the physical sciences to one another are analysed in the 'Positive Polity,' though without fully adequate knowledge. The laws of human developement in history are treated in some respects with a masterly hand. The application of the inductive method to the story of man is attained, though only on broad lines and with an undue predominance of theory over fact. For the heart religious enthusiasm may reign as of old in the monk's cell or in the mediæval cathedral. But man knows nothing beyond the visible universe and its story. Humanity —the developing organism—idealised, regarded as gradually working out the salvation of the human race with increasing civilisation, was the object of love and awe. The new Church—the basis of the new synthesis—was to have men of science for its high priests. Symbolism of the great known forces and facts was to replace symbolism of the unknown, in ceremonial pageant and liturgy.

Hegel laid down lines on which later on these two views, the Christian and the scientific, have been partially reconciled. Starting from Idealism, and from the conception of

spirit, while he deals less elaborately than the French philosopher with the practical field with which Comte concerns himself, he supplies nevertheless the missing link. Comte's presentation of historical developement, which fascinated J. S. Mill, took the external point of view to which Hume's philosophy had led. Comte stands without, a spectator of the great procession, whose order and arrangement he analyses. By Hegel historical evolution is regarded from within as the developement of spirit. The outer facts are expressions of inner forces. For Comte patriotism gradually gives place to the worship of Humanity. Hegel attains a similar result from a more objective standpoint. In his eyes national spirits gradually realise themselves and tend to merge in the world-spirit. The developement of institutions, of ideas, of nations, of religions, under the influence of local surroundings becomes the subject of history. He attains to the comparative method, and the scientific conception, though with insufficient recognition of our modern canons for testing and weighing evidence.

But Hegel's world-spirit is, moreover, God realising Himself in the history of man. It precisely fills up the *lacuna* which Comte's philosophy necessarily left void, unable to advance further along an empirical and positivist road. Comte's Humanity was avowedly and necessarily incomplete. Its completion must involve the recognition of a transcendental element. This element Hegel distinctly contemplated. The Divine realising itself in the human, by a process in its outer manifestation amenable to scientific investigation, supplied the missing key to the position. It gave a flat negation to positivism as a final creed. But it may, as Professor Caird has pointed out, be regarded as really explaining and developing the fundamental ideas of Comte.

Mr. Balfour—once again seizing with quick intuition a vital distinction which affects contemporary thought—has perhaps done more than any thinker to popularise the word 'non-rational.' And this phrase will help us in tracing clearly the line of cleavage between the characteristic temper of the eighteenth-century thought and the historical and evolutionary standpoint of the nineteenth century. To the individualism of the eighteenth century the conquests of the individual analytic reason were coextensive with the rational. Subjection to Authority and Tradition was irrational. From the standpoint of social and evolutionary

philosophy there was in addition a vast mass of human conviction which belonged to neither category. It was 'non-rational.' It was the product of human experience, or a legacy from the past, often recognised as authoritative from its practical value, but not yet analysed; much of it the conquest of the reason of the race, although not yet traced to its rational sources by the reason of the individual; containing wheat and tares; to be preserved and sifted, but on no account to be destroyed.

Hence we have a marked change in our estimate both of the material for history, of the standard whereby it is to be appraised, and of the faculty whereby it is to be utilised. To the dilemma 'true' or 'untrue,' Mr. Balfour adds the Scotch verdict of 'not proven.' To the optimist of the eighteenth century his own standpoint was absolute and final; and the characteristic convictions of his time were therefore true; discarded tradition was untrue. For those who recognise that history is still in the making, human faculty and knowledge still developing, still falling short of inherent possibilities, it is impossible to regard their own standpoint as ultimate, or their own convictions as absolute truth; impossible to regard those past conditions of thought from which their convictions have been evolved as simply error. We see more than our predecessors if we rest on their shoulders. But we do not yet see all. This view is essential to the new spirit in history. Hence the desire of the modern historian to learn from all sources and the diminution of the old dogmatic authoritative tone, which are obvious to the present-day observer. The thirteenth century was quick to accept. The eighteenth was quick to reject. The nineteenth has been slow to do either finally. It has extended to all fields of knowledge that patient waiting on facts which was the secret of Bacon's hoped-for 'victory by obedience.' It has canonised in the intellectual sphere an old virtue—patience. It has thrown a glory in certain departments round that which was to the inquisitor a vice—doubt and suspense of judgement.

To explore the non-rational sources of knowledge, in the past history of the race, has been then one of the characteristic labours of the nineteenth-century historian—to collect and sift what the eighteenth century simply rejected. 'L'esprit 'du XIX siècle,' writes Vacherot, 'est de comprendre et de 'juger les choses du passé. Notre œuvre est d'expliquer ce 'que le XVIII siècle avait mission à nier.' For this reason the sympathy with the past, which is so whole-hearted in

Chateaubriand, in De Maistre, in the German Romanticists, that they would fain bring it back again, is of necessity *dramatically* strong, in the best scientific historians of our time. If we would really know and judge the facts we must know the conditions, motives, forces. If we would know them we must at least have that sympathy with those who lived in their midst and were affected by them which Edmund Kean would have with Shylock. His own judgement may disapprove when Shylock produces his scales; but for the moment the feeling of the actor is that of the Jew. The historian must be sympathetic before he can master the very material for critical examination. Contrast the treatment of mediæval or Christian ideas by Gibbon and by Harnack. With Gibbon the truest vision of outer fact cannot prevent the constant suggestion of an eighteenth-century ethos—of cynicism, with perhaps the alternative of ignorant fanaticism, in the ages when poetry, heroism, and uncritical faith governed so many lives. Harnack lives in imagination in the ages whose thought he depicts. Contrast Hallam—an eighteenth-century survival—with Ranke; contrast Voltaire with Renan. Ranke's masterly impartiality, Renan's extraordinary sympathetic insight, restore to history in the one case true perspective, in the other that inner life of ideas which Hegel in his turn seemed to see almost stripped of its external clothing. Contrast, again, Hume's treatment of religious controversies and religious formulæ with their treatment by Auguste Sabatier. To the former the history of dogma is a story of puerile folly; to the French thinker, as to Harnack himself, it is a drama of surpassing interest in which the deepest passions and convictions and most real interests of humanity as conceived at each epoch were concerned. Contrast, again, Bolingbroke's contempt for Plato and Descartes —to which we have already alluded—with Hegel's attitude towards the thinkers of the past. By the former, thoughts which were the germs of great discoveries are judged without any realisation of their potential content or of the limitations imposed on their expression by the conditions of contemporary culture. To Hegel they are precious stones—though at times roughly hewn—in the great edifice which evolution has been gradually building. Bolingbroke can only see incidental defects of form which his age has outgrown. Hegel detects the living spirit within, the life of further developement.

Living in the glow of a Zeitgeist which found expression in such world-spirits as Comte and Hegel, the specialists

worked with a new faith, while science supplied them with new methods and weapons. We have recently been reminded by several able writers of the nature of their work. No cleavage is absolute in point of time. Nineteenth-century methods were here and there apparent before the century began. Eighteenth-century methods have survived within our own memory in some departments and some men. But Hegel's doctrine of the organic unity of all knowledge and of the movement of Ideas in history has gradually leavened the thought of the age. Its influence is strong often even where it is latent. And the determination to bring the past under scientific examination, and thus to accumulate materials for appreciating the function of each department in the evolution of the whole, is unmistakeable. In history Niebuhr stands out as a landmark in his endeavour to apply the critical method to early Roman history and to rescue the underlying truth from mythical accretions by the observation of the laws of historical evolution. Ranke was perhaps the real inaugurator of documentary criticism. 'He is,' says Lord Acton, 'the representative of the age 'which instituted the modern study of history. . . . We 'meet him at every step, and he has done more for us than 'any other man.' His serene and judicial fairness completed the work begun by Voigt in obtaining fair treatment for the Papacy, 'the key to the Middle Ages.' Mignet's study of manuscript sources was an advance in the path traced by Ranke. Sir Henry Maine in his 'Village Com-'munities' marks, perhaps, the organic connexion between the new history and the new political economy. The *laissez-faire* method was an individualist survival as much belonging by nature to the eighteenth century as the histories of Hallam and Merivale. The historical and inductive methods of Schmoller and Wagner, and, in another department, of Le Play, have also triumphed. So too in philosophy. Sir W. Hamilton's standpoint was largely that of the eighteenth century. To him, in Mr. Alexander's words, philosophy was 'a number of separate problems falling apart like atoms in 'the void.' Here the landmark is probably Hegel's logic, with its unifying power and its wide imaginative sweep, and in some degree Hegel's 'History of Philosophy.' Historical evolution is to Hegel but one aspect of a wider conception. The Idea realises itself in Space as Nature, in Time as History. His daring imagination brought the unity of human knowledge to the highest conceivable point. The Logic 'is as aerial a flight as the "Paradiso" itself.' And the

history of philosophy is, in his eyes, the key to the unity attempted in his own system. Individualist reactions there will doubtless be, and ought to be, as a check upon exaggerations of the organic conception. We have witnessed such a reaction in the land of Hegel himself. But the thought of the individual can never again ignore that wider corporate thought of which it is itself a part, and to which it ministers.

Mr. Balfour terminates his address by a prophecy. He asks whether the immense extension of scientific knowledge, and of the application of scientific methods, will be unfavourable to religion and will tend to materialism. And he prophesies that, on the contrary, the so-called conflict between science and religion will cease. 'The very complete-'ness and internal consistency' of the purely scientific explanation of things 'would establish its inadequacy. The very 'fact that within it there seemed no room for spirit would 'convince mankind that spirit must be invoked to explain it.'* He is concerned with physical science—to which he regards all science as ultimately reducible. But the question is equally applicable to the different view of science which has been taken in these pages. Does then—we may ask—the growth of evolutionary science, which the century has applied in different ways to all human knowledge, tend to exclude religion or even finally to dethrone Christianity?

We shall best obviate an almost inevitable confusion if, before answering this question, we glance once again at the mediæval setting of Christianity with which, from long habit, the religion itself is so often largely identified, and from which it is so seldom adequately separated.

The mediæval synthesis was, as we have seen, impressed on the imagination of Western Christendom by the pervading power of the visible Church. Regarded intellectually, it com-

* The scope of the present essay does not admit of our discussing Mr. Balfour's position as to the abstract possibility of a complete mechanical explanation of the universe. It must suffice to say that we hold with Wallace that the ultimate explanation even of such a force as electricity is to be looked for outside physics; and that the evolution theory presents 'three stages in the developement of the organic world when some new cause or power must have come into action'—causes 'beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces,' and to be referred to the 'spiritual world.' ('Darwinism,' pp. 463–476.) *A fortiori* the social and historical sciences would not be reducible to mechanical explanations.

prised a philosophical method, a resultant philosophy, and a religious faith. The method was logical and dialectical—partly suggested by the Greek subtlety which, under the auspices of a diluted Aristotelianism, became the vogue in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. 'Partly,' we say, because it also exhibits the peculiar childlike acuteness and teachableness of the youth of the new semi-barbaric Christendom. It combines the most critical logic with the utmost credulity as to facts. It is interminable in its questions, docile in accepting an answer, provided it be coherent. Lord Westbury's advice to the young barrister applies closely to its method—'Never make a mistake in logic. The facts 'remain at your disposition.' Induction and the unfolding of Nature's objective laws were hardly glimpsed. Yet the keen deductive and synthetical tendency in the thinkers of the time made them long for system. They could not rest satisfied with Bernard's 'taste, for you cannot solve,' or even with Anselm's 'crede ut intelligas.' The human mind could, at all events, supply a subjective unity for those who had no hope of finding objective law. Nature was largely outside the orderly scheme. It was a series of vivid dramatic scenes enacted by unseen agencies; not reliable or necessarily coherent, for the cheating devil was at work as well as the God of truth. Its more obvious and constant phenomena were worked into the intellectual system. But the idea of pervading rational law—underlying the scientific unification of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—was not attained. Still less was the further conception of law underlying the onward course of the universe entertained.

But knowledge had its principle of order. Men looked for a clue to the intellectual maze, and they found it, as we know, in the Aristotelian Philosophy. The logic of the Stagirite was already known to Abelard. The metaphysic came over half a century later—at first in Arabian translations. In the pages of Aquinas its authority is absolute. 'The Philosopher' is as infallible as the Bible. Under his guidance the dialectical method attained to a complete synthetic philosophy. Holy Scripture, the Fathers, Aristotle are the infallible sources. Every conceivable question which the imagination can suggest presents the problems which the philosopher-theologian is called upon to solve. Dialectic between *pros* and *cons* is the method of inquiry. Complete logical reconciliation is the object to be attained. Such is throughout, as we know, the form of the 'Summa Theo-'logica.'

But while the synthesis proposed to unify—to show the consistency of Theism, Christianity, and Reason—it also left an important place for 'Faith' in the individual. Here the later scholastics did not quite faithfully follow out the deeper suggestions of Aquinas. The angelic doctor holds that even Theism, though proveable by the highest *philosophical* reason, must for the multitude—even for the average non-philosophical mind—be imparted 'after the 'manner of faith.' This is necessary not only from the insufficient philosophical endowment of the many, but still more because among those reputed wise (*qui sapientes dicuntur*) different conclusions are reached. He had before his eyes the Pantheism of the great Arabian philosophers. Theism and Christianity are, then, regarded as consistent with the very highest knowledge attainable. They are proveable by the truest process of reasoning coupled with revelation. But the educational force of the great mediæval Church imparts them to the multitude as a faith. This point is of interest and importance in estimating the synthesis of our own day.

The new synthesis began on very different lines from the old. The chastening effect of scientific training and of eighteenth-century negations had humbled the intellect and taught it its place. The questioning which led to the elaboration of the new synthesis—unceasing as the mediæval—was no longer the universal questioning of the child, but that of the intelligent student who sees where real knowledge is attainable and valuable replies are really to be looked for. The child interrogates his parent as though he were omniscient. The youth asks his tutor to complete a half-understood process. Mediævalism inquired 'de omni 'scibili et quibusdam aliis;' science 'interrogates nature,' of whose ways it already knows something.

The new method began, as we have seen, in the limited field of physics. Its very life consists in patient recognition of fact—where mediævalism was weakest. It is most tolerant to temporary logical incoherence, of which mediævalism was most impatient. The intellectual qualities it calls for have in them a moral element—candour, patience, love of truth, confidence in its ultimate attainment—akin indeed (as has been pointed out) to elements in Christian Faith, which trusts to the future to solve the enigma of the present, and to justify the perplexing ways of God, but most dissimilar to the qualities called for in the purely logical and dialectical tournaments of the Scholastics. And when the scientific

method with new boldness advanced to the consideration not merely of existing nature but of its genesis; not only of the physical world, but of human life and of history; when laws of progress and evolution were generalised by the inductive method, these moral qualities were the more necessary. Uniformity was less. Verification was far harder, often impossible. The conviction that patient research, absolute candour as to facts, scrupulous and judicial estimate of evidence, would in the long run yield the nearest approach to truth of which man is capable, became a deep and inspiring faith.

We have then to consider in each synthesis the great imaginative force which has given it power over the many; its method and philosophy; and the religious faith which it allows and justifies.

Now it seems evident in the first place that the great overmastering imaginative impulse which dominates the new synthesis is no longer theological, but scientific. In this respect there is a vast change in the position of religion. The mediæval Church, which seemed almost a tardy realisation of the material glory once associated with Messianic prophecy, has ceased to rule. But we may ask, Is Christianity justifiable as a faith, though no longer as the dominating teacher of all knowledge? Is it consistent with the new philosophical synthesis? Can Christ Himself rule though once again as a child in the manger? Can He rule as He ruled over the Greek Apologists, to whom faith was imparted not by a world-wide Church subduing the imagination, but by the intrinsic nature of the Christian message?

Scientific knowledge is no longer sought by the many amid the rays of light which surround the chair of the mediæval doctor of the Church of whom the Liturgy proudly sings: 'In medio ecclesiæ aperuit os ejus et implevit eum 'dominus spiritu sapientiæ.' Science now rules in her own Ecclesia. And she has expelled certain visions very dear to our ancestors and closely entwined round their religion. Her researches have widely extended the reign of law. The visible interferences of the supernatural, which appeared in pre-scientific times constant and evident to the mass of men, are now regarded by very few in the same light as of old.

Apart from this, however, the trend of thought appears to be moving already in the direction indicated by Mr. Balfour's prophecy. We can only speak of tendencies, because the new synthesis is, unlike the old, not a final mechanical

system, but an organic growth; and we have no specimen of the full-grown organism. The philosophical method of the new movement is a complete synthesis of all knowledge *in the making*; and religion is not excluded. Very much which in the controversies of the eighteenth-century seemed threatened with destruction is now asserting itself. The sayings of Plato were laughed at by the eighteenth-century critic. Yet his words ὁ θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ come to us through two thousand years richly laden with the verifications supplied by modern science. The mathematician finds his own science at work in the laws of motion, in the phenomena of the planetary systems, in the laws of chemical combination.

The 'Divine Child' seems, indeed, to many very different but eager onlookers, to be once more sitting in the temple among the doctors of science hearing them and asking them questions, touching their answers with light from a world they had forgotten. Thus we have Catholics who find in the scientific movement a new interpretation and justification of the actual past developements in their theology, and of the organic unity of the Church which the Reformation destroyed; Protestants who see in it the fruits of the liberation of the intellect at the Reformation, which can be combined now as then with those personal relations with God to which science can say neither 'aye' nor 'no;' deep thinkers on either side who believe that the scientific study of the history of religion should issue in a 'Catholic' Church identified with a comprehensive theology, thus combining the fulness of personal with the fulness of organic religious life. To all of these Christianity appears to be necessary to the completion of the new as of the old synthesis.

The new mode of controversy differs from the old. 'We will not attack you,' Mr. Morley says to the orthodox Christianity, 'we shall explain you.' Absorption by a higher explanation, and not acute argumentative opposition, is the victory known to the new method—which sees a measure of truth everywhere, and victory only as the greater comprehensiveness of the higher. And it may well be maintained that the last word by way of explanation can never rest with science, but must appeal beyond it. The agnostic, indeed, will say now as ever that the appeal meets with no reply: that the apparent answer is but the echo of our own voices. But if answered at all it can only be by religion. A particular form of theology may be outgrown, but not the essence of religion. Phœnix-like it will rise from its funeral pyre. And this is—as we have said—what has actually

happened and is still happening. The preposterous enterprise of Rabaud de St. Etienne, 'tout détruire, puisque 'tout est à recréer,' has proved utopian in religion as in politics. The reactionary conservatives and the materialists, who feared and hoped that the developement of science would finally banish the conception of mind as the source of all, have both proved wrong. The Darwinians seemed to begin by denying teleology. Natural selection was supposed to have taken the place of rational purpose. But eventually even the more destructive of them admitted, with Professor Huxley, a 'wider teleology'—a *régime* of rational law which led from the simple to the more complicated organisms, and from the inanimate to the highest intelligence. And such naturalists as Wallace felt constrained to postulate a spiritual world underlying the whole process. A view akin to Wallace's, of spirit underlying the evolution of phenomena, is that of the best philosophers of history.

But we find a similar and still more interesting process of synthetic revival, transcending the older oppositions, in the dogmatic systems themselves. The old fixed structure of dogmatic theology, regarded statically, was fiercely attacked by Voltaire and by the last-century philosophers as a mass of superstition; by Hume as empty words. The various preachers of Deism, and of the scientific agnosticism which succeeded it—nay, even the liberal exponents of Protestantism exemplified by such thinkers as Whately and Arnold—treated much or even most of it as an arbitrary addition to Christianity. Auguste Sabatier in his celebrated 'Esquisse d'une 'Philosophie de la Religion' voices the spirit of his time when he regards it dynamically and almost reverses the eighteenth-century verdict. Dogma is to him the expression of religion in various ages. It is necessary to the life of religion and for its transmission, as language is a natural and necessary vehicle for the expression and communication of thought. Professor Harnack's invaluable 'Dogmengeschichte' supplies the *pièces justificatives* for Sabatier's view. And we have been lately reminded that John Henry Newman from the Catholic standpoint had already given us a work both historical and philosophical, in which essential features in the views of both these writers were anticipated—a work the full significance of which his contemporaries were not in a position to understand.

And this same reconciling power of the evolution of thought has explained, justified, and largely transcended the deadly quarrel between the Catholic and

Protestant. The tendency of Protestantism had early become anti-dogmatic. It fell back on the simple forms of Scripture, on religious feeling rather than complicated definitions. Later developements were in its eyes superstitions and accretions. Catholicism, on the contrary, had been throughout dogmatic, and had fixed and stereotyped its dogmas. On the one side it was urged 'these dogmatic 'formulæ are superstitious additions to Christ's teaching;' on the other, 'they are eternal truths.' The antithesis, apparently fixed and unsurmountable, was solved by history. Both views were inadequate and unhistorical, yet both were in a measure true. History supplied to each factor that unknown coefficient which was needed to make them both true. History showed that the primitive biblical teaching must, if it lives and energises among men, submit to the law of life and develope in relation to the philosophies and civilisations amid which Christians have lived, reacting upon them, absorbing, rejecting, modifying, and being itself changed in outward form and expression. Hence the gradual developement of the dogmatic formulæ. History showed that the formulæ, though they may be the lawful heirs and representatives of Christ's teaching, could not be regarded as having been crystallised into their present form by Christ Himself. A more enlightened developement of Protestantism had to admit the value of the dogmas, enlightened Catholicism had to recognise that it was only in germ that they had existed from the first.

Once again, Sabatier recognises the evolution of dogma. But the living organism which underwent this dogmatic developement was the Catholic Church. Of this organism Protestantism had got rid. Yet its value—apart from its abuses—is incontestable. And here again a distinguished writer, whose antecedents are those of a Scotch Presbyterian, and an English Jesuit Father approach each other very nearly. Speaking of Protestantism Professor Caird writes: 'To the Protestant it seemed to be simply a return to the 'original purity of the faith; to the Catholic it seemed to 'be a fatal revolt against the only organisation by which 'Christianity could be realised. *Really it partook of both* '*characters.*' And each writer seeks to restore the coefficient which would transform his own creed into a world-religion at once personal and organic. While the Scotch professor would desire the renewed existence of an organism which should voice the universal reason in the developement of Christianity, Father Tyrrell in his 'External Religion' has

urged strongly the necessity of that personal apprehension of religion by each man for himself within the Roman Communion which Professor Caird regards as the true aim which Protestantism combined with an individualism which in itself was 'mere anarchy.' The Jesuit might have written the following words, which are actually written by the Scotch professor:

'To us who have outlived the period when it could be supposed that the destruction of old, evidences in itself the construction of new forms of life and thought, it cannot but be obvious that the principles of private judgment and individual liberty are nothing more than negations. For as the real problem of an intellectual life is how to rise to a judgement which is more than a private judgement, so the real problem of our practical life is how to realise a liberty that is more than individual license.'

Within the Anglican Church itself we have signs of the same *rapprochement* between the synthetic principles of Catholicism and the individualism which is progressive but not disruptive. The reconciliation is visible in the best minds, notwithstanding party antipathies which remain very strong. 'Essays and Reviews' represented a survival of the old individualistic liberalism. 'Lux Mundi' voices the most intellectual school of Anglican divines. The former was historical mainly in the sense of destroying the old—after the fashion of Colensoism. It was on the whole anti-dogmatic and unconstructive. Its genius was that of the eighteenth century rather than of the nineteenth. Historical reconstruction is very near to the heart of the school represented by 'Lux Mundi.'

Evolution is in the view of most of its exponents essentially optimistic. Reversion it recognises, but as temporary—like the receding wave in a flowing tide. It may be pessimistic for the time. For the wave may recede during a generation or a century. But the world-spirit on the whole advances. Hope and Faith are justified and substantiated by a process which had achieved so much. And this very quality tends towards the realisation of Mr. Balfour's prophecy. For ethical evolution can only attain its highest conceivable limit in religion.

The Christian Ideal, and the relations of the human spirit with God, Hegel's moral goal—self-realisation through self-denial—may well be regarded as completing the evolutionary scheme rather than as clashing with it. For Comte the highest in man sums up the best that has been achieved in the whole course of evolution. For Herbert Spencer the

Unknowable is the underlying Power behind evolution to which this achievement is due. Comte under the symbol of Humanity would worship the best we know. Spencer would worship the Unknown cause. Professor Caird truly says that each sees half the truth. The two halves may well be combined—as Hegel proposed to combine them—in the Christian faith which, in Caird's words, 'finds God in man, 'and man in God; which makes us regard the Absolute 'Being as finding his best name and definition in what we 'most revere and love, or, what is the same thing, makes 'us see in that growing idea of moral perfection—which is 'the highest result of human developement—the interpre-'tation or revelation of the Absolute.'

'All criticism of the world,' writes Caird, 'while it detects evil in particular, implies an ultimate optimism. For if such criticism pretends to be more than the utterance of the tastes and wishes of the individual, it cannot but claim to be the expression of an objective principle—a principle which, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, is realising itself in the world. If, as Hegel said, the "history of the world is the judgement of the world," then conversely every true moral judgement is an anticipation of history; it is a discovery of the hidden forces that are already working out their triumph in the world even by means of that which seems most to oppose them; it is a prophetic sympathy with the spirit of the years to come which is "yearning to mix itself with life." It is this objective character which often makes the words of genius carry with them such weight and power. "He spake as one having authority, and not as the scribes," can be truly said only of one whose speech was like some natural force in its independence of merely individual or of temporary influences. . . . The universal spirit of man in the long struggle of developement is becoming more and more clearly conscious of itself and of the law of the world. It is only as the organ of this spirit that the individual can claim to judge the world; nor can we make that claim without taking up the ground of philosophical optimism and acknowledging that the soul of the world is just.' ('Social Philosophy of Comte,' pp. 130, 131.)

We have attempted to outline a movement characteristic of the time-spirit of the century—a movement the general nature of which appears to us remarkable and quite unmistakeable. Yet there are in the nature of the case certain appearances which do not at first sight tally with what has here been said.

In the first place, there have been many eighteenth-century survivals visible among us in the nineteenth century. We may glance at a few obvious instances in our own country. Hallam, Dean Merivale, and even Macaulay do not entirely

fulfil the nineteenth-century ideals of Ranke. The Mills are at first sight utilitarian survivals of Benthamism. Hamilton is an individualist. The *laissez faire* of Cobden is essentially unhistorical. The liberalism of John Bright and even of Lord Macaulay is also, like J. S. Mill's liberalism, individualist. Nay, the whole liberal movement of the fifties and sixties partook of the same character.

We believe that such instances are not really at variance with the general movement we have sketched. They only remind us that the characteristics of a contemporary movement are unequally exhibited in individuals according to their special circumstances, and that the majority only gradually recognise its exact nature. But they are often the instruments of a movement whose principles they do not adequately master. Strenuous individualism is, as we have seen, an important factor in intellectual developements which are in their ultimate analysis corporate. Macaulay's mind was not speculative. His traditions were Whig, and they acted as prejudices. But he put into his historical work that indefatigable and conscientious research which the new historical spirit inspired. And, in spite of bias, he made a noteworthy contribution to its objects by making the past really live again. John Mill was eminently characterised by the splendid impartiality of the new method and its teachableness, as opposed to eighteenth-century contemptuous dogmatism. If his inherited standpoint was individualist, he was on the other hand deeply affected by Comte and had a share in the intellectual parentage of Spencer. The Kantian element in Hamilton prepared the way in England for Hegelianism. The standpoint of Cobden and Bright has largely given way to the organic principles of Conservatism or Socialism in politics; and *laissez faire* in economics is almost dead.

So much may be said as to the survival of eighteenth-century methods and their value. And we might point to survivals in the Roman Church and in the Church of England of methods belonging to a much earlier date. The organic view explains these symptoms rather than suffers from them. For very unequal developement among individuals, who form nevertheless units borne onward by the corporate tendency, is just what is explained by that view.

But there is another phase now visible which appears to be not a survival but a reaction, and a reaction due to the very time-spirit it opposes. It was pointed out by Lord Acton four years ago as one of our 'rocks ahead.' It has

recently been emphatically noted by another writer as a growing danger. Of late years in England the tremendous developement of material and consequently of specialisation in history proper—a developement itself due to research under the influence of the new scientific faith—has had the curious result of an apparent return on the part of some of our historians to eighteenth-century defects—to *mere* specialism, which has lost all sense of the synthesis to which it should minister.

'They assert,' says an able writer, 'that history ought to deal only with facts. So did Ranke. But Ranke meant that the historian should stand by absolutely impartially, and let the epoch which he was studying develope itself, in all its aspects, without incurring either his moral condemnation or approval. The new school mean that the historian has no business with ideas, or motives, or tendencies; it is his business solely to inquire, Did this happen or not happen? Did it happen this way or that? This intention to limit the historian's view to the concrete fact is naturally joined with an intense specialisation. Nothing could be further from the historian of to-day than the desire to work with the whole field of history constantly before his mind, as Ranke worked. Large views are false; the only genuine work is done in a corner.' ('The Mind of the Century,' Fisher Unwin, p. 68.)

As Bacon utterly failed to understand the light cast on observation by hypothesis, based on a wide view of facts and uniformities, so these modern English historians, with British unimaginative practicality and a British contempt for that in which they do not excel, have incurred the risk of turning into very refined and highly developed Dryasdusts and Casaubons. Such writers should remember Lord Acton's warning: 'The want of an energetic understanding 'of the sequence and real significance of events . . . is 'ruin to a student of history.' Historians should learn from men of science 'how to secure fulness and soundness in 'induction, how to restrain and to employ with safety 'hypothesis and analogy.'

Very different from the ideal of this modern English school is that exhibited by the great German writers Mommsen and Droysen—the historians of republican Rome and of the Macedonian Empire—or by Döllinger, the historian of the Church. Very different, too, is the model exhibited by more recent German masters. To turn the limelight on facts from every point of view, by imaginative hypothesis as to tendencies and motives, provided only that hypothesis is suggested by objective fact and not by subjective prepossession, is again the way of such writers as

Harnack and the great biblical critics of Germany. Facts in the unimaginative are often barren. They cannot by themselves make the past live again, and it must live in order to disclose its vital secrets.

That this tendency among English historians to neglect 'ideas' is only temporary we cannot doubt. The time-spirit which it opposes is too strong to be checked. And the causes of such a tendency are partly ascertainable.

Partly they are to be found, it may be, in a reaction against Froude and Macaulay—just in Froude's case, largely unfair in that of Macaulay, as Sir Richard Jebb has, we hope, recently convinced everybody. The dominion over Froude of ideas which were prejudices, his skilful use (on occasion)—under their influence—of research undertaken with a bias to make something live again which did duty for the past, but was not the past, offended against one of the most fundamental principles of the historical spirit. Froude substituted the insertion of his own ideas into history in place of the search for the ideas underlying history, and for their organic connexion. This jugglery—the professing to find in the past what he had in reality put there—made people suspicious. Ideas were discredited by their somewhat unscrupulous use.

But again the enormous growth of material, and constant discovery of evidence which modifies received conclusions, has led some of the best historians to regard all philosophy of history as premature. We would urge, however, that this view—very similar to Bacon's view of physical discovery—admits of a similar answer in both cases. Hypothesis is necessary to test the bearing of each fact. It is not necessarily final, but is itself material for further investigation. Copernicus's famous work is an object-lesson in the value of hypothesis, even though its first form be crude and fanciful. The highly trained historical imagination is the key to the laws of historical evolution. Its possessor is the pioneer. Fresh researches may now and again show him to have been inaccurate; but it is to him, nevertheless, that we must look for our most fruitful generalisations. It is the very fact of Nature's uniformity which justifies the scientific imagination as a clue to realms of fact and not of fancy: and so too, that ideas and tendencies do develope largely according to law, justifies the wide imaginative sweep of a trained historian. But the sure use of this faculty involves constant practice and severe training. If it is not cultivated, it will become unskilful and uncertain. It may conceivably

be almost atrophied. And consequent failures and blunders will seem to justify a policy of limitation prompted in some instances by fastidious scrupulousness, in others by mediocrity.

That there is some truth in what has recently been affirmed—that 'the age has suddenly become bankrupt in 'ideas,' if the remark be applied to England, many of us are uneasily half-conscious. The defect is not confined to English historians. The complaint is made that our philosophers are coming to be mere compilers, or exponents of the systems of others rather than thinkers; perpetuators of the mannerisms and limitations of great philosophers, rather than heirs to their spirit bent on developing their ideas; well equipped for examination, rather than productive disciples; that ideas are imported ready-made from Germany, and exhibited rather than used. In statecraft we have (it is said) few men of creative genius. Among our younger statesmen especially, for one who is characteristically a 'man of ideas,' as, for instance, Mr. Wyndham, we have very many whose ability, however considerable, is exclusively practical. With the passing of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold, ideas have diminished among English poets. Newman and Martineau have not left their equals in this respect in our theology. In the intellectual sphere a certain loss of individuality which often leads to the indiscriminate adoption of the conclusions or even the *obiter dicta* of the specialist authority, as so many dogmas, with little regard for context or antecedent reasoning, is apt to create for some the difficulty which David experienced in Saul's armour. One is tempted sometimes to wish for a little rashness, for the scrip and stone and sling, for some exercise of adventurous faith in place of barren correctness.

All this means, no doubt, that we are at times oppressed by the magnitude of the task which the scientific view of the world has opened before us. But it does not mean that at bottom we question that view. The youth of the nineteenth century was sanguine and free. Its mature age seems in some degree to have got into certain grooves, under pressure of work, and to have been overweighted by the actual presence of an accumulation of material which could be dealt with very buoyantly in imagination. A somewhat similar paralysis of the thinking powers threatens us in the ordinary daily life of an over-civilised time. As the crowd of material oppresses the student, so the dazzling multiplicity of events, places, writings, brought before us by the modern

press and modern appliances, confuses the average mind. In both cases the result tells against real thought. It leads in the one case to somewhat mechanical labour, in the other to a life of passive impressions. But as the boy who, emerging from college, is dazzled by the variety of life into which he may be suddenly thrown, eventually (it is to be hoped) finds his level and chooses his own line, so with society as a whole. Further specialisation will tend to make the historian bring back a more comprehensive method into his own sphere. The impressionableness of English society will, we believe, be again replaced by the sturdier qualities of John Bull—who was a very good sound thinker in his own way. Ideas will resume their lawful function among the intellectual, sound, active, independent thought among the mass.

But perhaps this complacent prophecy is due to that optimism which Professor Caird holds to be at the heart of the evolutionary view of the world. It is at all events fitting to the pages of the Edinburgh Review, which has ever given sanguine support to the progressive forces of civilisation. We cannot acquiesce in the supposition that the specialists in England will be ultimately false to what Renan has described as the very meaning of the historical movement of the century.

'If the immense historical developement of the latter end of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries has been productive of any result at all,' Renan writes, 'it is that which proves that there is a life of humanity just as there is a life of the individual; that history is not a purposeless series of isolated facts. . . . History is the necessary form of the science of everything. . . . The science of languages means the history of languages; the science of literatures and religions means the history of literatures and religions. The science of the human intellect means the history of the human intellect. To attempt to seize a given moment only of those successive existences in order to dissect and to fixedly examine it is simply falsifying their nature. For they are not complete at a given moment, they are merely tending towards completion.'

ART. VI.—*Essai d'une Psychologie politique du Peuple anglais au XIX^e^ siècle.* Par ÉMILE BOUTMY. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris: 1901.

THERE are times in the history of nations when the sense of corporate personality is in an unusual degree quickened and aroused. Such a time is the present, when the whole nation is mourning a much-lamented sovereign, and a long and glorious reign has been brought to a close. It is on occasions such as these that national life becomes, as it were, self-conscious, its pulses beat more quickly, and it is awakened to a sensibility more than ordinarily active and acute. The individual man is merged and lost in the citizen and the patriot. Such an epoch may well afford much matter for reflection. What is this spirit of nationality? How far is it a semblance or reality? Has it existed from the very beginning of history, or has its growth been only gradual? Questionings like these now very naturally force themselves upon the mind.

Here, then, is opened up a field of inquiry which may perhaps be usefully styled that of the historical psychology of nations. It is an inquiry, too, that reveals some interesting, not to say surprising, features. One is so accustomed to think of national character and patriotism as having always and continuously existed, that it is difficult to conceive of a time when they did not. And yet, in truth, there was a time—during the whole period, indeed, from the dissolution of the Roman Empire until quite modern days—when national character was very faintly marked and patriotism almost flickered to extinction. Of this state of things there were several contributing causes. In the first place, the spread of Christianity, with its cosmopolitan tendency, weakened the sense of national personality. In the eyes of the early Christian convert, who, instead of being protected by his rulers, probably suffered persecution, life was but a journey; he felt that upon this earth he had no abiding city, no land to which he owed allegiance. His thought was that contained in Chaucer's lines:—

> 'This world nis but a thurghfare full of wo,
> And we ben pilgrimes, passinge to and fro.'

It is scarcely too much to say that patriotism, in whose name indeed many violent deeds were done, was held to be even anti-Christian; so plainly incompatible was it with self-abnegation, long-suffering, and humility. At the same

time the Stoic philosophy tended in a similar direction; man, so the Stoic said, is but a traveller, and duty and philosophy are the inns in which he rests upon the way. It was not until about the fifteenth century that patriotism began to take its old place among the virtues. When Machiavelli, who had, as Mazzini said, 'a profoundly Italian 'heart,' declared that he preferred his country to the safety of his soul, people thought him almost blasphemous; and when the Venetians defied the Papal thunders by averring that they were Venetians in the first place, and only Christians in the second, the world heard them with amazement. For there was a kind of novelty in the idea of love of country. Several other causes helped to make the corporate life of a nation very nearly impossible. First, nations were for centuries in the making. Next, modern languages, as we know them, were long in being developed; Latin, 'the 'universal language,' was the vehicle of literature, of science, and of diplomacy. It is evident, when we compare this state of things with the feeling of interested pride that nations now take in their individual tongues, that one powerful incentive to patriotism was conspicuously absent. Then the mediæval ideas of the *ecclesia universalis*, of the *respublica generis humani*, or of the *imperium mundi*, the creation of the Holy Roman Empire, which aspired to universal dominion, and did actually embrace a great part of Europe, and the claims of the Roman Catholic Church, which overrode all boundaries, helped to produce the same result. When, for instance, we reflect that in 1580 two Jesuits, Campian and Parsons, obtained a Papal Bull, and, coming to England, proclaimed that the Pope had liberated Queen Elizabeth's subjects from their allegiance, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that among Roman Catholics, at any rate, there must have been very little sense of patriotism. Many forces, therefore, contributed for centuries to hinder the developement of national personality.

A change, however, gradually occurred. In England, the country which interests us most and has the first claim on our attention, it happened comparatively early, perhaps owing to her insular position. The strong sense of corporate national life certainly helped the English Reformation, and inspired the revolt against the Papal claims to jurisdiction. In the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth the sentiment began to gather strength, and the love of England has never been expressed in more splendid literary form than it was by Shakespeare. The traits of English character were

beginning, by this time, to be well marked, and he not infrequently refers to them; as, for instance, in the passage where the Constable of France compares the courage of the English with that of their mastiffs, whom they resemble in their 'robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits 'with their wives.' In the seventeenth century, at any rate, a dislike of foreigners had become a distinct English characteristic, and it was manifested in many different ways. In the reign of James I. the apprentices of London so frequently insulted the Spanish Ambassador in the streets, that the Government had to interfere; and when in 1662 the Russian Ambassador proceeded in state to be received at Court, he was jeered at by the mob. It was this incident that drew from Pepys the remark, 'But lord! to see the 'absurd nature of Englishmen that cannot forbear laughing 'and jeering at everything that looks strange.' A statute of James I., again, made a sacramental test a condition of naturalisation; and a duty was imposed on alien immigrants. Even the Scotch and Irish were viewed with ill-concealed suspicion. So bitter was the antipathy felt between the Scotch and English that in the reign of James I. the Statute of Stabbing was passed in order to try to prevent them from plunging their knives into one another's bodies. The prevalent feeling of the time may be gauged from the following couplet taken from Cleveland, a seventeenth-century poet:

> 'Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
> Not forced him wander, but confined him home.'

The English prejudice against anything Scotch lasted almost until the end of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson declared that the finest sight a Scotsman ever saw was the high road that led him to England; that the country was so poor that it resembled a beggar clothed in rags with the skin peeping through the rents; and that the Scotch boasted diffusion of learning was like the distribution of food in a besieged city where every one got a little, but no one a full meal. It was in a like spirit that Wilkes, when he heard Boswell complaining that he had lost his pocket-handkerchief, observed that it was the ostentation of a Scotsman in order to show that he possessed one. As to the Irish, they were detested and despised. We read, for instance, that in Bristol they were excluded from the trade guilds and the Council of the City. But they paid back with interest the aversion that the Saxon felt towards them. They would

not even learn the English language; one of the greatest of the O'Neils declared that it did not become him to writhe his mouth in speaking it.

Much greater was the English antipathy to foreigners, towards whom Defoe styled them 'the most churlish people 'alive,' with the result that, as he said,

> 'All men think an Englishman the devil.'

It required all the statesmanship of William III. to overcome the fact that he was a foreigner bred and born; and for this reason he was never really popular. It was to demonstrate how unreasonable this prejudice was that Defoe wrote his remarkable poem 'The True-born English-'man.' The following lines contain the key-note:

> 'A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
> In speech an irony, in fact a fiction;
> A banter made to be a test of fools,
> Which those that use it justly ridicules;
> A metaphor invented to express
> A man akin to all the universe.'

But William's ill-judged exaltation of his Dutch favourites roused the national feeling to such a pitch that it at last found expression in that stringent clause of the Act of Settlement that made any foreigner, even though naturalised, incapable of becoming a Privy Councillor, or a member of either House of Parliament, or of enjoying any office or grants of land given by the Crown.

It is, however, curious to observe that, this insular prejudice notwithstanding, in some smaller matters the English displayed quite a strong appetite for foreign fashions. Shakespeare observed it, and mentions it in several of his plays. He makes the Duke of York in speaking of King Richard II.—whether by an anachronism or not it is difficult to say—refer to the

> 'Report of fashions in proud Italy,
> Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
> Limps after in base imitation.'

And again he makes Portia ridicule Falconbridge for his foreign affectations: 'How oddly he is suited! I think he 'bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his 'bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.'

In matters of costume society followed very closely the fashion of the French—a custom that in the reign of Charles II. gave rise to a very curious incident, and almost brought about a dispute that threatened to disturb the

peace of Europe. It happened that a new court dress was invented to supersede the French mode that had hitherto been used, in order, as Lord Halifax said, that 'we might 'look more like a distinct people, and not be under the 'servility of imitation.' Louis XIV. was, however, so incensed at this piece of what he thought to be English independence that he put his footmen into the new court dress and ordered his noblemen to do the same. This was an insult that not even Charles, with a French pension in his pocket, was able to endure with equanimity. Again, it is certain that French influence was very great over our language and our literature. To be ignorant of French was at one time almost equivalent to being ignorant of the ways of good society; or, as Butler put it in his 'Satire on 'our ridiculous imitation of the French,'

> 'For, though to smatter words of Greek
> And Latin be the rhetorique
> Of pedants counted, and vainglorious,
> To smatter French is meritorious.'

In music, and in the arts generally, it cannot be said that the English merited André Chénier's reproach of being ridiculous admirers of themselves alone. So far from that, the fashion of importing foreign artists was carried to a ridiculous extent. In the eighteenth century this craze for exotics, musicians, opera-singers, conjurers, and the like, reached its zenith, as may be gathered from the fact that a lady broke off a marriage engagement because her lover had independence enough not to follow the crowd in going into raptures over the soprano Farinelli. Hogarth, indeed, that modern Juvenal of the pencil and the brush, was constrained to lash this piece of silly affectation in several of his inimitable satires. Yet there was nothing more here than the transitory whim of fashionable circles, and dislike of foreigners was deeply ingrained into the character of the nation. So great was the feeling that it even affected the all-important question of gastronomy; for Lord Mayor Wilkes made a bid for popularity by ordering French wines not to be used at his banquets at the Mansion House.

It is nevertheless remarkable that even in England, and much more upon the Continent, the sense of patriotism was in some respects very rudimentary until quite recent times. First, it was often grossly perverted by the violence of faction and of party; for there were few who rose above the narrow view that a political or religious opponent could be a

real lover of his country. If, as sometimes happened, a throne fell vacant, the unhappy land became a veritable cockpit for the struggles of ambitious candidates and self-interested factions; as when upon the death of Sobieski, King of Poland, the nobility, to use the words of Bishop Burnet, 'plainly set the crown to sale,' and chose the Elector of Saxony in his place. Religious bigotry and political passion as a rule made national prosperity quite a secondary interest, and patriotism was viewed, at least by those who took an active part in the conduct of affairs, either as the cant of a hypocrite or the folly of the simple. No terms of reproach were apparently too bitter for those who differed greatly from you. The Royalists stigmatised the Puritans, to use Mrs. Hutchinson's phrase, as 'the peste of the 'Kingdome;' and the Tory Roger North declared them to be 'enemies of Christianity, peace, and law.' Even long after his time we find Dr. Johnson exclaiming that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. It is clear that formerly men allowed themselves, apparently with a good conscience, to do things from which a true patriot would now shrink. The soldier of fortune placed his sword at the disposal of foreign rulers, if they made it worth his while; he thought it no duty to consecrate his talents to the service of his country. Schomberg, for example, by birth a German, served in the armies of the Dutch, of the French, and lastly of the English; and in like manner the Earl of Leven led some regiments of Scots in the service of the Swedes. When Charles II. was compelled by his parliament to dismiss from his service a number of Roman Catholic officers, they crossed to France and formed a corps with which Louis XIV. was so pleased that he made himself their captain. Again, when titles to thrones were in dispute and intrigues were rampant, men often played a double part. Jacobitism, for instance, almost destroyed in many persons the sense of English national personality; it made Marlborough a traitor, to say nothing of Bolingbroke and Harley with their maze of dubious correspondence and their bewildering duplicity. Even Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, those martyrs of liberty, stooped to accept French gold in the hope of embarrassing Charles II. Sidney even went the length of trying to instigate De Witt to invade England. Those ministers, too, who signed the infamous treaty that made Charles practically a servile pensioner of France, must, according to our present notions, have been strangely lacking in the elements of patriotism. When the

regicide Ludlow fled to Switzerland, he caused these words to be engraved upon his house: *omne solum forti patria*—to the brave every country is a fatherland. It was at least a frank avowal of cosmopolitanism that many felt, some practised, but few dared openly to confess.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said to show how languid formerly was the sense of nationality even in countries like France and England, where it was developed comparatively early. In the nineteenth century, however, the history of Europe has been pre-eminently the history of the evolution of the national idea. Never before did the conversion of ethnological expressions into political bodies so rapidly proceed; never before was the desire for national independence so fully satisfied. It would be superfluous here to tell the tale afresh, dramatic though it is. It is proposed merely to point out some of the most striking of the recent manifestations of nationalism, and to suggest some of the causes which have during the immediate past quickened its growth in such an unexpected manner.

It is a curious coincidence and a notable fact that at the very time when national types are being deepened and strengthened, they are being subjected to a fuller philosophical discussion than they ever were before. Their growing prominence, in fact, has arrested the attention of the thinker; and so it has happened that one of the most remarkable ways in which the sense of national personality has manifested itself in recent years has been in the attempts of philosophical writers to analyse national idiosyncrasies, to penetrate the soul of the people, and to lay bare the springs of action. Elaborate and ingenious theories, if a little fantastic, have been formed, some of which may at least partially be accepted. It is noteworthy that, however much their authors may disagree, they have, upon one point at all events, arrived at a similar conclusion—that is to say, they have all found conclusive reasons for exalting the particular nation to which they happened to belong. Like the Greek generals, each of whom awarded the first place to himself, but who were unanimous in giving the second to Themistocles, these philosophers have each placed their own country in the premier position. It is of interest to note that this kind of speculation upon what may be called national psychology or physiognomy is comparatively new—at least, in anything like a scientific shape. Incidental remarks upon the subject, of course, were often made before, and it has sometimes been turned very skilfully to

literary purposes. Goldsmith, for instance, in his 'Traveller' tried to portray the various peoples among whom he sojourned, and his poem contains some very happy touches. His remark upon the French that

> 'They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
> Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem;'

and his description of the English,

> 'Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by,'

have very justly been admired. Hume was, perhaps, one of the first to treat the subject in a philosophic way, and it is worth noting that he came to the conclusion that of all races the English have the least differential characteristics. During recent times, however, the matter has been much more carefully worked out than it ever was before—in particular by the French school of philosophical historians, who in this department have eminently distinguished themselves. This is a fact that is the more remarkable because the French eighteenth-century philosophers, with their doctrine of the abstract rights of man, which they held to be superior to the accidents of geographical position and of race, threw the whole weight of their authority upon the side of the forces that depreciated the sentiment of nationalism. A brief description of some of the views and arguments of a few representative thinkers will be enough to indicate the general line of thought. Guizot maintained that in France civilisation had most nearly reached its zenith: in England, he said, 'the developement of society had been 'more extensive and more glorious than that of humanity;' in Germany, 'the intellectual developement has always sur-'passed and left behind social developement;' in Italy, civilisation, not being so 'essentially practical as in Eng-'land, nor exclusively speculative as in Germany, has been 'impeded by causes from without;' whereas in France, and France alone, has there been a perfectly harmonious and orderly developement. Michelet worked out the same idea with great eloquence. In England he found 'human 'pride personified in a people;' in Germany, 'the India of 'Europe, vast, vague, unsettled, prolific,' 'a profound im-'personality;' in Italy, the exaltation of the individual life; but in France he discovered civilisation so much in advance that in a burst of patriotic fervour he declared his 'glorious country' to be henceforth 'the pilot of the vessel 'of humanity.' But national pride has not belonged solely

to the French; for Gioberti in his 'Primacy of Italy' took elaborate pains to prove that she was the first country in the world. Nationality, indeed, has never before been made so frequent a subject of philosophic speculation. Patriotic feeling no doubt has too often warped the conclusions of the thinker; but, putting that consideration aside, it is of none the less interest to note how many eminent writers in recent times have exercised their talents in a field of inquiry that was formerly little regarded. It was, for instance, the whole burden of Quinet's teaching to insist upon the importance of national life and independence. Cousin, again, elaborately argued that each nation represented an idea; and Taine, that the character of each might be summed up into a formula, because, as he held, all the parts acted under the influence and direction of some overruling force—*une faculté maîtresse*, to use his own expression. But perhaps no one has done more than Mazzini to stimulate the patriotic sense, and at the same time, it must be added, to ennoble it. 'Every nation,' he said, 'has a special function 'or mission in the collective work, and a special aptitude 'fitting her to perform that function.' His theory of national vocations was one upon which he was never weary of insisting, and though it may have been difficult to sustain by scientific reasoning, there can be no doubt that it was attuned to and in accord with the spirit of the age. It is, perhaps, in this spirit that the Imperialist Englishman believes that the British Empire is the providential instrument for bringing light and civilisation into the darker places of the earth, and that upon his country is laid the special duty of supporting what Mr. Kipling calls 'the 'white man's burden.'

One of the most recent of these attempts to analyse national characteristics deserves especial mention; for anything that comes from the pen of M. Boutmy, the learned author of the 'Development of English Constitutional 'History,' will be read on this side of the Channel with interest and respect. His 'Essai d'une Psychologie politique 'du Peuple anglais au xix^e^ siècle' is a highly meritorious work; it is written with insight and with knowledge, and it is, for the most part, eminently fair. If M. Boutmy has not always avoided the patriotic bias, that perhaps is not to be imputed to him as a fault. It may, then, at once be said that there is much in the book over which Englishmen may ponder with advantage. Where, indeed, he seeks to show the influence of climate and physical environment—what he

calls *le milieu physique*—upon the formation of English national character, it is impossible not to feel that he indulges too much in vague and uncertain speculation; and still more so where he deals with what he calls *le milieu humain*, or the ethnological sources of the race. His attempt, for instance, to connect the idiosyncrasies of the English language and the qualities of English literature and art with the want of clearness in the atmosphere is clever, but is surely not convincing. He has, however, upon the whole, taken a firm grasp of his subject, and his remarks are sometimes suggestive and often just and true. He is quite right, we think, in holding that the great distinguishing note of the English character—we should prefer to say the British—is energy, activity as an end in itself, and effort for its own sake; and that it is by this single quality that our general characteristics and the course of our national history are most readily to be explained. The Englishman's spirit of compromise, his inconsistencies, his religion, his politics, his social institutions, his art, philosophy, and literature, are all shown by M. Boutmy in a series of illuminating chapters to be derived from his passion for energetic action. Uncontemplative, impatient of abstractions, of the niceties of thought, and of the regimen of logic, the Englishman presses on to results, and is careless of anomalies. The whole British Constitution—in the world of politics the most gigantic of compromises—is the product of national character, combining, as it does, a love of monarchy with an unconquerable passion for individual independence, and a religious zeal with a sturdy dislike of priestcraft and superstition. In no part of his book is M. Boutmy better worth reading than where he writes about the Established Church and the Dissenters. It is evident, he says, that England was destined from the first to break off the yoke of Rome, and that Anglicanism was essentially a patriotic effort to transfer ecclesiastical authority from the Pope to the King, to secure, to use M. Boutmy's phrase, 'an English God.' Not less suggestive are his remarks upon the character of the Church, its weaknesses and dangers; as where, for instance, he describes how, having been in its origin the contrivance of statesmen, it became the religion of a caste; or where, again, he remarks that the Dissenters were the champions of liberty not from love of toleration, but because the Church party was in power.

M. Boutmy's line of thought is very well displayed in

those pages which he devotes to the characterisation of English philosophy. His observations on the subject strike us as particularly good. Most excellent is the manner in which he shows how the Englishman's impatience of abstractions, his love of the actual and the practically useful, have forced much of English philosophy into a channel of its own. The kind of philosophy most typically English is, as he remarks, that of sensation, experience, and experiment, keeping always in view an application to the concrete, utilitarian in its aim, and averse from metaphysics. Not Berkeley, but Locke, Bentham, and James Mill are the sort of thinkers who most naturally spring from British soil. It is significant if, as M. Boutmy assures us is the case, the Positive Philosophy of Comte claims more votaries in England than in France. Readers of 'Coningsby' will remember how the Duke solemnly impressed upon his grandson, the hero of the story, that it was his duty to vote with his family like a gentleman, and not to form views of his own like some philosophical adventurer. Now the Duke's attitude of mind, with its contemptuous distrust of theoretical inquiry, represents pretty well the thought of his countrymen at large. They have in general the same disdain of philosophy that the Romans formerly displayed, who condemned it as an excuse for shirking the active responsibilities of life, and as having for its object the concealment of ease beneath magniloquence, or, to use the words of Tacitus, the cloaking of a *segne otium* with a *nomen magnificum*. This national inclination has coloured almost throughout our indigenous philosophy, as M. Boutmy has shown in a very interesting manner.

There are two points in M. Boutmy's essay that claim especial notice. The first, indeed, is purely academic, but it is very pertinent to the subject now in hand. We refer to his remark that whereas England—apart, of course, from the rest of the United Kingdom—was quickly consolidated into a nation, the process was a much slower one in France, which for several hundred years later was only more or less a bond of federated provinces. The remark seems to bear out the contention made in a preceding page that in England the spirit of nationalism was evoked earlier than in Continental countries; that after the fall of the Roman Empire she was one of the first of national entities to arise. Upon the Continent the idea of universalism prevailed to an extent that levelled boundaries and prevented nations from crystallising and taking definite form. But

however that may be, the fact that England attained before France to a consciousness of national personality affords an explanation of a phenomenon that has not perhaps yet been rightly understood; it shows, that is to say, why France in her political history has lagged behind this country at least a hundred years. The two nations have throughout their history run courses which are singularly alike, but England has always led the way. In France the Gallican controversy with the Popes was, in a sense, a belated echo of the Reformation, and, as in England, it was a patriotic effort to shake off a foreign yoke. Again, the execution of Charles I., the Commonwealth, the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Restoration, the flight of James II., and the accession of William III., had their counterparts in France, where the execution of Louis XVI., the Republic, the Napoleonic rule, the Restoration, the abdication of Charles X., and the accession of Louis Philippe occurred in an exactly similar order. But the events always happened later than in England. If in France the sentiment of nationalism blossomed not so early as it did across the Channel, then we have some explanation of the facts that we have named, and why it is that in political wisdom and capacity our neighbours are still behind us. For France started later on her course as an independent and consolidated nation.

The second point is alive with actuality, and deals with a point of supreme interest and importance to the whole English-speaking race; we mean the question of Imperialism. We are bound to express very strongly our regret that here, at least, M. Boutmy has allowed himself to be led so far away by patriotic bias as to be undiscriminating, unappreciative, and unjust. Starting from the fundamental position that the love of energetic action is the keynote of English national character, he deduces our national foreign policy, which he depicts as one of constant interference and aggression. What the English are as individuals he believes them to be in the mass—restless, pushing, and regardless of their neighbours. He evidently thinks, with almost the whole of Europe, that our nation is a menace to the world, a race very little better than a gang of depredating pirates. His view of the English is that of a people cut off by the sea—the *oceanus dissociabilis*—the 'provincials of Europe,' dwelling away from the more temperate zones of a genial humanity upon a kind of moral Spitzbergen, where large sympathies grow cold, and the sense of human fellowship is

stunted and deadened. His anti-Imperialist view reminds us of nothing so much as the speech in the 'Agricola' of Tacitus, in which the British chief, Calgacus, denounced the Romans. They were—so this prototype of anti-Imperialism told his hearers—*raptores orbis*, the grabbers of the world, who, not content with the land, cast lustful eyes upon the very ocean, and whose cupidity neither East nor West could satiate. The impassioned language of the chieftain represents very fairly the foreign anti-British view; and it is surely a matter of very grave concern that a man like M. Boutmy, with his learning and philosophic breadth, should lend it, even in a small degree, the weight of his authority. His remark that our missionaries are sent out to make the heathen the subjects of the chosen people of God is full of contemptuous irony. That there is a good and a bad Imperialism, that concession-hunters and the like may turn it to ignoble uses, may be readily allowed. But we wonder if it has ever occurred to M. Boutmy that other nations besides our own have dreams of world-empires; that France, in particular, has vast over-sea possessions which she cannot properly develope, and that in all British colonies the door is open to traders of every nationality. That he cannot or will not see these things only too painfully proves how patriotism can blind, and how quickly the excess of virtue may lapse into a fault.

We pass on to take note of some of the more obvious ways in which national sentiment or patriotism has found, and is finding, a vent for its activities. These manifestations are sometimes brought into conflict with one another in a very curious manner. Animated by the same motives, and acting simultaneously upon similar lines, they are often in practice incompatible and antagonistic. We have upon the one hand what may be styled particularism, or the efforts of the small races, not severally numerous or strong enough to sustain an absolute independence, to assert their own peculiar characteristics, whether of language, of literature, or of institutions. Many of these efforts have taken the form of agitations for some measure of Home Rule—to use a serviceable phrase. In the British Islands; in Scandinavia, where Norway persistently strives to obtain a separate representation for herself in foreign affairs; in the polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire, where racial animosities have nearly caused a rupture; in Spain, where a federation of provinces is an avowed object of a party, these efforts are to be seen in operation. How far they worked among the

South African Dutch, and with what disastrous consequences, every one is painfully aware. The same forces manifest themselves in the cultivation of languages and literatures. The Bohemians and the Flemings, for example, have done this kind of work with conspicuous success; in France the Provençal dialect has been revived as a poetical literary medium. One of the most remarkable cases is the recent movement that has been set on foot in Ireland for the revival of Erse, as the House of Commons has had occasion to discover. At the Irish Nationalist Convention in June last this object was adopted as a 'plank' in the political platform in the following words:—

'The preservation of the Gaelic language as part of the struggle for the recovery of our national freedom; its right to be treated as to all school and college endowments of a public character on the same footing as any modern language, and its adoption as the vehicle of primary teaching in the districts where the use of the Gaelic language predominates.'

Even Wales claims to be represented upon the national coat of arms.

Upon the other hand, and in opposition to these particularist efforts, we see the patriotic energy of the great nations seeking an outlet for itself in the attempts, persistent and inexorable, to exclude or crush out all internal differences, to assimilate foreign elements, to consolidate and unify themselves. Russia is an instance to the point. Not content with having russified Poland, she is now resolved to russify Finland; she has steadily oppressed and driven out the Jews. In like manner Germany has tried to germanise the Poles in her eastern provinces; she has expelled Bohemians from Silesia and Danes from Schleswig-Holstein. In Hungary the magyarisation of aliens has been most successfully pursued. Almost everywhere, it is evident, alien immigrants are reluctantly received, and demands are often made to exclude them by stringent legislation. The same feeling operates in a curious and unexpected way; in the desire, that is to say, to spread the drag-net of conscription so as to subject foreign-born residents to liability to military service. It will be remembered that a few years ago an attempt of this kind in France caused a good deal of commotion.

It may be very pertinently asked whether, in addition to the great general forces that have been making for national development, there have not been some special causes which during the nineteenth century have given unusual

zest to patriotic feeling. It would perhaps be true to say in answer to this question that there have been two such causes, which, if not entirely new, were not formerly so potent. It is possible here to indicate them only very briefly. In the first place in modern times a citizen has much more reason to be grateful to his country than he ever had before since the days of ancient Greece and Rome. The conception of the State was then, indeed, very different from that which now prevails. In the Greek city state certainly it was that of a kind of religious partnership, and for a citizen to commit sacrilege or hold false opinions of the gods was about the worst form of treason of which he could be guilty. His relations to the State were in fact essentially religious. But whatever the conception, it evoked a very pure and ardent patriotism. Since those early days a man has had as a rule very little reason for feeling grateful to his country; for until quite recent times his rulers, if they did not actually persecute him for no worse crime than holding an unpopular religious or political opinion, at all events too often shamefully neglected him. But now the sphere of government is extended far beyond the protection of person and of property. State socialism, or municipal socialism, using the terms to mean generally the benevolent activity of government, may be open to objections; but the benefits which it confers upon large masses of law-abiding citizens at no cost to themselves are obvious and direct. There appears, therefore, to be a growing sentiment that a man's country has a claim not merely to his allegiance, but also to his gratitude; and an increasing readiness to ask the same question that Socrates, when awaiting death in prison, asked of Krito with such splendid magnanimity. 'Has a 'philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is 'more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or 'father or any ancestor and more to be regarded in the eyes 'of the gods and of men of understanding?' A wit once remarked that whereas an Englishman looked upon his country as belonging to him, a Frenchman looked upon himself as belonging to his country. Whether that is true or not may be open to dispute, but of the two theories of the State which are implicitly contrasted, it is probable that the French view is the more likely to prevail. In the second place, both conscription and service in a volunteer army tend in a high degree to consolidate a nation, and to excite a patriotic feeling. Napoleon, it is said, made of France one soldier; and in doing so he helped to make her

one man. This at least must be set down to his credit, that he stimulated the French spirit of national personality as no one ever did before him. Nothing, again, it is said, has done so much to render permanent the unity of the Italian kingdom as the military law that has brought together conscripts from Mount Etna to the Alps. The use of mercenary soldiers, at one time almost universal, could only have been tolerated when patriotic feeling was much less sensitive than it is to-day. When Machiavelli in Italy and De Witt in Holland dared to suggest that a native army might be preferable to a mercenary one, they were laughed to scorn as revolutionary dreamers. The fact was that they were before their contemporaries in seeing the rise of nationalism that was destined to transform the map of Europe.

That the sense of national consciousness has undergone a course of historical evolution it seems impossible to doubt. In the youth of the world the fire of patriotism flamed brightly. Then Christianity with its gospel of the brotherhood of man, and, it should be added, the philosophy of the Stoics, with its doctrine of the innate dignity of our common human nature, sapped away the old-world conception of the State; and the process thus begun was completed by the disruption of the Roman Imperium, and by the mediæval idea of the universal Church and Empire. With the growth of modern European States the old fire has been rekindled, until in these days of fervid Imperialism and bitter international jealousies it is to be feared that it may leap beyond its proper bounds. It was a fine saying of Mazzini that nations are the citizens of humanity—golden words that in the stress of life may be forgotten; and if it was the work of the nineteenth century to consolidate the nations, it will be the work of the twentieth to show how for common ends they may live in harmony together.

ART. VII.—1. *The Awakening of the East.* By PIERRE LEROY-BEAULIEU. Translated by RICHARD DAVEY, with a preface by HENRY NORMAN. London: Heinemann. 1900.

2. *These from the Land of Sinim.* Essays on the Chinese Question. By Sir ROBERT HART, Bart., G.C.M.G. London: Chapman & Hall. 1901.

3. *China: her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce.* By E. H. PARKER. London: Murray. 1901.

4. *The Englishman in China.* Vol. I. By ALEXANDER MICHIE. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1900.

5. *A Year in China,* 1899–1900. By CLIVE BIGHAM. London: Macmillan. 1901.

6. *China's only Hope.* By CHANG CHIH-TUNG. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1901.

7. *Parliamentary Papers.*

IN the House of Lords on May 21 the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the invitation of Lord Spencer, reviewed the situation in China, and held out expectations that a settlement of various questions would shortly be attained. 'I hope and trust,' said Lord Lansdowne, 'that 'when the matter is again brought up in your lordships' 'House, as no doubt it will be, your lordships will find that 'we have not been unmindful of British influence, and that 'some further progress has been made in arriving at the end 'which we all so much desire.' There are some grounds for believing that the exceedingly important events of the past seven years may be followed by a period of comparative calm in the affairs of the Far East, and the complex situation which has arisen may be profitably examined in such light as is available.

The long history of European relations with the Chinese Empire may be said to have begun with the Russo-Chinese Treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, signed sixty-eight years before Bengal was occupied by the East India Company. A Russian settlement on the Sea of Okhotsk was established in 1638, four years before the outbreak of the Civil War in England, and Cossacks reached the Amur in 1644. Thus the first European Power to come into conflict and to conclude a treaty engagement with the Chinese was that which has now secured a supremely important position upon the Gulf of Pe-chi-li and is preparing to assimilate a large and valuable province. Russian progress in the Far East

was at first extraordinarily slow. While Great Britain, solely by reason of her maritime power, was able to carve out an Indian Empire, Russia could only develope trading settlements of little value in the frozen North. The sea power of Russia, carefully built up by Peter the Great, who ascended the throne in the year of the Treaty of Nerchinsk, was confined to the Baltic and the Black Sea. The navies of Peter and of Catharine II. played a vitally important part in determining the position of Russia in Europe; but geographical and other conditions denied to them all influence upon the ocean highways of the world. Thus, when British, Dutch, French, and Spanish fleets were contending for the mastery of the sea, those of Russia were practically landlocked. A maritime Power established in the North Pacific by the middle of the seventeenth century would have quickly found its way into warm water; but vast distances separated the military centres of Russia from her struggling settlements on the Sea of Okhotsk, and more than a century and a half elapsed after the signing of the Treaty of Nerchinsk before a great stride to the South could be taken. The Crimean war brought about an awakening of Russian activity. The naval proceedings of the Allies in the North Pacific were not remarkable for success, but were well calculated to reveal Russian needs in those waters. By a treaty of May 16, 1858, the Russian frontier was advanced southwards to the Amur. By another treaty, signed at Peking on November 14, 1860, the Usuri became the mutual boundary. Vladivostock could now be made into a naval port, and Manchuria was enveloped on the eastern side by Russian territory. The forward steps of Russia are well calculated and carefully prepared. In 1891 the grand project of the Siberian railway—a project essential to the developement of a country greater than Canada, as well as to the security of Russia in the Far East—was commenced. A glance at the map shows that the eastern section ending at Vladivostock should, unless insuperable physical obstacles intervened, traverse Manchuria so as to cut off the northerly bend of the Amur, and in 1896 the necessary concession was obtained from China. It was obvious that this step did not complete the designs of Russia. A railway traversing Chinese territory which contained good open harbours was scarcely likely to be confined to reaching a port closed by winter ice. Early in 1898 Mr. Balfour almost invited the Russian Government to take a harbour in warm water, and as soon as the German lease of Kiao-chau was announced

a similar arrangement was quickly concluded as regards Port Arthur, which became henceforth the prospective terminus of the great Siberian railway.

More than a century and a half separated the first Russian treaty with China from the first Anglo-Chinese treaty. The idea of the commercial importance of the Far East dawned slowly in this country, and is still imperfectly developed. After the general settlement of 1814, when for the second time the colonies of Holland were handed back to a people whose political gratitude has not been marked, one great Englishman alone seems to have grasped with prophetic instinct the immense possibilities of the future. The affairs of the Far East had been largely controlled by the East India Company, which, preoccupied with its own concerns, could not perhaps be expected to give attention to those of the China Sea. The desire for immediate returns inevitably tends to eliminate statesmanship from the management of chartered companies, and it was left to Sir Stamford Raffles to secure, by strenuous personal effort, the great gate of the Far East for the British Empire. 'Is not 'Russia extending her influence on all sides?' he wrote in a most remarkable State paper addressed to Canning in 1817.

'Has not France, in renouncing the Mauritius and all right of erecting forts on the continent of India, acquired a fresh motive for making establishments in the Eastern seas? What could be a more convenient stepping-stone to Siam and Cochin China, with which she has been always so desirous of establishing an intercourse?'

The result of the Treaty of Paris was, he pointed out to the Court of Directors, that 'the British have not now an 'inch of ground to stand upon between the Cape of Good 'Hope and China.' On January 29, 1819, Raffles hoisted the flag where the town of Singapore now stands, and after a long and an anxious struggle he secured the final approval of the British Government. What the possession of Singapore has meant in the past and will mean in the future is not yet fully realised. Without it our position in the Far East would have been compromised, and recent events have strikingly attested the political sagacity of a true Imperialist who laboured for the advantage of his country as some men labour for wealth and for power. 'What Malta is in the 'West, that,' he wrote on June 10, 1819, 'may Singapore 'become in the East,' and never was prophecy more completely fulfilled.

British trade with China, which began on a small scale at the end of the seventeenth century under the auspices of

the East India Company, had grown to considerable dimensions by the time that the colony of Singapore was founded. At this date India sent 10,000 tons of raw cotton annually to Chinese ports, and the increasing traffic in opium combined with dislike of the foreigner to cause acts of hostility on the part of the Chinese Government, which led to irregular war in 1839. The Treaty of Nanking in 1842 marked the real beginning of the foreign entanglements of China. Hong Kong became British territory; five ports were thrown open to European trade, and treaties with the United States, France, and Russia soon followed. In October 1860 an Anglo-French force occupied Peking, and looted and destroyed the Summer Palace. China had shown great military incompetence during the war, and many Powers proceeded to force treaties on her acceptance. Russia at once obtained the important cession of the Usuri territory. Prussia secured a treaty in September 1861, and Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Belgium, Austria, Japan, and Peru successively followed. Henceforth foreign Legations were permanently installed at Peking, while in 1862 France established herself at Saigon and proceeded to embark upon large schemes of territorial aggrandisement, which embraced Annam, Tonking, and a portion of Siam. Thus the squeeze upon China—territorial, political, and commercial—may be said to have begun in earnest after the occupation of Peking; and while the Chinese became involved in complicated obligations foreign to their ancient traditions and imperfectly understood, the European Powers were launched upon a course of rivalry and mutual jealousy which may permanently imperil the peace of the world. In an interesting chapter entitled 'The Arrival of the 'Europeans' Mr. E. H. Parker * traces the gradual building up of European interests in China, and provides a useful list of treaties extending over more than two centuries, which serves to mark the links in the long chain which binds the restless West with the slow-changing East in an ill-assorted union. He considers that 'from 1860 to 1870 'England was the sole influential Power at Peking—per-'haps with Russia, on account of her land frontiers and her 'consequent proximity, as a good second.' New conditions, however, soon arose, which tended to bring upon the scene other active competitors for the means of manipulating to their own advantage the hapless Government of China.

* China.

Germany, after her great military successes, began to develope into an industrial and a commercial nation with wide-ranging ambitions. A powerful colonial party with exaggerated aims came into existence, and naturally sought for power and position in the Far East. France, humbled for the time in Europe, began to look abroad for moral and material compensations, which might be readily obtained in Southern China, where, as Sir Stamford Raffles predicted, she had already established a naval station and a sphere of influence. In 1873 Russia reached Khiva, and her steady progress in Central Asia produced growing irritation in England, where it seems to have been believed that the vast territories bordering the frontiers of India and Afghanistan could be permanently maintained in a state of pristine barbarism on the strength of the vague assurances of an inevitably expanding Power. In 1878 the Near Eastern question became critical, and the rebuff inflicted upon Russia at the Berlin Conference—a rebuff from which Great Britain drew no advantage—inspired measures which led to the Second Afghan War, supplied impetus to the gigantic project of the Siberian railway, and provided fresh incentives to Russian ambitions in the Far East. Thus the questions of the Near and the Far East became closely intertwined, and Peking began to reflect the vexed politics of Europe. Lastly, a new force, previously unsuspected and unimagined, began to assert itself as a formidable rival to Western energy. Japan, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu points out,* was nearly converted to Christianity in the sixteenth century; but disunion among the missionaries provoked a strong reaction which postponed for three hundred years the introduction of Western civilisation. The enforced opening of Japanese ports by the United States Navy in 1854, followed by British naval action, was the first step in the awakening of Japan. The transformation is now complete, and history records no change so rapid and so significant. A great branch of the Yellow race has shown extraordinary aptitude for the assimilation of Western ideas and for the creation and the handling of Western armaments. Henceforth the Japanese, whose history and geographical conditions curiously resemble our own, and who possess an insight into Chinese character denied to Europeans, must exercise a potent influence in the Far East.

* The Awakening of the East.

When, in July 1894, the China-Japan war broke out, it might have been predicted with certainty that, should the Chinese display evident naval and military weakness, a fresh period of competitive intervention in their affairs would inevitably follow. So little was the situation understood in this country that the defeat of Japan was generally expected, and that belief in the latent resisting power of China was almost universal. The Japanese, however, had taken the measure of their ancient enemy far more accurately than the European observers, and their organising powers had been greatly underrated. A vigorously offensive campaign by land and sea proved uniformly successful, and by March 1895 Japan was in a position to move on Peking. The European Powers were quite unprepared for this startling *dénouement*, and the Treaty of Shimonoseki conflicted violently with projects which Russia would have preferred to postpone. It was necessary to act at once if these projects were not to be seriously compromised, and joint action was taken by Russia, France, and Germany, resulting in the retrocession to China of the Liao-Tong peninsula which had been occupied by the Japanese. That France would act with her incongruous ally was expected; but the inclusion of Germany in this novel Triple Alliance came as a surprise. The Russian game was now transparently clear, and the Cassini Convention, obtained after a decorous delay in September 1896, must have served to resolve any lingering doubts. If British policy had demanded resistance to a Russian advance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, the chance presented itself in upholding the Treaty of Shimonoseki, and the Government has been blamed for not taking this action. The naval and military position occupied by Japan, then flushed with victory, was exceedingly strong. Russia was unprepared, and neither Germany nor France could have intervened with effect in the China Sea. An Anglo-Japanese alliance would not, however, have been acceptable at this time to a people who had hardly learned to distinguish between Japanese and Chinese, while the vital interests of this country do not lie in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. In these circumstances, the Government would not have been justified in accepting the risk of war; but, an opportunity which could not be expected to recur having been allowed to pass, no special grievance could be alleged when the necessary consequences presented themselves.

How far the Foreign Office realised what was plainly

implied by the eviction of Japan from the Liao-Tong peninsula and by the Cassini Convention cannot be ascertained. In our handling of the question of the Far East from first to last, it is impossible to discover any traces of a reasoned and consistent policy. While the plans of Russia and of Germany were carefully laid, and each was aiming at definite objects, we, in accordance with habit, were preoccupied with the vague idea that Russian progress must in some way be checked, or at least that something must be done which would bear this appearance. It followed that each successive phase in the changing aspect of Far Eastern affairs found us unprepared and blindly groping for a line of action. A Power which is unable to decide where its real interests lie is at a marked disadvantage in dealing with one that steadfastly pursues definite ends, and the statesmanship or the strategy which fails to discern primary objectives and addresses itself to subsidiary ends can expect no solid achievement. (In China, as in South Africa, and largely for the same reason, we have encountered a series of exceedingly unpleasant surprises.)

After the important events of 1895–96 there was a brief pause in Far Eastern developements. Time was thus available for considering the situation and for arriving at a perception of what was implied by the clearing of the Liao-Tong peninsula and by the concession of rights of railway construction to such an energetic Power as Russia in an outlying province of such a hopelessly weak Power as China. This concession could evidently be viewed in the light of the strategic possibilities bound up with the Siberian project and of the naval questions involved. In March 1899 the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office pointed out that 'we are dealing with a Government (that of China) which 'cannot even control portions of its own territory;' but the date at which this all-important fact was first recognised is uncertain. Some German missionaries having been murdered in the province of Shan-tung, Kiao-chau was suddenly occupied in November 1897. The military occupation of a port on the Chinese mainland by a Power which cherishes the doctrine of the hinterland was a startling new departure. Great Britain had held a small strip of territory at Kau-lun opposite to Hong Kong since 1842, but had made no attempt to extend her boundaries. Russia at Vladivostock and France in Cochin China and Tonking occupied territories over which China had exercised no real control; but the action of Germany gave rise, as soon appeared, to

the theory of the 'sphere of influence.' Events now moved fast, and the unhappy Government at Peking was besieged with demands of all kinds which it was powerless to resist, while each concession to one Power entailed compensatory claims from others. Russia acquired the lease of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan; France occupied Kwang-chau-wan Bay; and, later, Italy made a request for a port in Sammun Bay, but received little encouragement from the other Powers, which, being temporarily satisfied with their gains, were inclined to regard further territorial cessions as immoral. The Foreign Office, which appeared somewhat unnecessarily pleased with the establishment of Germany on the Chinese seaboard, was seriously taken aback by the consequent proceedings of Russia. No plan of action had been thought out in view of probable contingencies, and no clear ideas as to how British interests might be safeguarded seem to have existed. It was, however, necessary to do something. For parliamentary purposes, at least, some step capable of being represented as a positive check to the progress of Russia must be taken, although Lord Salisbury was convinced that the occupation of Port Arthur was a disadvantage to that enterprising Power. 'I think,' he informed the Primrose League,* 'that Russia has made a 'great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it is 'any use to her whatever.' The China Association, however, which has frequently supplied the Foreign Office with valuable information and sound advice, thought otherwise, realising fully † and with absolute correctness that much more than the occupation of Port Arthur was involved. Two British ships of war happened to be lying in the new Russian harbour, and the Russian ambassador having represented that their presence was 'producing a bad impression' in his country, they shortly put to sea, in accordance, as was explained to Parliament, with the ordinary naval routine of the China station. The Government has been severely blamed for permitting, or directing, these ships to quit Port Arthur, and the political effect of their departure at this juncture was certainly unfortunate. There were, however, no valid grounds for opposing the Russian occupation of a port under the terms of a cession formally obtained. Having no desire for any Manchurian harbour, not being in the position of a Power protecting China, and

* Albert Hall, May 4, 1898.
† Letter of April 14, 1898.

having acquiesced in the more high-handed proceedings of Germany at Kiao-chau, Great Britain had no claim to interfere, and the importance of the departure or withdrawal of the ships has been somewhat exaggerated. On the other hand, two most ambitious European Powers having taken steps which directly violated the integrity of China, clearly indicated the establishment of the new doctrine of spheres of influence, and practically changed the whole situation in the Far East, some plain intimation of British policy and some definition of British interests were imperatively demanded. Germany and Russia had acted without any regard to our susceptibilities, and had shown their hands. Both must have expected that Great Britain, with paramount commercial interests in China, would at once take effective measures to secure those interests. What was possible immediately after the Russian and the German proceedings would evidently be outside the scope of practical politics as soon as those Powers had begun to digest their new acquisitions and to invest them with an imperial character. Thus the winter of 1897-98 was a turning-point, and upon the line of action adopted by the Government the future position of Great Britain in the Far East depended.

Unfortunately the Foreign Office appears to have been in the grip of 'the malady of not marking,' which threatens to become endemic in this country. The Parliamentary papers give no indication of any adequate grasp of the situation, and the Government seems to have been more anxious to 'save its face' than to safeguard the national interests. The astute suggestion of the Tsung-li-Yamen, that a lease of Wei-hai-wei might be obtained, was therefore eagerly seized upon, and the acquisition of this unimportant harbour was at once elevated into the position of an object of primary importance. In April 1898 the British Minister at Peking informed the Chinese Government that

'the balance of power in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li must be redressed by a lease of Wei-hai-wei on similar terms to those of Russia at Port Arthur.'

It was at the same time pointed out that

'no opposition had been raised to such Russian requirements as the extension of the Siberian railway to an ice-free port, and the lease of the latter from China; but the acquisition of a fortified port was on a totally different footing. Great Britain had given a proof of her sincerity in declaring the acquisition of Wei-hai-wei to be forced upon her, by offering a pledge that she would ask for no port in the Gulf if Russia would abstain from her demand for Port Arthur.'

These statements embody the most amazing misconceptions, and clearly show that, at this crisis, the Government was without competent naval and military advice. The idea that the 'balance of power' could be 'redressed' by the occupation of Wei-hai-wei, or that this open harbour with a scrap of territory behind it was any equivalent to Port Arthur backed by a great strategic railway and by the varied and extensive resources of Manchuria, is not worth serious consideration. Port Arthur had been expensively fortified by Major Von Hannecken, and the Japanese had only removed the armaments. It is difficult to believe that the Government could have imagined for a moment that the 'ice-free port,' which was to be the terminus of the Siberian railway and the great Russian naval station in the Far East, would not be fortified, and the surprise indicated by the statement above quoted is inexplicable. Lastly, the 'pledge' offered—that, if Russia would forgo immense political and naval advantages for which she had long and carefully schemed, Wei-hai-wei would be given back to China—recalls the similar condition attached to the Cyprus Convention, and was equally futile. The German stipulations as regards Kiao-chau were characteristic of a statesmanship which differs widely from our own. It was provided in the treaty of March 6, 1898, that if Kiao-chau was at any time restored, German expenditure there was to be refunded, and that China was 'to cede to Germany a more 'suitable place.'

The lease of Wei-hai-wei, embodied in the treaty of July 1, 1898, served to delude uninstructed opinion in this country. The subject was debated in the House of Commons in May 1899, when it was clear that the Government had not arrived at any decision as to the uses of this remote harbour, which, however, was vaguely described as 'a 'secondary naval base.' The Admiralty has since most wisely decided not to fortify the place, and this 'secondary 'naval base' will, in the near future, be as little regarded as is now the 'place of arms' which was held up to our admiration when Cyprus was annexed. The occupation of Wei-hai-wei—destined, according to Mr. Balfour, to possess commercial value, which Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, more wisely doubted—led to one curious result. The German Government became alarmed for the hinterland of Kiao-chau, and in order to soothe its anxieties Mr. Balfour informed the British Ambassador at Berlin on April 7, 1898, that

'Her Majesty's Government will agree to a declaration that we will not construct any railroad communication from Wei-hai-wei and the district linked with that place into the interior of the province.'

On April 19, 1898, this declaration was made more explicit, and Sir F. Lascelles was instructed that

'England formally declares to Germany that in establishing herself at Wei-hai-wei she has no intention of injuring or contesting the rights and interests of Germany in the province of Shan-tung, or of creating difficulties for her in that province. It is especially understood that England will not construct any railroad communication from Wei-hai-wei and the districts leased thereto into the interior of the province of Shan-tung.'

Little more than a month previously* Mr. Curzon had announced in the House of Commons that

'the integrity and independence of China are matters of intense solicitude to the Government, . . . and may be considered to be the cardinal bases of our policy.'

The declarations made to Germany plainly implied acquiescence in a sphere of influence in Shan-tung, as the German Government thoroughly understood and afterwards affirmed in the plainest language. The 'integrity' of China was at an end before Mr. Curzon spoke; how absolutely the 'independence' of China as a sovereign Power had ceased to exist is proved by the slightest examination of the diplomatic proceedings at Peking.

If the idea of thwarting Russia had not effectually obscured more important objects, the lease of the island of Chusan at the mouth of the Yang-tsze, which has been twice occupied by our forces, and which possesses real strategic and commercial importance, would doubtless have been obtained.

Much diplomatic energy having been expended upon the acquisition of Wei-hai-wei, more was soon afterwards devoted to the support of a railway extension from Shan-hai-kwan to Nieu-chwang financed by the Hong Kong and Shanghae Bank, and naturally opposed by Russia. The reasons for the strenuous advocacy of the expenditure of British capital† upon the construction of a strategic railway in a territory obviously earmarked by another Power cannot be discovered. The question was ultimately settled, after causing much irritation, and the acceptance of M. Pavloff's stipulations involved the official recognition of a Russian

* On March 1, 1898.

† 2,800,000*l.*

sphere of influence in Manchuria. This was the only practical result of great diplomatic activity which might have been usefully bestowed in other directions.

Meanwhile other measures were in progress, and onwards from January 1898 the helpless Government at Peking was cajoled and threatened into the granting of concessions of all kinds. It is impossible to study the Blue Book covering this period* without feeling sympathy for the unhappy country, to preserve the 'independence' of which was one of the two 'cardinal bases' of British policy. The Yamen, under pressure from Russia, had rejected a British loan, and on February 20, 1898, Sir C. MacDonald telegraphed:

'I have had four interviews with the Yamen for the purpose of extracting some concessions in return for the rejection of the offer of a guaranteed British loan.'

At the same time a declaration in regard to the 'non-'alienation of the Yang-tsze region' was demanded, and proposals were made for opening the interior waterways of China. The reply of the Yamen on February 11 with respect to the Yang-tsze is eminently characteristic:

'The Yamen have to observe that the Yang-tsze region is of the greatest importance as concerning the whole position (or interests) of China, and it is out of the question that territory (in it) should be mortgaged, leased, or ceded to another Power.'

It is exceedingly difficult to believe that the Foreign Office could have attached the smallest value to this declaration, which merely affirmed the obvious proposition that China would not part with any portion of the Yang-tsze provinces if she were able to avoid so doing. The concession opening the waterways has proved, so far, a failure; because, as Sir R. Hart points out, it was concluded without knowledge, not accompanied by proper regulations, and prematurely made public.

France having been actively engaged in the pursuit of concessions, Mr. Balfour telegraphed on April 13, 1898:

'Inform Yamen that, although they have not followed our advice, we are anxious to maintain, as far as possible, the integrity of China, and will, therefore, not make new territorial demands upon them. It is, however, absolutely necessary, if we are to pursue this policy, that they on their side should first immediately conclude negotiations—(*a*) for giving us all the land required for military defences of Hong Kong; (*b*) to fulfil their promise to make Nanning a treaty port; (*c*) to give some railway concession; (*d*) an agreement as to the

* China, No. 1, 1899.

non-alienation of Kuang-tung and Yun-nan. In connection with (*d*) it is in the interests of China, and is justified by the proximity of Yun-nan to Burmah, and by our commercial preponderance in Kuang-tung.

Three months later the Foreign Office appears to have been dissatisfied with the results of the competition at Peking, and Lord Salisbury telegraphed on July 13, 1898 :—

'It does not seem that the battle of concessions is going well for us, and that the mass of Chinese railways, if they are ever built, will be in foreign hands is a possibility that we must face. One evil of this is a possibility that no orders for materials will come to this country. That we cannot help. The other evil is that by differential rates and privileges the managers of the railways may strangle our trade. This we ought to be able to prevent, by pressing that proper provision for equal treatment be inserted in every concession.'

Lord Salisbury's alarm in regard to a probable paucity of British railway concessions seems to have been groundless. On November 23, 1898, Sir C. MacDonald was able to report progress to that date as follows:—

Nationality	Number	Total length
British	4	2,800*
Russian	3	1,530
German	2	720*
Belgian	1	650
French	3	420
American	1	300*

On July 22 Lord Salisbury offered assistance to China in certain contingencies.

'You may inform the Tsung-li-Yamen,' he telegraphed, 'that her Majesty's Government will support them against any Power which commits an act of aggression on China by reason of their having granted to a British subject permission to make or support any railway or similar public work.'

It was hardly probable that any Power would commit 'an 'act of aggression' on these grounds, and the Yamen, while tendering 'most sincere thanks,' observed that

'no foreign Power has committed, or has threatened to commit, any aggression on account of concessions to British subjects, and they furthermore trust that no such aggression or threat will occur.'

After these amenities it is disconcerting to find that, less

* Half-interests reckoned at half the estimated length of line.

than a month later, Mr. Balfour delivered an ultimatum to China:—

'Inform Yamen that they must assent to your proposal No. 2 without delay. . . . After consultation with the Admiral you may give them the number of days or hours you think proper within which to send their reply. The delay should not be of too long duration.'

Further threats followed a week later, and the supreme importance previously attached to the 'independence' of China seems to have been temporarily forgotten. No shred of real independence can be said to have remained to a Power from which concessions were extorted in this fashion.

The fiction that China was independent had to be maintained in order that the complicated arrangements concluded might bear the semblance of formal treaties; but the so-called negotiations were dictated, and the Tsung-li-Yamen, while able to offer temporary obstruction and to promote irritation among the Powers, was unable to resist pressure relentlessly applied. In the absorbing interest of what Lord Salisbury happily called 'the battle of concessions,' it was natural that Chinese sentiment should be entirely disregarded. As Sir R. Hart reminds us, however, 'there is 'such a thing as Chinese feeling,'* and the humiliation liberally heaped upon an empire which was unified almost in its present form about 222 B.C. quickly bore fruit. In September 1898 there was a Palace revolution at Peking, which brought the reactionary Manchu party into power. It was reported from Shanghae that the reformers, vaguely identified in popular belief with the concessions recently extorted, were 'being hunted down.' Kang Yu-wei, their leader, was saved by being intercepted outside Woosung, where he was transferred to a British steamer and conveyed to Hong Kong. In October Europeans were stoned in Peking, and guards were brought up to the Legations. The battle of concessions had ended, and a plain warning of approaching trouble passed almost unnoticed. In Manchuria and at Port Arthur the Russians displayed great activity. Their railways steadily progressed, and the navigation of the rivers Sungari and Nonni was sedulously developed. Mr. Bigham in the summer of 1899 travelled for 600 miles down the former, and found that the Russian vessels could steam 'all night; for as regards lighting and buoying, the 'river is distinctly in advance of the Yang-tsze, where such 'things . . . are much inclined to stand still.'† The

* These from the Land of Sinim.

† A Year in China.

Convention of 1896 had been turned to account with the utmost energy, and in four years railway communication was established between Harbin and Vladivostock, Port Arthur and Peking. The northern section, from Harbin to Nagadan on the Manchurian frontier, which crosses difficult country, remained to be completed in order to couple the Gulf of Pe-chi-li and the Sea of Japan with the railway system of Europe. Harbin, where the southern and western branches unite, grew in two years from 'a nameless hamlet '. . . into a thriving town with ten thousand inhabitants,' probably destined to become 'not only the commercial focus 'of Manchuria, but also the political and administrative 'capital of North-Eastern Asia.' * Here already

'commodious red-brick railway offices, a bank, a club, a public garden, a bandstand, a church, and electric light attest the regular and rapid advance of Siberian civilisation.' *

One hundred and fifty miles southwards, unperturbed by the tremendous activity of the Russians, the Chinese Government arsenal at Kirin was 'mainly occupied in 'making native gingalls, the big smooth-bored blunderbusses which take three men to carry and to shoot;' and the Tartar general who had recently petitioned the Throne that the army should revert to bows and arrows must have appreciated the significance of the Cassini Convention as imperfectly as did the Foreign Office and public opinion in this country. 'It must be remembered that Port Arthur is not yet 'annexed to Russia,' was the comment in 1897 of one London journal, which confidently asserted at the same time that 'the central and most populous part of China . . . 'will go to Great Britain.'

While the Russians were energetically exploiting their new sphere of influence, and while concessionnaires were engaged in elaborating their varied projects, diplomatic tension at Peking was temporarily in abeyance. Cool observers in this country were, however, far from being satisfied with the trend of events in China, and both in and outside Parliament anxiety found expression. It was felt that, in the words of the 'Times,' † the Foreign Office had been 'caught napping' at a critical time, and that the 'earlier policy of the Government' had shown 'essential 'incoherence.' Three different and in some respects mutually destructive policies had, in fact, commended themselves to our puzzled authorities. The 'territorial in-

* A Year in China. † March 1899.

'dependence' of China, which had been held up as a 'watchword,' disappeared with the German occupation of Kiao-chau and the Cassini Convention, while the complicated concessions extorted from the Yamen involved larger territorial responsibilities than appear to have been realised. The 'open door,' advocated by the United States and admirable in theory, implied a general agreement among the Powers which had not been attained, while it was clearly opposed to the objects of certain European Governments. The 'sphere of influence,' on the other hand, although implicitly conceded by the Foreign Office to Germany and to Russia, was nevertheless treated as if non-existent. A fourth policy—the reorganisation under British auspices of the military forces of China—was advocated by Lord Charles Beresford * without any apparent perception of the fact that it would entail a virtual protectorate of the Celestial Empire. At a time when it was impossible to ascertain what objects the Government had in view, it was natural that our position in the Yang-tsze valley, the focus of a large trade built up during many years, should be viewed with misgivings. Thus the China Association expressed regret that no 'anticipatory understanding' had been arrived at with Russia when her occupation of an ice-free port 'was indicated as inevitable.' † After pointing out with perfect accuracy that, by the occupation of Manchuria, Russia 'gains a portentous increase of military 'strength,' and calling attention to the immense predominance of British interests in 'the provinces bordering 'on the Yang-tsze,' the Association pleaded 'for information 'as to the nature of the arrangements by which the integrity 'of this region is to be preserved.' More than a year later the Anglo-Russian agreement was made public. By the terms of this instrument,

'Great Britain and Russia, animated by a sincere desire to avoid in China all cause of conflict on questions where their interests meet, and taking into consideration the economic and geographical gravitation of certain parts of that Empire, agreed as follows:—

'Great Britain engages not to seek for on her own account, or on behalf of British subjects, any railway concessions to the north of the Great Wall of China, and not to obstruct, directly or indirectly, applications for railway concessions in that region supported by the Russian Government.'

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* The Break-up of China, 1899.

† Letter to Lord Salisbury, April 14, 1898.

Russia, on her part, made an identical declaration as regards 'the basin of the Yang-tsze,' and the two Powers undertook

'to communicate to the Chinese Government the present arrangement, which, by averting all cause of complications between them, is of a nature to consolidate peace in the Far East and to serve the primordial interests of China herself.'

This 'arrangement' of a belated diplomacy, although relating to railways only, proved that direct agreements between the Powers were not impossible as a substitute for competitive manipulations of the dummy Government at Peking. The respective positions of the two signatories as regards the spheres defined were, however, clearly unequal. For more than three years Russia had been steadily developing military and political strength in Manchuria, while Great Britain had done nothing to consolidate her power in 'the basin of the Yang-tsze.' Moreover, the German Government had a year previously disclaimed all recognition of any special British rights in this region. On May 11, 1898, Count Hatzfeldt informed Lord Salisbury that

'Germany, by her occupation of Kiao-chau and her agreement with China respecting Shan-tung, has acquired a special position in that province, which consequently is not unreservedly open to British enterprise, whereas, Great Britain not having occupied any place in the Yang-tsze region, that region is still unreservedly open to German enterprise.'

Whether this declaration was intended as a warning or as an invitation is uncertain; but Lord Salisbury, in transmitting it to Sir F. Lascelles, only observed, 'To this con-'tention I was, of course, entirely unable to assent.' The German Government subsequently acted upon the principle laid down by Count Hatzfeldt, and demanded at Peking that the Shan-tung section of the projected Anglo-German railway should be 'treated between China and Germany 'apart.' It is thus clear that we have no recognised special rights in the valley of the Yang-tsze, such as Germany has acquired in Shan-tung and Russia in Manchuria, and that, beyond the pledge of the latter Power not to interfere in railway matters, there are no engagements precluding the establishment of foreign vested interests within this region. The opportunity lost when Germany and Russia obtained territorial possessions on the Chinese mainland may never recur.

On May 10, 1899, the Duke of Devonshire informed the Bankers' Association that

'we should still have the "open door" in China so long as it was in the power of the Chinese Government to observe its treaty engagements; and if the Government was not in a position to observe their engagements, other measures would have to be taken in reference to a new state of things.'

The fallacy of regarding China as an independent sovereign Power after the proceedings of 1898 was here reasserted, and it seems to have been forgotten that an 'open door' with a European sphere of influence behind it was not identical with a treaty port of the accustomed type.

Revolts on a small and a large scale have been frequent in China, where secret societies have flourished for centuries. A country whose regular forces are weak and disorganised usually turns to volunteers in times of emergency. After the death of Kublai Khan, the Mongols were driven out of China by a popular military movement akin to that of the Boxers. Mr. Parker considers that the White Lily Society, prohibited by edict in 1308, was a closely analogous organisation, and he points out that a revolt began in 1622 'in 'the exact spot where the present Boxer rebellion had its 'birth.'* The Taeping Rebellion, springing from obscure sources in the southern provinces and mingling political objects with simple marauding, threatened the ruin of China until it was stemmed by the genius of Gordon. There were abundant reasons appealing to the Chinese mind for a popular revolt against the steadily growing interference of the foreigner, and the reactionary Government established at Peking by the Palace revolution of September 1898 would naturally encourage such a movement. 'Books, magazines, 'and newspapers' which, misreading the lessons of the Boer war, extolled irregular levies at the expense of trained troops, may, as Sir R. Hart thinks, have led the mandarins to expect much from volunteers. The Boxers, part patriots, part brigands, and wholly fanatics, grew rapidly in numbers and acquired the rudiments of an organisation, while the Legations at Peking were almost unconscious of the coming danger. The French Minister seems to have felt serious misgivings; but his British colleague reported that 'a few 'days' heavy rainfall' would probably calm the rising waves of rebellion. 'Some of us,' writes Sir R. Hart, 'regarded 'the movement as very significant; but we did not expect 'it to become a danger before autumn; its earlier develope-'ment was a genuine surprise.' By June 16, 1900, the

* China.

foreigners in Peking were isolated, massacres of missionaries and native Christians had occurred, and the European Powers were caught unprepared. On the 19th the Yamen stated that the Taku Forts were about to be seized, and ordered the Legations to leave Peking within twenty-four hours. On the following day the German Minister was murdered, and Chinese troops began to participate in the proceedings of the Boxers. Sir R. Hart evidently believes that the seizure of the Taku Forts determined the attitude of the Chinese Government; but it appears exceedingly doubtful whether that Government, then practically in the hands of Prince Tuan, would in any case have resisted the anti-foreign movement. The grave risks incurred by the dynasty and the empire would not appeal to men ignorant of the resources of the European Powers and probably able to believe that China might be finally freed from the presence of the foreigner by the agency of the Boxers. Until August 14 the heroic defence of the Legations was maintained. International jealousies were forgotten in face of a common danger, and a happy unity of effort was secured. The isolated Pei Tang, or Northern Cathedral, was independently defended with great gallantry by French and Italian bluejackets till relieved on August 16. Sir R. Hart gives an interesting account of the proceedings,* and of the curious communications from 'Prince Ching and others,' who sent in letters of condolence with the news of the deaths of the King of Italy and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. There can be little doubt that some one endeavoured to protect the Legations by indirect means. As Sir R. Hart states:—

'Attacks were not made by such numbers as the Government had at its disposal—they were never pushed home, but always ceased just when we found they would succeed—and had the force round us really attacked with thoroughness and determination, we could not have held out a week, perhaps not even a day.'

The facts may never be known; but it seems clear that some enlightened Chinese authority must have dexterously intervened between the orders from the Palace and their execution.

The dangerous situation which had suddenly arisen prompted the hurried despatch of an international naval brigade to Peking. From the military point of view, the

* This account supplements the official despatches (China, Nos. 3 and 4, 1901) in several respects.

decision taken on board the British flagship on June 9 appears undeniably rash, while the heavy draft of officers, seamen, and marines left our fleet practically *hors de combat.* The feeling that something must be done to save the Legations was, however, naturally strong, and the difficulties were easily underrated. The column under Vice-Admiral Sir E. Seymour, numbering a little over 2,000 men,* composed of eight nationalities, which left Tientsin by railway on June 10, soon found itself in a precarious position with its communications cut, had to fight its way back, and most fortunately succeeded in capturing the fortified arsenal at Hsiku, five miles from Tientsin, where it was relieved on June 24, after losing nearly 300 killed and wounded. The operations, which are ably described by Mr. Bigham,† barely escaped disaster. It was a gallant effort predoomed to failure; but, as at Peking, full harmony and loyal co-operation appear to have prevailed among the mixed forces. Mr. Bigham pays a well-merited tribute to the American, German, Russian, and Japanese sailors, and intimates that recognition of the fighting power of other nations is, for us, a salutary lesson. Of the Boxers he writes:—

'Their shooting was bad, and they appeared to have no leaders or organisation. But what they lacked in drill they made up for in courage and dash, their bravery in the face of heavy odds continually convincing us that there is much less cowardice and much more patriotism or faith among the Chinese than has hitherto been believed. The Imperial troops, with whom we subsequently had continual fighting, did not show up nearly so well.'

The Chinese, writes M. Leroy-Beaulieu, are bad soldiers because they have 'detestable officers,' and the fighting power of the race has, therefore, been greatly underrated. Capably led, however, the Chinese have displayed excellent military qualities. Even the regiment recently raised at Wei-hai-wei, under British officers, behaved with great steadiness and courage at Tientsin. If to the spirit which animated the Boxers are added leadership, organisation, and modern armaments, the teeming millions of China may some day supply armies which, in the words of Sir R. Hart,

'will make residence in China impossible for foreigners, will take back from foreigners everything that foreigners have taken from Chinese, will pay off old grudges with interest, and will carry the Chinese flag and Chinese arms into many a place that even fancy will not suggest to-day.'

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* British, 900.

† A Year in China.

As Mr. Henry Norman points out,* the situation in 1900 closely resembled that of 1860. Then, as last year, China violated the sanctity of embassies and drew upon herself swift retribution at the hands of the Western Powers. Then, also, only a small portion of the empire was involved, and elsewhere order was maintained. The task of the Powers was to occupy Tientsin and to organise an expeditionary force to proceed to Peking with the least delay. If Southern China had risen, or if the Japanese had not been ready with well-equipped forces near at hand, the difficulties would have been immense. Russians from Port Arthur, Germans from Kiao-chau, French from Tonking, Americans from Manila, and British forces from Hong Kong and India soon reached the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and were followed by contingents from Europe. So many different nationalities have never before been engaged in joint military operations. The native city of Tientsin was captured on July 14 after heavy fighting, and the British and American commanders, in spite of the relative smallness of their forces, insisted upon an early advance without waiting for the arrival of French, German, and Russian reinforcements. The march, which began on August 4, was excessively trying, and the brunt of the fighting fell upon the Japanese, who at Pei-tsang, on August 5, carried 'line after line in the most gallant 'manner,' and justly received from the British commander 'the whole credit of the victory.'† With the occupation of Peking, the Chinese resistance practically collapsed, although expeditions, some of which appear to have had little military justification, were subsequently undertaken by the allied forces.

China had given great provocation to the Powers, and exasperation was inevitable. Nothing, however, can excuse the wholesale massacre of unarmed men and the outrages committed on helpless women by some of the troops of nominally Christian nations, or the looting and destruction carried to barbaric extremes. The methods of Attila and of Timur were successfully imitated by the representatives of Western civilisation in the last year of the nineteenth century. 'It has been a ruthless, horrible campaign, but 'our own men have had no part in the cruelty of it,' states Mr. H. C. Thomson,‡ and other eye-witnesses, not British

* Preface to The Awakening of the East.

† Despatch of Lieut.-General Sir A. Gaselee.

‡ 'With the Peking Relief Force,' National Review, April 1901.

alone, have given some of the hideous details. As Sir R. Hart pertinently asks:

'Will brand and sword have produced that wholesome fear which must blossom into peace and goodwill, or only a gruesome terror to be replaced by nothing but hate and a lust for vengeance?'

The occupation of Peking placed the Allies in a position of much difficulty. Chinese, men, women, and children, had been killed by the thousand. The number could at any time be increased by despatching an expedition to some centre of population within reach; but the responsible authors of the crimes of China remained unpunished, and the Court had fled to Si-ngan-fu. The situation was, for Great Britain, particularly embarrassing, since her whole military system was severely strained by the South African war, which had not, in the judgement of Europe, added to her prestige. Thus the leverage at the disposal of British diplomacy was weakened at a time when strength was sorely needed. Moreover, the violent anti-British outbursts in the continental press were well calculated to create difficulties by promoting ill feeling on the part of some European forces against our troops in China. It was also, at this special juncture, unfortunate that we should be represented mainly by the native army of India, of which the European conscripts and their untravelled officers had no knowledge. Ignorance and race prejudice inflicted on our gallant dark-skinned soldiers indignities which they were quick to feel and to resent. With a larger fighting force in China, outside Manchuria, than any other Power, we were nevertheless placed in a somewhat humiliating position, and incidents of an exceedingly unpleasant character have been far too common. Prestige, which counts for much in dealing with an Eastern race, has certainly not accrued to us as a result of recent proceedings. The preoccupations arising from an exacting war inevitably tended to withdraw public attention in this country from the affairs of the Far East, and the necessary stimulus to the action of the Government was in part lacking. In the circumstances, blame should perhaps be qualified. The Blue Books narrating our part in the tragi-comedy played in China are, however, somewhat painful reading. There are few signs of initiative, of forethought, or of grasp of the situation, and the evident want of any policy worthy of the name has led to unfortunate results. The so-called 'Concert' of the Powers was necessarily unreal throughout; but the interests of certain

Governments were identical with our own, and the cards which we held were either badly played or thrown away. In the absence of initiative on the part of the Government most concerned in the affairs of China, by reason of a paramount commerce, German, Russian, and French proposals took the field. The Memorandum of M. Delcassé * became the basis of the subsequent negotiations, and the first drafting of such a basis is, in diplomacy as in other matters, a distinct advantage. It is deplorable that the Foreign Office should, at an early period, have been content to follow instead of seeking to lead. No worse place of conference than Peking could possibly have been selected. As the special correspondent of the 'Times' points out, the effect was to put no less than eleven Powers in a position of quasi-equality, and the discussions were presided over by the Spanish Minister, who chanced to be the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Body, and who represented a country with no interests in China.† Again, Ministers who had recently undergone the terrible strain of the siege, and whose minds must almost inevitably have been strongly imbued with the idea of retribution against individuals, were not well qualified to decide upon the terms of settlement. Lastly, the immense complications attaching to discussions at Peking by representatives who had to refer everything to their respective Governments, which Governments were at the same time engaged in involved telegraphic and other communications among themselves, was exactly calculated to cause dangerous delays and misunderstandings, while weakening the position of Great Britain. The United States proposed that plenipotentiaries should meet in a European capital, and the Russian Government suggested that the assessment of the indemnities should be referred to the Court of Arbitration at the Hague. It does not appear that any great opposition would have been raised to the removal of the place of negotiations from Peking; but the Foreign Office showed no realisation of the plain evils of the course pursued.

The acceptance of Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang as Chinese plenipotentiaries was another mistake of the first magnitude. The reception of the former at the Legations after his mocking communications during the siege 'was

* Communicated to Lord Salisbury on October 4, 1900.

† It even appears not to be contemplated to provide Señor Cologan with a successor.

'an anomaly upon which the Chinese mind could not fail 'to place a false construction.' Li Hung Chang was reported by the British Minister on September 8, 1898, to have 'recently shown himself markedly antagonistic to 'our interests.' He was an instrument in the hands of Russia and of the Dowager Empress, and a traitor to the great viceroys of the Yang-tsze provinces. Every consideration demanded that Li Hung Chang should not, after the settlement, be able to pose as the saviour of China and to enhance his power; but this does not appear to have occurred to H.M. Government.

While real fighting had to be carried out, the generals on the spot acted in creditable harmony. The British and United States commanders were even successful in securing the early advance to Peking by which the Legations were saved. As soon as all military danger was at an end, the appointment of Count von Waldersee to the supreme command was made in deference to the wishes of the German Emperor. There was much to be said for the appointment of a commander-in-chief with a view to co-ordinate the action of the heterogeneous forces in China; but the placing of a large number of British troops under a foreign field-marshal was a grave step, demanding at least a clear understanding of conditions and of the views of other Powers. The Russian Government, while agreeing that 'motives of a moral 'character . . . might serve as a reason why Germany 'should desire to be at the head of the international troops,' was careful to announce that the Tsar 'has not the least 'intention of receding from his political programme.' Russia seems to have reserved a perfectly free hand, and at an early period the greater part of her troops were withdrawn from Pe-chi-li. Whether other Powers made stipulations enabling their commanders to disregard the orders of Count von Waldersee cannot be stated; but it is exceedingly unlikely that either France or the United States would concede unreserved authority over their forces. In any case, that authority appears to have been more fully exercised over British troops than over those of any other Power, and a Government which entrusts its forces to foreign control at a time when the military situation is complex and obscure runs grave risk of being committed to action of which it may strongly disapprove.

The proceedings of the International Concert now appear to be drawing to a close. Their success is doubtful; the disillusions which they have produced are many; no Powers,

except perhaps Russia and France, can regard them with any satisfaction. They have thrown fresh light upon the Far Eastern question; but they do not point the way to any solution. Latterly they have become distinctly humiliating, and an early withdrawal from a position which threatens to become intolerable is an object of general desire. Lord Lansdowne has summed up the achievements of arms and diplomacy.* The execution or compulsory suicide of six Chinese, whose names were on the list of culprits, is said to have 'been obtained. The remainder have been degraded 'or banished, except in the case of two or three.' Unfortunately 'the persons who are responsible for some of the worst 'atrocities committed in the provinces of China' are at large; 'but we have every hope of obtaining satisfaction in regard 'to the matter.' A suspension of examinations 'has been 'demanded for five years in several important towns;' this, if agreed to, could apparently very easily be evaded. A total indemnity of 450,000,000 taels, which 'is certainly very 'large,' has been fixed upon by the Powers, and 'no 'positive statement of inability to pay is put forward' by China. The Government of the United States and our own consider the amount excessive, but 'it is not possible for us 'to take upon ourselves to mitigate the total.' How much of the indemnity may become a charge upon British commerce we do not know. Some reconstruction of the Tsung-li-Yamen, to which Lord Lansdowne did not allude, is apparently to be insisted upon. A strong guard is to be retained for the Legations, and 'posts' are to be occupied 'to hold the country between Peking and the sea.' Such are the achievements of the Concert after many months of discussion at Peking, supplemented by intricate cross-communications between the Governments concerned. The incidental results of the outrages committed by China are the killing of large numbers of Chinese, the violation of many hundreds of women, the devastation of large tracts of country, and the partial destruction and wholesale spoliation of Peking. Whether the arrangements arrived at by the collective wisdom of the Powers, or the so-called 'punitive 'measures,' which in some cases took the form of simple barbarism, will produce the effect intended upon the vast and sluggish organism of the Chinese Empire, remains to be decided. 'You are all too anxious,' said Wen Hsiang, the Prime Minister of China during the minority of Tung

* House of Lords, May 21, 1901.

Chih, 'to wake us and start us on a new road, and you will do it; but you will all regret it, for once awakened 'and started we shall go far and fast—farther than you 'think—much farther than you want.' If anything can awaken China from the sleep of centuries, the recent proceedings of the International Concert may be expected to bring about that result.

Count von Waldersee has now vacated his unique post. Five German battleships are on their homeward voyage, and the German people have perhaps had a surfeit of Eastern adventure. The troops of the Powers will be in part withdrawn, and for the time active intervention in the affairs of China may become unpopular. Three factors, however, remain which must exercise an important influence in the near future. In the first place, British prestige in the Far East and elsewhere has suffered severely. This is in part due to the war in South Africa, which not only caused military weakness, but tended to induce a certain subservience to the views of other Powers. It must also be ascribed to that want of any clear policy or of grasp of the Far Eastern question which had been previously manifested. As a Japanese statesman remarked to the special correspondent of the 'Times' in January last:—

'Is it not strange that at such a crisis, and considering all that the preservation or ruin of China means for your commerce and your influence in the Far East, your Government, far from taking the lead in the Peking negotiations, has not yet given the faintest indication of a policy, nor the slightest suggestion even of the objects which it thinks worth striving for?'

It may well be doubted whether any national advantage which may ultimately accrue from the South African war will compensate for the blow sustained by our prestige during recent events in the Far East. In the second place, the Russian annexation of Manchuria is now an accomplished fact, whether or not any formal treaty with China exists.* The Russians have been engaged in operations on their own account in Manchuria, and by the end of October 1900 they were in full military occupation. The ruthless severity, which is the deliberate policy of Russia in such cases, will be followed by the process of assimilation which she well understands. Any assurances given by the Russian Government, such as those to which Lord Lansdowne

* It has been stated that such an arrangement existed prior to the Boxer outbreak.

referred, must be regarded precisely as the French pronouncements—even more explicit—in regard to Tunis, or our own in respect of Egypt. For good or for evil Manchuria is henceforth Russian territory, and the result will be an immense developement of the naval and military strength of that Power in the Far East. The Russian squadron will be increased, and Port Arthur will become a shipbuilding centre and an important naval base. The hardy population of Manchuria will supply excellent material for the local forces which Russia will create. All this will need time and effort, and meanwhile Russian policy must apparently be one of consolidation rather than of aggression. It is, however, futile to ignore plain facts, and such statements as that of Lord Salisbury * can only serve to promote dangerous illusions. Lastly, Japan is wide awake to the aims of Russia and to her own interests in Korea. The assertion of those interests has already led to one war, and may easily cause another. 'The colonising and commercial powers of 'Japan,' writes Mr. Bigham, 'obtrude themselves on one's eye 'all over Korea,' † and the Japanese have, on all grounds, the strongest reasons for opposing the establishment of Russian influence and of a Russian naval station in Korea. The Japanese have lost no prestige during recent events. They have again proved themselves excellent soldiers and capable administrators.‡ In dealing with the Chinese they have shown greater aptitude than the Western peoples, and the idea—born of ignorance and race prejudice—that they are impossible allies must be dismissed. It would have been well for us and for the cause of humanity and of civilisation if we had been allied with Japan alone in the operations in Pe-chi-li. For the moment the position of Japan in the Far East is stronger than that of Russia, whose new naval station at Port Arthur is, as the Japanese well understand, at the mercy of the Power which obtains the command of the sea. It is natural that some Japanese statesmen should consider that war with Russia is inevitable, and that an early date would be to their advantage. If, however, the political and financial stability of Japan is maintained, the island empire will develop strength quite as fast as its Western rival. In any case, Russian ambitions must now

* See ante, p. 155.

† A Year in China.

‡ 'The quarter of the city [Peking] governed by the Japanese was speedily seen to be the best administered.'—Sir Robert Hart.

reckon with a new great Power in the Far East—a Power which will build up large commercial interests in China, which rests upon a race of born sailors and soldiers, and which is no longer precluded from the possibility of a British alliance.

China herself remains the greatest, the most uncertain, and the least understood of the factors in the situation. The persistent habit of disregarding the characteristics and the susceptibilities of four hundred millions of people, whose history, religion, and customs antedate our own by many centuries, will require modification. We have treated a race of born traders, with aptitudes of every kind and great natural cleverness, as if they were on a level with Ashantis. We have viewed China as if it were specially created by Providence to become a source of riches to Western speculators. We have transformed Peking into the scene of a 'battle of concessions,' in which the interests of China became the sport of the European Powers, who intrigued against each other through the medium of corrupt mandarins. The Boxer revolt, utilised for a time by the Chinese Government, was the natural result. As Mr. Parker states, 'We have not given the Chinese fair play, and we 'are ourselves largely to blame for the disasters which have 'overtaken us in China.'* Sir Robert Hart is equally emphatic, and his attempts to promote understanding of Chinese sentiment and ways of thought have been resented as anti-English. It is impossible, after what has occurred, to abolish the extra-territoriality clauses of European treaties, which are a permanent source of irritation to the Chinese; but it may be hoped that the idea of erecting an international fortress at Peking will be abandoned, and that the 'posts' of which Lord Lansdowne spoke will not long be maintained. If, after the exhibitions of Western civilisation recently given, missionary efforts are still continued, it is necessary, as Sir Robert Hart points out, that the missionaries should 'avoid everything that savours of inter-'ference in litigation and intervention of any kind where 'Chinese official action is concerned,' and should abstain as far as possible from outraging Chinese prejudices. As wise is his warning that

'the syndicates which handle concessions owe it to their shareholders to see that their title is not only legally indisputable, but locally acceptable; otherwise failure must be, and dividends need not be looked for.'

* China.

Missionary efforts and the exploitation of railway concessions will have in future to be conducted on new lines, and both will depend for success upon political conditions.

Throughout the recent troubles the great viceroys of the Yang-tsze provinces have maintained order and independence of action. They have even supplied much-needed advice to H.M. Government:—

'We have,' said Lord Lansdowne, 'on one or two occasions been able to obtain an expression of their views on important matters, and we have attached to those expressions of opinion a great deal of weight. . . . I think I am right in saying that material support was offered to them; but we were assured that at that time they did not incur any personal danger.'

The establishment of earlier relations with Chang Chih-Tung and Liu Kun-yih would have been eminently to our advantage if there had been any attempt to strengthen our commercial position in the Yang-tsze, or to secure in its provinces the privileges which Germany has claimed in Shan-tung. If thoroughly assured that Great Britain entertained no idea of territorial aggression, and if able to rely upon British support, these two exceedingly able Chinese rulers might have proved not only trusted advisers, but valuable allies in diplomacy. With the exception, however, of the bald railway agreement with Russia, we have acquired no special status as regards the Yang-tsze basin, which remains open to the enterprise of other Powers, while recent events cannot have impressed the viceroys with the advantages of an understanding with Great Britain. Both Chang Chih-Tung and Liu Kun-yih stand for reform on Chinese lines; and in a most remarkable book,* written shortly after the war with Japan, the former makes an earnest and a patriotic appeal to his countrymen to shake off their lethargy and to enter upon the path of progress. Chang Chih-Tung unsparingly condemns the shallow ignorance of officials and the vicious system under which they are trained:—

'The stock of information possessed by Chinese *literati* is obtained from incomplete commentaries and eight-legged essays; the knowledge possessed by officials is derived from "precedent." The military know nothing beyond the use of a few blunt instruments and the antique methods of ancient warfare, which suffices for all their needs.'

Chang Chih-Tung is convinced that China can be reformed only by attaining to a correct understanding of the teaching of her own ancient sages, and he labours to show that

* China's only Hope.

all that is best in Western civilisation is not only not forbidden, but is enjoined by the precepts of Confucius.

'It is absolutely necessary that we should utilise Western knowledge. But unless Chinese learning is made the basis of education, and a Chinese direction is given to thought, the strong will become anarchists, and the weak, slaves. . . . Confucian government consists in rendering honour where honour is due, and filial piety where filial piety is due; in first providing a sufficiency for the people, and afterwards instructing them; in preparing for war in time of peace, and in doing things at the proper time and in the proper manner.'

The chapter on 'Maintaining the Army' begins by deriding disarmament societies, and powerfully pleads for naval and military force.

'With fifty warships on the sea and thirty myriads of troops on land; . . . with the daily strengthening of our forts and equipping them with the best engines of modern warfare, and with railways intersecting the land, what country would dare begin hostilities against China, or in any way infringe her treaty rights? We should be in a position to redress our wrongs without the fear of staking all upon minor issues. Under these conditions Japan will side with China; Europe will retire, and the Far East will be at rest.'

This drastic solution of the Far Eastern question may not be ignored, and the striking book of Chang Chih-Tung, of which a million copies are said to have been sold, and which, in spite of its scathing strictures, has been circulated by the Emperor's command among 'Viceroys, Governors, and 'Literary Examiners in China,' must be regarded as a portent. The Imperial Rescript of January 30, 1900, is evidently an echo of the patriotic teaching of Chang Chih-Tung. This document also is a remarkable sign of the times, and some of its denunciations might with justice be applied to ourselves.

'China's weakness,' according to the Emperor Kwang Hsu, 'lies in her adherence to tradition, and in the too great inflexibility of her modes of government. Worthless officials are numerous, and good men are few; in our modes of government we employ mediocrities, who take advantage of their position and freedom from scrutiny. . . . What has ruined our government is the one word "self-interest," and the Empire the one word "precedent." . . . Disdaining the root of the matter and unwilling to learn, studying merely surface matters, and that without diligence, how can the Empire attain strength and prosperity?'

The awakening of China may be postponed; but recent events have plainly shown that the Chinese factor is not the *quantité négligeable* too generally imagined. The commerce

of China, of which Mr. Michie gives an interesting history,* will increase if tranquillity is re-established; but a country, possessing boundless resources and a vast population imbued with strong trading instincts and clever enough to become manufacturers on a large scale, cannot provide a permanent dumping ground for the products of Europe and of America. Marco Polo, who visited the Yang-tsze in the thirteenth century, saw at one place 'not fewer than five thousand 'vessels,' and reported that 'there are other towns along 'the river where the number is still more considerable.' Interchange within the empire must, as Sir R. Hart states, 'make up an enormous and sufficient trade,' and this trade will be in Chinese hands. The special correspondent of the 'Times' significantly writes from Canton: †—

'When I was last here, five years ago, only a few steam launches, mostly foreign built and owned, had made their appearance in the Canton River. To-day, nearly 300, almost all Chinese built and Chinese owned, are doing a roaring trade.'

This is another symptom of the enterprise of the Chinese, who, as their position in the Straits Settlements, at Hong Kong, and at Bangkok proves, will be the principals and not the underlings in the commerce of the future.

The present interests of the trading Powers—Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and Japan—lie in the termination of the present imbroglio. These interests will best be served by moderate indemnities, and by withdrawing as soon as possible the outward and visible signs of foreign occupation, which must tend to promote unrest. On all grounds, therefore, the intention of Germany and of France to retain troops at Shanghae must be regarded as ill-judged. We shall be compelled to follow suit, and the only effect of the unnecessary foreign garrisons will be to alienate the viceroys of the Yang-tsze and to increase their difficulties. The aims of Russia, according to M. Leroy-Beaulieu, are 'almost entirely political,' while those of France are said to be strictly commercial. M. Delcassé, however, has recently stated ‡ that 'our policy in Chinese matters is essentially 'the same as that of Russia, for our interests are one and 'the same,' and while Russia is consolidating her position in Manchuria, France is displaying great activity in the south. A French cable has lately been laid between Saigon

* The Englishman in China.

† May 3, 1901.

‡ June 2, 1901.

and Amoy, thus coupling the French possessions with Europe through the Chinese and Russian lines. French influence is being strenuously asserted at Canton; a French railway is to be constructed to Yun-nan, in which province, judging by Mr. Balfour's telegram of April 18, 1898,* H.M. Government was specially interested, and the large island of Hai-nan will shortly be occupied. M. Delcassé points out that France 'has a shore line of 2,000 kilomètres' in China, 'obliging her to exercise more vigilance, more 'goodwill than the other Powers, a policy of firm but friendly 'moderation.' The firmness is certainly more apparent than the moderation, and France, like Russia, is evidently pursuing definite objects with steady determination. While Russia, Germany, and France have acquired important spheres of influence which, in the case of Russia and France at least, will be converted into annexations, we have obtained only enclaves at Wei-hai-wei and Kau-lun. We have preached the doctrines of the 'open door' and of the 'equality 'of opportunity' to an unappreciative audience. These doctrines would have been admirable if other Powers had been willing to accept them; but this, unfortunately, was not the case, and as a result of events since 1897 the open doors are fewer, while equality of opportunity has ceased to exist over considerable areas of China. Powers pursuing definite objects and prepared to follow up their advantages have naturally, and with success, relied upon the process of squeezing the Government at Peking. The vague abstractions, which commended themselves to H.M. Government, could be realised only by international agreements never attained. Time alone can show whether the action of Russia, Germany, and France was wise; but these Powers at least attained their immediate objects. If, as Mr. Curzon stated, 'the integrity and independence of China' were 'the 'cardinal bases' of British policy, that policy has unquestionably failed. Amid many uncertainties, the greatest of all is the effect upon China herself of the recent proceedings of the Powers—proceedings inglorious and even humiliating since the occupation of Peking. Will the inert mass of the Chinese Empire at length awake to the new life which Chang Chih-Tung seeks to infuse? This is, in truth, the Far Eastern Question.

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* See p. 159 ante.

ART. VIII.—1. *The North Americans of Yesterday: a Comparative Study of North American Indian Life, Customs, and Products, on the Theory of the Ethnic Unity of the Race.* By FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1901.

IN recent years the copious materials brought together in the publications of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, the Smithsonian Institution, the Peabody Museum, and the American Museum, have been utilised in the preparation of more than one useful compilation on the primitive inhabitants of the North American Continent. Mr. J. T. Short's 'North Americans of Antiquity,' Mr. G. B. Grinnell's 'North Americans of To-day,' and Mr. E. J. Payne's 'History of the New World called America' (also largely occupied with the aborigines), are now supplemented by Mr. Dellenbaugh's 'North Americans of Yesterday,' which stands somewhat apart, and deals with the subject in a way that should attract the attention not merely of 'Americanists,' but of all students of early races and cultures.

For the task that he has undertaken and brought to a successful issue, the author was specially well equipped. Although the work has grown out of a series of lectures given before the Lowell Institute of Boston in 1894, it is no mere compilation laboriously put together by an arm-chair student. The writer is himself an observer, and has paid long and frequent visits to nearly the whole field which he here passes under survey. Thirty years ago he accompanied Professor J. W. Powell on the famous second Colorado expedition, which proved so fruitful in geological and ethnological results. He has sketched Arctic dwellings in Alaska, chipped stone arrow-heads with the Navajos of the Far West, gained access to and almost taken part in the mysterious rites of the Hopi Pueblos in Arizona, obtained real fire-drills from the Pai Utes, and traced to its source—a cave in a mountain gorge of the Colorado canyon—the red ochre used by the southern Utes in the preparation of their rich red dyes. In his youth he had already associated with the still surviving Iroquois of the reservations, and it was thus that he acquired that deep sympathy with the aborigines which has enabled him to look upon them, not as 'an abnormal 'factor, but rather as a natural part of our society,' in fact, to regard them as fellow-creatures less advanced than others,

not through any natural inferiority, but through the less favourable conditions of their environment. It is even suggested that the advent of the whites, by arresting their normal developement, proved more of a disaster than a blessing, so that 'in some respects it is a pity the Europeans 'did not remain in ignorance of this continent for another 'five hundred years.' As it is, they are regarded as a doomed race whose sun has set, and who therefore 'properly 'belong to yesterday,' as indicated by the very title of the *book*. For the inappropriate term 'Indian,' still retained in this title, is elsewhere substituted the expression 'Amerind,' with its adjective 'Amerindian,' originally proposed by the Anthropological Society of Washington, and now revived by our author in preference to 'Redskin' and other equally unsatisfactory general designations of the aborigines. No doubt a good collective name is much wanted. But the cacophonic Amerind, which fell flat when first suggested, stands self-condemned as itself a palpable misnomer. Being merely a contraction of 'American 'Indian,' it perpetuates under a modified form the initial error of Columbus, who on reaching the New World thought he had already arrived at the East Indies by the western route, and so called the land 'India' and its inhabitants 'Indians.'

In the same curiously worded title is introduced 'The 'Theory of the Ethnic Unity of the Race,' an anthropological heresy to which Mr. Dellenbaugh seems to commit himself at the very start. But as the argument is developed it becomes evident that 'Ethnic Unity' is here to be understood, not in an absolute, but only in a relative or secondary sense. It is not pretended that the present 'Amerinds' are all sprung from a single stock, which may have arrived in pre-, inter-, or post-glacial times by land connexions which have since disappeared. On the contrary, the assumption rather is that there were several primeval stocks, or at least more than one. In one place 'many stocks' are even spoken of as possible, and elsewhere it is contended that speech, physique, usages, and arts argue for 'an exceedingly 'remote peopling of this continent *from various directions*.' This is sound doctrine, in full harmony with the conclusions of Morton, Topinard, Retzius, jun., Ehrenreich, and other competent observers, who on anthropometric grounds hold that the constituent elements of the aborigines are not one but diverse, that among them are representatives both of the dolichocephalous Europeans of the Old Stone Age

(Eskimo, perhaps Botocudos and Fuegians), and of the brachycephalous Asiatics of the New Stone Age (Pueblos, Mayas, Araucanians, and many others). But these diverse elements have been so long isolated in their new homes that, by secular intermingling of all sorts, the primordial differences have become largely effaced, and the inhabitants of the New World have acquired that homogeneous character which is generally admitted, and by which is to be understood our author's expression 'ethnic unity of the race.' It is therefore a case, not of divergence, but to a large extent of convergence, that obscure principle which, though little attended to in most ethnological writings, has played a determining part in the evolution of the human family, and has been likened to 'an all-potent crucible in which foreign in-'gredients are gradually fused in a general amalgam.'

Of course for such results the essential conditions are time and isolation—time, because natural processes work slowly; isolation, because their normal action is disturbed by foreign intrusions. Hence Mr. Dellenbaugh logically postulates a vast antiquity for his Amerinds, as well as their racial and cultural developement practically independent of all extraneous influences. Here also he is in accordance with the latest, if not the most generally accepted, conclusions of the most distinguished explorers in the wide field of American ethnology. Considering the almost virulent partisanship of that noisy school of 'Americanists' who persist in regarding the aborigines as recent arrivals, it required no little courage merely to suggest that 'the continent was 'peopled before the beginning of the glacial epoch, and 'that the crowding into the narrow regions [of Central 'America], and consequently the developement of culture 'there, were due to the encroachment from the north of the 'great cold.' But he more than suggests; he proves, or at least advances a multitude of facts, both of a positive and negative order, which place beyond reasonable doubt his fundamental thesis that the aborigines arriving before the glacial period were cut off from the rest of the world by that phenomenon, accompanied, perhaps, by the subsidence of the former land connexions, and that consequently since the Ice Age they remained till the Discovery unaffected to any appreciable extent by Old-World influences, both in their racial and cultural developements. Discarding the distinctions usually drawn between Palæolithic and Neolithic man, as less clearly marked in the western than in the eastern hemisphere, he relies mainly on such evidence as

their languages, all of which belong to the polysynthetic order of speech elsewhere unknown, and their peculiar usages and industrial arts, which, without going to the Old World for motives and inspirations, can be traced on the spot from rude beginnings through all the transitions up to a certain standard of excellence.

Appeal is also made to the otherwise unaccountable absence of the cultural elements peculiar to the eastern continents—domestic animals such as the horse, ox, sheep, and pig; cereals such as rice, wheat, oats, and barley; keeled vessels, oars, sails, and rudder; even the lamp, known only to the Eskimo, for whom it was an article of absolute necessity. To suppose that fully differentiated civilised or semi-civilised peoples—Chinese, Japanese, Egyptians, Babylonians, Malays—could have transplanted themselves bodily beyond the seas without their praus, junks, rice, silks, teas, cuneiform or hieroglyphic scripts, sheep, cattle, pyramids, and a hundred other characteristic cultural elements, is unthinkable. No doubt there were pyramids in Memphis and pyramids in Mexico. But the former were petrified barrows (graves) terminating in a point; the latter truncated cones or mounds with platforms, which were approached by flights of steps, and on which sacrifices, mostly human, were offered to Tezcatlipoca and the other gods who delighted in sanguinary rites. These structures were often surmounted by temples, the teocalli ('God's house') of the Aztecs, and the oldest of them—Papantla, Teotihuacan, Cholula—date only from about the fourth or fifth century of the new era—that is, over two thousand years after the inhabitants of the Nile valley had ceased to be pyramid-builders. If, therefore, the teocalli are to be attributed to the early Egyptians, it will be asked, Why did they delay all that time before erecting them? If to the later (post-dynastic) Egyptians, How came they to revive a style of architecture forgotten for over two millenniums?

Theories about the 'Lost Tribes,' on which Lord Kingsborough was wrecked, are summarily dismissed; the arguments based on the casual arrival of a stray Asiatic junk are treated with deserved contempt, and the assumption that 'a population came over and passed down to Mexico and 'Yucatan, and even South America, carrying with them 'their arts, but not exercising them on this interminable 'journey,' is declared to be 'ridiculous.' It is further pointed out that the only Asiatic language known to be allied to an American is that of some Eskimo tribe that

crossed into Asia within the last three centuries. In a word, whatever migratory movements have taken place during historic times between the two continents have all been, not from Asia into America, but the other way—from Alaska into Siberia. The author will be glad to know that this important inference receives a striking confirmation from the recent explorations of Herr D. P. Nikolsky among the Chukchis, who are shown to have reached their present territory in north-east Siberia by crossing the Behring Strait some generations ago, and still stand in the closest relation with the Eskimo tribes of Alaska.*

From these and other considerations is drawn the general conclusion that the primitive tribes, driven southwards by the increasing cold, and crowded together in the narrower part of the continent, had here become a more or less homogeneous people by the time the ice-sheet began its final retreat northwards. Here, also—that is, in Southern Mexico and Central America proper—was made the greatest progress in general culture, because the struggle is keenest and the mental faculties are most stimulated where the crowding is greatest. Thus is explained the fact that the highest civilisations were developed on the Anahuac plateau and in Guatemala and Yucatan, which were in other respects by no means the most favoured lands of the northern continent, being greatly inferior in natural advantages to California, for instance, and to many parts of the Mississippi basin. Nevertheless, they became the great centre for the growth and diffusion of the industrial arts and of the higher social, religious, and political institutions throughout the whole region, southwards to and beyond Lake Nicaragua, northwards to the Arctic Circle.

Naturally those groups which were farthest removed from the civilising centres were thrown most on their own resources, and became most specialised. This was notably the case with the Eskimo, who dwelt farthest north—that is, nearest the ice front, and thus, of all the aborigines, became the most markedly differentiated in their physical appearance and usages. Occupying a similar habitat, they acquired physical characters in some respects resembling those of the Asiatic hyperboreans—Koryaks, Yukaghirs, Ostyaks, Samoyads—with whom they have been classed by many ethnologists. But outward appearances are here at fault, and their typical polysynthetic speech, their extremely

* Russian Anthrop. Jour. Moscow, 1900, i. pp. 28–29.

dolichocephalic skulls, like those of the European Palæolithic peoples, but unlike the brachycephalic Siberians, and many other traits, proclaim them true 'Amerinds,' who moved northwards with the receding ice-cap and reached their present Arctic homes, not from Asia, but from the interior of North America (most probably Alaska) in comparatively recent times. Mr. Dellenbaugh has thus arrived independently at the same conclusions as Dr. H. Rink, who is the leading authority on Eskimo origins, and also brings them down the great rivers Yukon and Mackenzie to the shores of the Frozen Ocean. It is important to notice in this connexion that the Eskimo language, remarkable at once for its astonishing regularity and highly developed polysynthetic structure—whole sentences often thrown into a single holophrastic term of prodigious length—is at the same time spoken with singular uniformity throughout the whole of the Eskimo domain, which extends for over 5,000 miles of seaboard from Behring Strait to Greenland and Labrador. Now, Rink has shown that this elaborate form of speech was already fully constituted, as we now know it, in the Innuit (Eskimo) cradle-land before the tribes began their long migrations round the shores of the Frozen Ocean. Thus the names of the Arctic marine fauna—Greenland whale, walrus, narwhal, bearded seal, swordfish—are everywhere the same, as are also those of the Polar bear, the house-boat (umiak), the kayak, and all its belongings. But the migrations must have lasted thousands of years, in fact, began with the retreat of the glaciers from the northern fjords and estuaries, and thus is once more established the persistence and great stability of the American languages, which had been questioned by Humboldt, and has now again been denied by Payne.* The point is one of primary importance in estimating the antiquity and long isolation of the natives themselves, a question in which speech enters as one of the essential factors of the problem. As our author aptly remarks—

'we have in North America not only a large number of distinct languages, but within these separate languages an immense number of dialects, or sub-languages, sometimes as many as twenty in one stock, varying from each other as much as, say, English and German. At least sixty-five of the separate stock languages are distinguished in North America, which appear so radically separated from each other that it is believed impossible that they ever should have sprung from

* Op. cit. ii. p. 88 *sq.*

the same parent, unless it may have been at a time so remote as to be beyond the scope of present investigation.'

In proof of Old-World influences reference is often made to the curious cup-markings, little round artificial cavities on rock-surfaces, which are often met in both hemispheres, and to which symbolic significance has been attributed. But an explanation of the markings is here offered, which has the twofold advantage of dispensing both with the symbolism and with the Old-World influences. Without entering into the technicalities of the subject, it will suffice here to say that these 'mysterious' cuppings are brought into association with the rude fire-kindling processes which were and still are everywhere resorted to by primitive man, and may be seen realistically figured in some of the Aztec pictorial writings. It is not, however, denied that a certain symbolism may have later grown up in connexion with the processes. Special stones, for instance, and holes of peculiar arrangement 'may have been required for dressing the drill-'end that was to be used by the priest in the sacred 'ceremony of producing the new fire. In this manner a 'primitive custom might become sacred and be surrounded 'with symbolism exemplified in cup-markings the world 'over.' All such symbolism and 'mystery' is necessarily of later evolution, as is seen in the wide-spread totemic system, originally nothing more than a personal or tribal badge, 'a 'mere device for distinguishing one individual from another, 'one family or clan group from another.'* Similarly the 'President of the Board of Works,' the superintendent of 'Bridge builders,' became in Rome, first the pagan *Pontifex Maximus*, and then the *Roman Pontiff*, for

> 'Well has the name of *Pontifex* been given
> Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
> And architect of the invisible bridge
> That leads from earth to heaven.'—The Golden Legend.

In the same way the mystery-mongers have cast about for some strange race, some now extinct Asiatic intruders, to account for the innumerable mounds which are strewn over a great part of the Mississippi basin and range down right into Florida. But there is nothing in the mounds that the Iroquois, the Algonquins, and other 'Prairie Indians' could not have achieved, and it is now shown by Mr. Cyrus Thomas that they, or their immediate forbears, were in fact the mound builders.† Mr. F. H. Cushing goes a step

* A. H. Keane, 'Man Past and Present,' p. 397.

† Twelfth Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1894.

further, and all but proves that the mounds themselves had no relation to the Kurgans of the Sarmatian steppe lands or the barrows of the British Isles, but were independently evolved on American soil. They appear to have originated with the pile dwellings of the shallow waters of Florida, which were raised on the kitchen middens gradually rising above the surface, and thus became the normal type for mound-building everywhere.* So with the Colorado cliff-dwellings, the *casas grandes* of the Pueblo Indians, the pyramids, palaces, temples, and other monuments of Mexico and Central America, regarding all of which our author unhesitatingly declares that 'there is nothing in any of the 'remains, so far developed, that indicates foreign influence 'prior to the Discovery. Every architectural work on the 'continent is purely Amerindian or modified by contact 'with other races subsequent to 1492.'

The same remark applies with equal force to the science, arts, religion, pictorial and other writing systems of the two great civilised or semi-civilised nations commonly known as Mayas and Aztecs, whose collective territories extended from the Anahuac tableland with little interruption to the southern extremity of Lake Nicaragua. It is here, nearly along the line of the proposed Nicaragua ship-canal, that Mr. Dellenbaugh draws the divide between the North and South American ethnical and cultural domains. But, for comparative purposes, numerous references are also made to the remarkable artistic products—pottery, metal-work, stone-carving—of the Chiriqui district which, lying to the south of the present Costa Rica, is not properly comprised within the North American division. Nobody, however, will regret the trespass, and lovers of the ceramic art will probably feel grateful for the specimens here figured of the highly polished if not actually glazed earthenware which formed a 'speciality' of the Chiriqui potters. Those interested in the subject should consult Mr. W. H. Holmes's classical monograph on the 'Ancient Art of the Province of Chiriqui' in the Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. While stating positively that the wheel or lathe was not used by the Chiriqui potters, this careful observer adds:—

'Notwithstanding the fact that only primitive methods were known, there is a parallelism with wheel-made ware that cannot but strike the student with amazement. So great is the symmetry, and so graceful are the shapes, that one is led to suspect the employment of mechanical devices of a high order' (p. 56).

* Sixteenth Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, 1897, p. lvi *sq.*

Returning to the Aztec and Maya lands, it may be remarked that our author's survey of this vast and intricate field, however luminous and even original in some respects, betrays a certain weakness and hesitancy on several matters of detail, as well as in the treatment of one or two fundamental problems. This is obviously due in part to the over-confidence placed in certain English and American guides, notably the late Dr. Brinton, who, despite the popularity of his writings, was quite an amateur in the department of Central American archæology and linguistics.* But the shortcomings must be attributed mainly to the almost total neglect of those German authorities, such as Dr. Förstemann, editor of the 'Dresden Maya Codex,' and especially Professor E. Seler, editor and elucidator of the Mexican Tonalamatl of the Aubin Collection,† whose labours in this field of research have already thrown much fresh light on the obscure questions connected with the early Aztec migrations, the everlasting 'Toltec problem,' and the inter-relations of the Maya and Aztec peoples themselves.

Discussing the nature of the Mexican pictorial script, Mr. Dellenbaugh follows Brinton in describing it as of the *rebus* type, giving as an illustration his interpretation of certain signs which are supposed to stand for the name of Montezuma. Of the many current variants of this name, Brinton selects 'Moquahzoma,' and reads off the signs accordingly. 'As most writers spell this name to suit 'themselves,' naïvely remarks our author, 'we may as well 'accept Moquahzoma too. Indeed, as this seems to be 'supported by the evidence of the writing, it is more likely 'to be correct than the others.' But unfortunately for the rebus theory it is not correct, and we now know from

* This statement will be received with surprise, and perhaps incredulity, in some quarters. But let one fact suffice. In Brinton's interpretations of the Aztec and other native documents formative elements are often taken for radicals, and passages may be pointed out in which there is no correspondence at all between the originals and the English versions. In the song to Ciuacouatl, goddess of Colhuacan, for instance, strophes occur in which 'not a single word is found in the text' (Seler). These things should be known in the interests of science, which is truth or nothing.

† Thanks to the munificence of that generous patron of American studies, the Duke of Loubat, an English edition of this important document, by Professor A. H. Keane, is now available for students ignorant of German (Asher, 1901).

Sahagun's Aztec texts, quoted by Seler ('Aubin Tona-'lamatl,' pp. 92 and 105), that the true form of the word was 'Motecuhçoma.' In the rebus, phonesis, of course, plays a large part, and it is not clear that any of the Aztec signs possessed phonetic value, except, perhaps, the heraldic emblems of the towns recorded in the royal tribute rolls, which have been re-edited by Peñafiel from Kingsborough (Mexico, 1885). Hence the further statement that the difficulty of interpreting the Mexican documents 'lies in the 'lack of exact knowledge of the Nahuatl [Aztec] language 'itself,' is quite misleading. More than one philologist—Seler himself, for instance—possesses a thorough knowledge of this language, and yet finds it of little or no use for the understanding of the texts, showing plainly that the signs, or at least the vast majority of them, are pictographs or ideographs, like the Chinese hieroglyphics, and not phonographs, as in some of the cuneiform systems.

With the numerals it is different, and here some progress has accordingly been made. Mr. Dellenbaugh himself proposes an original scheme of Maya numeration, which, although modestly described as 'wholly tentative,' seems to this writer more successful than any other yet advanced. The Mayas, as he points out, 'counted into the millions, so 'that they must have had a perfect system,' and his scheme appears to be the only one which satisfactorily meets this condition. But the reader must study it for himself, as any explanation, besides requiring much space, would need a number of graphic figures to be intelligible.

Corresponding with this advanced arithmetic was a knowledge of astronomic science of no mean order. But our author's statement that the Mayas and Mexicans 'were 'able to calculate the length of the year with accuracy,' and that their astronomic knowledge 'was probably equal 'to any extant in the fourteenth century,' must be received with extreme caution. It is based on the assumption that the native calendar was more accurate than the Julian, and comparable even to the reformed Gregorian. As much mystification still prevails regarding this calendric system, which has been appealed to by Humboldt and his followers as a convincing proof of Asiatic influences, it should be understood once for all that it is beyond question of local origin, and that, however relatively perfect, it is less so certainly than the Gregorian, and apparently also than the Julian. Both the Mayas and Aztecs divided the solar year (of a luni-solar they knew nothing) into

eighteen periods, which are usually called months, but should, as suggested by Seler, more properly be called weeks, since no account was taken of the moon—the 'measurer,' the 'month.' Each of these periods consisted of twenty days, or 360, with five unnamed, idle, 'unlucky' days added at the end, making, like the Egyptian before the metonic reform, a year of 365 days not further corrected. There was, therefore, no bissextile (leap year), as provided for by the Julian, and of course no further (secular) intercalation like the Gregorian to rectify the still remaining error of nearly six hours. But the American system comprised a short cycle of 4, and a great cycle of $4 \times 13 = 52$ years, and it was long supposed that between each great cycle an adjustment was made by intercalating thirteen unlucky days in a lump. As this would still leave a small error, Leon-y-Gama, writing about 1790, started a new theory, asserting on no known authority that the intercalation was made, not at the end of the great cycle, but of a greater cycle of $52 + 52 = 104$ years, when, not $13 + 13$, but $12\frac{1}{2} + 12\frac{1}{2} = 25$ days were introduced, which would be almost mathematically correct, falling only two minutes short of the true solar reckoning. But we now know that the Tonalamatls know nothing either of a secular cycle of 104 years, or of 13 or $12\frac{1}{2}$ days intercalated between every 52 years, while Payne gives good reasons for believing that the whole theory was a pure invention of Gama's.* Sahagun, whose testimony has been referred to, does not speak positively, and as he wrote in the latter part of the sixteenth century, some five decades after all Aztec institutions had fallen into disuse, his conjectures carry the less weight since, although a native, he was also a Christian. On the other hand, the statements of Goodman, who speaks in extravagant language of the perfection of the Maya astronomical and chronological systems, have been discredited. Mr. Dellenbaugh quotes his remark that the Maya chronological scheme, involving the observance of the 280,800th year of their grand era, ranks 'among the most marvellous 'creations of the human intellect.' Only this and more to the same effect is put aside by Seler, as 'evolved out of the 'depths of Goodman's inner consciousness.'† In any case it must now be obvious to everybody that the American

* Op. cit. vol. ii. p. 319 *sq.*

† 'Goodman hat Alles aus der Tiefe seines Gemüthes construirt' (Verhandl. d. Berliner Anthrop. Ges., Nov. 18, 1899, p. 725).

solar year, with its eighteen weeks of twenty days each and its cycles of four and fifty-two years, has no kind of relation to the eastern luni-solar systems (Chinese, Greek, Roman), all based ultimately on the scheme of five epacts with a nineteen years' cycle, as proposed by Meton of Athens about 432 B.C.

On the fascinating question of Aztec origins and migrations Mr. Dellenbaugh is again somewhat astray. At least, his general theory of migratory movements from Central America northwards subsequent to, and consequent upon, the retreat of the ice-cap, can scarcely apply to the historical Aztecs, or, indeed, to any other branch of the widespread Nahua race. That the movement set in the opposite direction from beyond the Rio Grande southwards to Anahuac seems to be established beyond reasonable doubt by the combined evidence of the national traditions, of Buschmann's linguistic researches extending from Nicaragua to Alaska, and now of the pictorial codices, as elucidated by Förstemann and Seler. In one of the Nahua sagas it is related that, after leaving their primeval home, the seven caves away to the north, the Aztec tribes before reaching Anahuac long dwelt in Tlillan Tlapallan. This expression, usually interpreted 'place of bright colours,' strictly means 'Land of the Black and Red Colours,' the reference being, as now shown by Seler, to the art of pictorial writing, in which black and red were the prevailing colours. But this was also the first home of Quetzalcouatl, the 'Feather-'Snake' God, creator of man, who was father of the Tlapallan people and founder of the great empire of Tollan, where also he died. Now this mythical being, this demi-god or eponymous hero, fountain of all arts, science, and letters, associated with Tezcatlipoca as the operating element in the work of creation, was clearly not originally an Aztec god at all. The 'Sons of Quetzalcouatl' were not any of the Nahua tribes, savage hordes who burst from time to time over the central tableland from beyond the Rio Grande, but rather the more peaceful and settled inhabitants of the fertile and well-watered eastern coastlands. Here dwelt, and still dwell, the great and formerly civilised Huaxtec people, who form the bulk of the inhabitants of the present provinces of Tamaulipas and Vera Cruz, where stands their superb monument, the little-known pyramid of Papantla, at once the prototype and the finest of all similar structures in the New World. These were the sons of Quetzalcouatl, who is portrayed in the picture writings equipped in the flaming

fan-shaped neck adornment, the icueçaluitonqui, and the cone-shaped headdress to this day worn by the Huaxtec people. In the 'Anales del Museo Nacional de México' an image of the god is reproduced, which came from the Tuxpan district, and figures Quetzalcouatl descending from heaven in the national Huaxtec garb.

But after his death, that is to say, after the destruction of his kingdom of Tollan by the Nahuas, his people are traditionally said to have been dispersed southwards, taking refuge first in Cholula, properly Tollan-Cholullan,* 'Land of 'Flight from Tollan.' Here stands the great mound called a 'pyramid,' which, as Mr. Dellenbaugh reminds us, is ascribed by Bandelier, not 'to the Aztec or Nahuatl stock 'which occupied the region at the time of the conquest, 'but to some anterior tribe.' We now know that this 'anterior tribe' were none other than the refugees from Tollan, the Toltecs, in fact, and herein must be sought the solution of the Toltec puzzle itself.

From the foregoing considerations it will be at once seen how impossible it is to accept our author's suggestion that the Toltecs—that is, the 'People of Tollan'—may have been kindred to the Nahuatls coming from the crowded lowlands, as the waters rose and the heat increased, and occupying the cooler plateau. If the Toltecs were of Nahua stock, why should the Aztecs have arrayed their chief deity in Huaxtec costume? And why should they have overthrown their own kingdom of Tollan and dispersed themselves southwards? Clearly the Toltecs were what the traditions and the pictorial documents proclaim them—intruders on the plateau from Huaxtecaland, who, after the overthrow of their empire by the Aztec hordes, not from the eastern lowlands, but from the northern uplands, presumably in the tenth century, fled southwards, making a stand first at Cholula and afterwards at various points along the route from Anahuac into Chiapas, Guatemala, Honduras, and Yucatan. Most of these lands were from remote times, and still are, inhabited by more or less civilised peoples of Maya-

* From *chololtia*, to take flight, to escape. The full expression was Tollan-Cholullan-Tlachiuhaltepec, the third term meaning the hand-made (artificial) mountain, in reference to the huge pyramid erected by the refugees during their long sojourn at this place. The interpretation proposed by Mrs. Zelia Nuttall accords very well with her new 'Polaris' theory, but must be rejected on other grounds. ('The Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilisation.' Cambridge, Mass., 1901, p. 269).

Quiché stock and speech, so that if the Maya-Quichés can be brought into ethnical and linguistic relation with the Huaxtecs, the Toltec problem is solved. Now the physical type, *mutatis mutandis*, is the same; the myths, legends, and religion are or were the same at the time of the Discovery, all being just what we should expect to find them on the hypothesis that on their retreat southwards the Toltecs carried their arts and institutions with them, and replanted them in these southern lands; lastly, the languages, here a factor of capital importance, are not only members of the same linguistic family, but the Huaxtec is the oldest member of that family, the mother-tongue from which the rest have sprung. In its archaic forms and structure it appears to stand in much the same relation to the Yucatec and Guatemaltec dialects that Latin, for instance, does to her Romance daughters. In one of the sixteen still extant *Chilam Balam* books (local Maya Chronicles) express mention is made of *Tulapan* ('Land of Tollan') as the region whence the confederate Maya tribes emigrated; and in a Quiché document quoted by Seler all the arts—painting, carving, dances, flutes, and song, calendars and histories—are said to have been brought 'from Tula' (Tollan). The conclusion seems inevitable, that the Toltecs were a great and powerful Huaxtec nation, who, after the overthrow of their empire by the rude Aztec hordes, migrated southwards, everywhere spreading their arts, social institutions, and general culture throughout Central America.

With the Toltec problem is closely connected the broader question of the inter-relations of the two dominant peoples of Mexico and Mayaland. Here, again, the most opposite opinions still prevail, and, while Seler holds that 'the 'Mexicans appear throughout as the givers, the Maya 'peoples as the recipients,'* others believe, with Dieseldorf and Förstemann, that, on the contrary, the Aztecs were the recipients, the Mayas the givers. These Aztecs were originally ferocious savages, who, after overthrowing the Toltec civilisation of the plateau, came under Maya influences, and thus acquired an outward show of culture some time before the Discovery. Without throwing any fresh light on the subject, Mr. Dellenbaugh is evidently inclined to take the latter view. The Mayas, he rightly asserts, 'were the greatest architects as well as the greatest artists,

* Aubin Tonalamatl, English ed. p. 43.

'and greatest in almost everything of all the Amerinds.' In one important respect their superiority is incontestable. 'When their religious systems are compared it is at once 'seen that at the time of the Discovery the Mexican Aztecs 'were little better than ruthless barbarians, newly clothed in 'the borrowed robes of an advanced culture, to which they 'had not time to properly adapt themselves, and in which 'they could but masquerade after their own savage 'fashion.' *

It is curious, however, to note that, if the early commentaries can be trusted, their moral sense had been awakened, at all events sufficiently to distinguish between sin and crime. It is recorded even that they recognised a kind of original sin, which was washed away by cleansing waters like those of the Christian baptismal rite. We are told by one interpreter that Xochiquetzal, the 'Mexican 'Eve,' the 'first sinner,' was depicted weeping for her lost happiness, having been driven from Paradise for plucking a flower. Elsewhere the Earth Goddess, Tlaçolteotl, is expounded as an embodiment of sin, 'which was from the 'beginning of time,' and the new-born babe, when subjected to a ceremonious washing, is thus addressed:—

'My son, come unto thy mother, the Goddess of Water, Chalchiuhtlicue. May she cleanse thee of the dirt which thou hast of thy father and thy mother. My son, come unto thy mother, thy father, the Lady Chalchiuhtlicue, the Lord Chalchiuhtlatonac . . . enter the water, the blue, the yellow; may it wash thee, may it cleanse thee perfectly; may it take from thee the evil which thou hast from the beginning of the world, which clings to thee from thy father, from thy mother.'

Besides this inherited sin, there was personal sin, which, as in the Roman Church, was removed by auricular confession to the priests of Tlaçolteotl. Absolution, however, with the remission of the temporal punishment incurred by the trespass, could be imparted once only in a lifetime, and as there was thus no redemption for 'recidivists,' we are told by Sahagun that the Mexicans usually put off disburdening their souls till their old age. Even intoxication was recognised as an offence in the young, who were clubbed to death if convicted of pulque-drinking, a luxury permitted only to old people past their seventieth year.

Amid the sanguinary rites of the State religion sublime notions of the godhead were credited to the esoteric philo-

* Keane, op. cit. p. 410.

sophy, and the interpreters tell us that to Tonacatecutli, the one true god of the Mexicans—the creator, the maker of the world, the supreme lord—no offerings were made, because he desired or needed none. But in so describing him it is suggested that the early writers may have been somewhat influenced by biblical conceptions. A more plausible view is that Tonacatecutli was never a tribal god, but a later invention of the sophists of the rationalistic school, recoiling in horror from the ceaseless flow of blood required to propitiate the deities of the national pantheon. The ideal personified in the Supreme Lord 'was the outcome of philo-'sophic speculation, of the need of a principle of causality, 'such, for instance, as the God of our modern theosophistic 'systems.' *

That a people capable of such exalted views should be still in the Stone Age may seem strange; yet such was undoubtedly the case, and nobody acquainted with the prevailing conditions in pre-Columbian times will question our author's statement that all the aborigines, high and low, savage and civilised alike, 'were practically a Stone-Age 'people.' Even the Maya, with all their varied skill and 'knowledge superior to any other Amerinds, still used stone 'tools for carving in stone. They had no way of sufficiently 'hardening the metals they could secure, and their stone 'tools were far more serviceable. So the tools, weapons, and 'implements throughout the continent were chiefly wood, 'bone, and stone, with a few exceptions in Mexico, Central 'America, and the Mississippi Valley.' To these implements is devoted one of the most informing chapters of this highly stimulating volume. From its study one point comes clearly out, that the genesis of the appliances of primitive and later man may be followed in all their developements quite as well in the New as in the Old World. This consideration alone is of itself sufficient to establish Mr. Dellenbaugh's broad generalisation, that the local cultures have proceeded on independent lines absolutely unaffected by eastern influences since the peopling of the continent, probably in preglacial times. Thus it is here shown how the bow, one of the most characteristic of American weapons, may have originated on the spot from the primitive fire-drill, the origin of which need not be sought among the present New Guinea Papuans, or the former Palæolithic cavemen of the Dordogne. The transition is certainly conceivable

* The Aubin Tonalamatl, English ed. p. 89.

through the bow-drill to the dart, the drill-stick perhaps springing accidentally, or even by design, from the tightened string, and thus suggesting the substitution of the spear (arrow) for the drill-stick, whereby 'the greatest inven-'tion in its effect on humanity man has ever seen was 'born.'

Even of more general interest, perhaps, are the three chapters on 'Basketry and Pottery,' 'Weaving and Costume,' and 'Carving, Modelling, and Sculpture,' all of which arts, however highly specialised they may now be, possibly sprang from a common germ, from some natural object or process, man being, as Aristotle tells us, the most mimetic of animals.

'Basketry and pottery,' writes our author, 'are mother and daughter. Plaiting together straws or rushes was a simple operation, and must have occurred to the most primitive tribes spontaneously, as the need for some such things arose. Having produced a mat and used it for various purposes, the turning up of the sides or edges, for the purpose of retaining things upon it, thereby producing a shallow basket or tray, was an easy step, and by such stages did basketry grow to perfection.'

And we are here reminded that the edge of a small mat, tightly plaited of fine materials, will curl up of itself naturally, becoming dish-like despite all efforts to keep it flat. Out of the dish grew the wicker jug, made waterproof by a pitch coating, and from the jug the cooking vessel, the contents being brought to the required temperature by hot stones. Then the effort to protect the wickerwork from the effects of the heat led to coatings of mud or clay, which, when fired, revealed the great secret of the potter's art. But the wickerwork before being detached—and, like the wax in the *cera perduta* process, destroyed or cast aside as no longer needed—had already impressed itself on the soft clay, and so arose design, the decorative art as applied to earthenware. Holmes has recovered from the mounds some rude potsherds with markings which would appear to have been produced, not by wickerwork, but by woven fabrics designedly for ornamental purposes. But this is doubted by our author, and in any case it is admitted that wickerwork was first used in this way. 'The early potters pro-'bably used baskets that came up to the curved-in part of 'the jar, which was continued above the basket by deft 'handling, or, if a basket of the same form was followed, 'the basket was destroyed in the firing process.' Still, textiles might also have been utilised in much the same

way, since Mr. Dellenbaugh himself informs us that the weaver's art was well known even to many of the nomad tribes in remote times, certainly long before the advent of the whites. Weaving, he rightly observes, 'is an ancient 'art' (it was undoubtedly practised by early Neolithic man in Europe), and, 'like pottery, begins in plaiting and 'basketry.' Twisted grasses, rushes, strips of bark, henequen, agave, and other vegetable fibres which abounded in the northern continent, were first plaited together, and the transition was then gradually made to the spinning-wheel and to the loom, which, where still used in its primitive form, is everywhere of much the same type. That of the Navajos, who are noted for their skill in weaving, resembles the Mexican loom, and is also 'much like that used by the 'Orientals. If you examine articles of primitive manufac-'ture from various parts of the globe, you will find them all 'practically alike, because the men who made them were 'practically alike, and their wants and surroundings were 'practically alike.' Virchow, Sir John Evans, and many other distinguished anthropologists, have made the same remark regarding the chipped and polished stone implements of the Palæolithic and Neolithic ages, so that no argument can be drawn from such resemblances for ethnical affinities, or even contacts, and this is one of the most important conclusions that may be regarded as now secured to science by the comparative study of primitive human activities in recent years.

This fundamental truth applies with peculiar force to 'Myths, Traditions, and Legends,' which form the subject of one of the concluding and not least attractive chapters of the volume. That popular beliefs and superstitions, arising out of causes now often forgotten, may be orally transmitted from tribe to tribe, and thus travel far afield, need not be denied. But there is in these matters what our author happily calls a 'parallelism of human developement,' and many like notions closely resembling each other even in details have undoubtedly sprung up independently in different regions, so that each case has to be judged on its merits. The Mexicans saw a rabbit in the moon, and had a myth to account for the phenomenon. The South African Bushmen, also great 'folklorists,' saw a hare in the same luminary, and had also their explanatory myth, highly creditable to their inventive faculty. Is this coincidence to be explained by contacts and influences, and can it be argued on such grounds that South African and North American aborigines

had ever at any time any direct or indirect relations with each other? Mr. Dellenbaugh, who incidentally remarks that the Spaniards let their own myths loose in the New World, and then 'started in pursuit of them,' points out that

'there is in some respects so great a similarity between the myths of the New World and those of the Old that it was at first assumed that there must have been early communication with Europe, but more careful analysis has shown that this is but another evidence of what may be called the parallelism of human developement. Even where the similarity is greatest there is nothing to prove that the myths did not originate independently, and are merely the results of similar thoughts, in similar stages of ignorance, about the sun, the sky, and natural forces.'

In a village at Green Bay, Marquette came upon a large cross which was adorned with skins, bows, and other votive offerings, and was supposed to be an evidence of Christianity until it was found to be merely one of the symbols of the Midé Society, and like similar crosses occurring in New Mexico, Yucatan, and other places. Some of the North American tribes had their were-wolf, which locally took the form of a coyote, and was of course supposed to be an importation from Europe, either through the early Norse discoverers, or in some still more remote times. But analogous notions have since been traced to Mexico, to South America, to Africa, to Malaysia, and other regions, and in fact 'were-wolfism' is now known to have made the round of the globe, or, more correctly speaking, to have cropped up spontaneously and independently in various parts of the world, taking its local colour and other details from the different environments. Thus, in Mexico, the man-wolf becomes a man-jaguar, whose mighty roar strikes terror into the passing wayfarer, and was regarded as the worst of portents; or else on certain days of ill-omen the wizards, the evil-minded, assumed the disguise of snakes and other noxious creatures, and possessed power to work evil, so that the people shut themselves indoors for fear of these weird forms. In South America it is again a jaguar, and in Paraguay the story is still current of a native, a wicked Christian, who at night prowls about in the shape of this beast in quest of human flesh. Withdrawing to a thicket he falls prone on the ground, and is thus transformed. Then to become man again he repeats the process in reverse order. But he differs from a real jaguar by his hairless forehead and short stumpy tail, and is so recognised and

wounded by a daring hunter, who, following up the trail of blood, comes to a cave strewn with human bones, renews the fight and slays the ghoul.* In Negroland Sir H. H. Johnston assures us that the belief in human beings taking the disguise of lions or leopards, or some such harmful beasts, is nearly universal. There are even individuals who, like some of the mediæval witches, actually 'imagine they possess 'this power of assuming the form of an animal and killing 'human beings in that shape.' † In Malayland the were-wolf becomes the were-tiger, about whose terrible deeds of darkness Mr. H. Clifford tells some gruesome tales, opportunely remarking at the same time that 'the white man 'and the brown, the yellow and the black, independently 'and without receiving the idea from one another, have all 'found the same explanation for the like phenomena, all 'apparently recognising the truth of the Malay proverb that 'we are like unto the *táman* fish that preys upon its own 'kind;' ‡ with which may be compared the *homo homini lupus* of Hobbes.

At the beginning of this article reference was made to the author's sympathy with his subject, acquired by personal observation and close contact of long standing. Thanks to these associations, he is enabled to dispel many persistent delusions regarding the mental attitude and temperament of the aborigines. They are generally described in ethnological writings as of a taciturn disposition, even morose or sullen, and in any case men of laconic speech, of deeds rather than words. There is certainly a substratum of truth in this picture, as might be shown by many authentic incidents reported from every part of the New World. But the colours have been laid on too thick, as is so often the case in such matters, and Mr. Dellenbaugh, studying the natives at first hand, feels himself justified in declaring all such descriptions one-sided and exaggerated. In one place he writes casually and without any intention of supporting a theory: 'According to my own observation, the making 'of pottery is a desultory occupation, and is done by the 'women. Sometimes I saw a woman toiling alone with her 'ropes of clay, out of doors, and again *several women would 'form a gay laughing party in the sunlight'* (italics ours). A touch of this sort is all the more valuable for being un-

* J. B. Ambrosetti, quoted in 'Man Past and Present,' p. 380.

† See his British Central Africa, p. 439.

‡ In Court and Kampong, p. 63.

studied, although there is no lack of formal discussion. To most readers it will be a revelation to be told that

'the popular conception that there is no fun in red men is erroneous. All of them, far from being taciturn, silent, morose, and lacking the desire for amusement other than scalping or torturing captives, are full of humour and are fond of fun. In every village there is a great deal of amusement, and while the race is deficient in musical instruments, and the music they produce, if it can be designated by that term, is usually a part of some ceremonial, they do sing, and the singing is accompanied by rattles and drums'—

almost, one feels inclined to add, as in gay Andalusia. The explanation of the general impression lies in the further remark that 'to strangers, however, they are often silent.' How frequently is the same observation applied, and truthfully applied, by foreigners to the English, who, nevertheless, justly resent the imputation of moodiness, and whose literature and peculiar idiomatic speech proclaim them the most humorous of all peoples. So with the American aborigines, who, beneath an impassive, often an impenetrable, exterior, harbour a genial nature, warm kindly feelings towards those who treat them with ordinary justice and consideration. Ruthless savages, of course, many of them—Pawnees, Apaches, Siouans, and some other 'Prairie 'Indians'—but even these marauders and scalpers, as we are here reminded, never invented the thumb-screw, the boot-jack, rack, or wheel, and, while in accordance with tribal usage inflicting appalling tortures on the captive, were always ready to endure the same when their turn came. On this topic of endurance our author for once indulges in fine writing:—

'The Amerind,' he says, 'was, as a rule, close to Nature, and, like all men who live thus, he imbibed some of her grandeur. He lived in independence; and when he died he died as the sun sets at evening, expiring in glory, without a fear, without lamentations. In the hands of the enemy at the stake, his passing away was sublime, like the summer cloud that sails steadily out into the infinite blue and dissolves. The most painful tortures failed to bring a moan to his lips, or a tear to his defiant eye, and his proud spirit departed in silence.'

Elsewhere the wrongs that the natives have suffered at the hands of the whites, not only in Latin America, but also in the United States, are dwelt upon in more sober, and consequently more convincing, language. 'We are blind 'to our own shortcomings, and exaggerate those of the 'Amerind.' Those who refuse to accept Artemus Ward's

dictum, '*Injin? Pison!*' and try to put in a good word for him, are accused of making an angel of him, which but again shows how universally unjust we are towards him:—

'The more docile the Amerinds were the more abuse they got. If they became self-supporting, like the Navajos, the Government gave them nothing; if they were murderous and deadly, like the Apaches, the Government took care of them and fed them. Issuing rations is a proper thing when we have destroyed the native means of subsistence, but the tribe that works and helps itself ought to be aided further towards civilisation in other ways.'

Instead of such aid, the distribution of the rations was itself constantly accompanied by the most shameful abuses on the part of the agents and contractors, who cheated the Government, bullied and plundered the tribes gathered on the reservations unmercifully. Their action seemed deliberately planned to foment those troubles and outbreaks which afforded a pretext for the wars of reprisals and the policy of extermination openly advocated by many of the pioneer settlers in the Far West. A sharp contrast is here drawn between this ignoble policy and the attitude of the English administration towards the aborigines in British North America. 'In the case of the Hudson Bay Company, 'it being well understood that they occupied certain points 'merely for trade, no trouble was ever experienced. *For two 'hundred years this company traded all over the northern part 'of the continent without a serious rupture with any tribe!*' Here the italics are the author's, who adds that 'each tribe 'held its own lands as before, so far as the company was 'concerned; hence there was no clashing.'

It should be mentioned that this handsome volume is enriched with over 350 illustrations, which, for some unexplained reason, are not consecutively numbered in the usual way. A large number of these are reproductions from the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology, the Peabody Museum, and other public sources. But many also, and these not the least valuable, are from photographs, drawings, and sketches by the author, who adds a skilful use of the brush to his other accomplishments. It is interesting to notice that he has also designed and drawn the cover of the book, which has for its central feature a sketch of a stone animal head from Copan, now in the Peabody Museum. The sacred butterfly of the Moki (Hopi) Puebloans fills the four corners of the space round the central figure, while the composition is completed by Pueblo an scrollwork motives above and below. On the

back is shown the human figure from the valley of Mexico, which is cast in three pieces, and is the largest specimen of terra-cotta ever found in the New World, or apparently elsewhere.

The index, which might with advantage be much more copious, is supplemented by two useful tables arranged in alphabetical order of the chief stocks or families, tribes, and sub-tribes of 'The North American Amerinds,' based on the linguistic classifications of the Bureau of Ethnology, Pilling's Bibliographies, and other trustworthy sources. Nevertheless, these lists will need careful revision in future editions of the work. For instance, the Kechi, Kizh, and Netela sub-groups of South California are referred to the Shoshone (Snake) stock, despite the fact that Mr. D. P. Barrows has recently shown that, although they may have originally been Shoshones, they now speak a distinct language, which he calls the 'Coahuillan Linguistic Family.'* The term 'Tobikhar' also, which figures in the second list, is unknown as a tribal designation, and appears to be a coinage of Mr. Oscar Loew, unfortunately adopted by Mr. Albert S. Gatschet. More serious, perhaps, is the slip made at p. 403, where *El Dorado*, the 'Gilded Man,' is said to have 'really 'existed in a certain ceremony in Peru.' The true El Dorado was discovered, not in Peru, but among the Chibchas (Muyscas), whose domain comprised the Cundinamarca plateau in the present State of Colombia. He was in fact the ruler of one of the principal Chibcha kingdoms, and was so named either because on certain solemn feasts he plunged into Lake Fontibon plastered all over with gold leaf, or else because after death his body was decked with gold and emeralds, and consigned to a hollow palm-tree decorated with plates of gold.

With this inevitable bit of 'pin-pricking' criticism we take reluctant leave of what we venture to pronounce the best monograph ever written on 'The North Americans of Yesterday.'

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* The Ethno-Botany of the Coahuilla Indians of Southern California, Chicago, 1900, p. 22.

ART. IX.—*The Stage in America*, 1897–1900. By NORMAN HAPGOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

THERE is one very noticeable fact about the modern theatre, and that is the popularity of Shakspearian performances. Shakspeare once spelt ruin, now he is the handbook of prosperity. Many causes contribute to this result: for example, the spread of such education as is represented by University extension lectures, which have taught thousands of the class for whom fifty years ago the stage would have been anathema, to go to a play of Shakspeare almost as they go to church, with the sense of accomplishing a duty and setting a good example. It is part of the ritual to read up the play beforehand, and the extreme zealots like to have a copy in their hands during the performances, that they may check the actor's delivery of the text. However, these are happily a small minority of any audience, even in a provincial town during the course of a popular lecturer. The mass of people go to the theatre to be entertained; and the fact that they find Shakspeare entertaining is a triumph of stage-management. Critics talk a great deal of dramatic unity; but the truth is that if you want to keep a miscellaneous audience interested for three hours or even two, variety is the more important requisite. And the intelligent actor-manager finds that no dramatist gives such scope for varied interest as the great Elizabethan (to whom no author's fees need be paid.) Apart from the variation of tragedy with comedy, Shakspeare's plays are all in the highest degree spectacular and full of lively action; they lend themselves naturally to the most elaborate mounting.

Of course, according to the creed of persons of culture, all this is rank heresy. We are continually asked to believe that it would be more artistic to produce Elizabethan plays as they are produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society; that Shakspeare, as Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Tree present him, is smothered under trappings. Such anxiety is touching, but Shakspeare is hard to smother. He can take care of himself. Undoubtedly numberless spectators enjoyed the performance of 'Twelfth Night' at Her Majesty's Theatre (which is the real suggestion of this article) who would not have enjoyed it without the scenery, singing, and other accessories. That is to say, it was enjoyed by many people who did not care particularly, perhaps did not care at all, about the poetry of the play. But, on the other hand, we

deny absolutely that the sumptuous setting detracted in any way from the pleasure of the poetry for those who did care about it. The lines

> 'Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
> Methought she purged the air of pestilence,'

were none the less beautiful because they were spoken by a man who made the centre of a picture in colour and grouping very like a Delacroix. In a word, it is our conviction that when Mr. Tree arranged 'Twelfth Night' as a kind of sublimated variety entertainment, he did what was not merely legitimate, but artistically right; and that the public, which, in going to the theatre, demands a spectacle, obeys a sound instinct. Those who think otherwise ignore the history of the art.

For, after all, what have people always gone to the theatre for? Etymology does not hesitate about the answer. They go to see, to assist at a spectacle. Any theory of the dramatic art which ignores this aspect of the truth must deplorably cramp the possibilities of the stage and deny to the spectators their appropriate pleasure. Yet, in fact, modern drama does so, thinking of all that lies beyond the footlights as the auditorium, and treating the eye as subsidiary to the intelligence. This commits the drama to a rigorous logic which is fatal to its free existence, for the eye is no logician, but you must reason with the ear. Unless, indeed, you sing to it; and if a modern audience would acquiesce in conventions as contentedly at the play as at the opera, things would go better with the drama. It is at least probable that when the drama was at its most perfect developement, in the day of Sophocles, the whole performance was primarily sensuous in its appeal, and resembled a modern opera much more than a modern play. Only, the sense specially appealed to was of sight, not of hearing.

When the Athenian cobbler got up early in the morning and hurried away to pay his two obols and take his place in the theatre to see the 'Oresteia' of Æschylus performed, are we to suppose that he was drawn solely by a passion for poetry? Can we believe that as those astounding choruses were chanted at him he caught all the words, or, if he did, that he grasped their meaning? For our part we cannot. He probably went out to see rather than to hear; and whatever he heard was continually accompanied by magnificent spectacle. Those who had the good fortune to see Mr. Ben Greet's company playing 'As you like it'

out of doors on a fine day in some beautiful garden when Mrs. Patrick Campbell, not yet famous, was the Rosalind, will not need to be reminded of the infinite charm attainable by beauty of person accompanied by beauty, freedom, and eloquence of gesture in an attractive setting. But the theatre at Athens, with its huge expanse of marble and its outlook over the blue sea, must have been, on a day of festival, not merely attractive but one of the finest sights the world has seen. There was gathered together a populace whose physical perfection is attested by a thousand statues, and who were in that stage of artistic developement at which even the artisan can make nothing that is ugly. They were a people who possessed the plastic sense in a higher degree than any other people in any age has possessed it, and before them on the stage were figures trained to make of themselves living statues; while the chorus, chosen for their beauty, were drilled in all their movements by a poet in whom the sense of form was supreme. The Athenian cobbler saw all this magnificent tableau grouping itself before his eyes, and, having the instinct of an artistic race, he rejoiced in the spectacle. Then a man came forward and spoke a speech marvellously written, and no doubt marvellously delivered. But, let it not be forgotten, the actor was before the spectators like a moving statue, destitute of facial expression. Masked, he was ridiculous if he ceased to be statuesque; he had to satisfy the sense of form as well as the intelligence. The speech ended; then came song and dance—tragic song and tragic dance—but still, song and dance, appealing to faculties other than the logical. Words, indeed, were chanted; yet words like those suddenly heard could at best only vaguely affect a normal intelligence. Dialogue followed, alternating with set speeches; then song and dance again, relieving the strain of the acted drama and weaving a kindred emotion through a different medium. Variety in unity, unity in variety was the essence of the thing, poetry and spectacle blended. But the attraction of poetry, with its appeal to the intelligence rather than to the sense, was intermittent; the attraction of the spectacle, the appeal to the eye, as continuous as the appeal of music to the ear in opera.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, a versatile and brilliant young American writer, who has made a book of his experiences as a dramatic critic, reminds us in his reflections on this subject of Aristotle's dictum:—

'"Scenery," says Aristotle briefly, "has an emotional attraction of

its own, but of all the parts (of a play) it is the least artistic, and connected least with the art of poetry."'

In so far as this applies to the inanimate scenery, the stage properties, it is true, but it does not mean that scenery should be dispensed with. Decoration may be inappropriate, excessive, as it was, in Mr. Hapgood's opinion, at Sir Henry Irving's performance, when 'the tragic quality 'of Macbeth' was 'smothered in magnificent adornment.' But scenery, having its own emotional value, cannot possibly be too good, and we may be very sure that the Greeks made it as good as they could get it. If Aristotle really meant to say, as it is possible he would have said, that the spectacular element in drama is unimportant, it may be pertinent to observe that Aristotle lived at the time when decadence had set in, and polite comedy had begun to supersede tragedy and the grotesque poetry of Aristophanes.

Drama begins as a pageant—as a religious ceremony, representing events by action, and to a less degree by narrative. Its natural developement is towards the logical evolution of a story by means of word and gesture (taking gesture in its widest sense so as to include action); and the end of this developement is realism; which, so far as we can judge, means ultimately the death of all pleasure on the stage that is not the pleasure of prose comedy. There is nothing so inartistic as to apply the logical faculty where its application is irrelevant. Plato knew this perfectly, and when he set out to attack the ethical justification of art he did so by an unfair use of logic. Why does a man pretend to be in pain when he is not in pain? he asked. Why does he declare himself to be a god when we know that he is only so-and-so of such-and-such a deme? Reasoning like that makes nine-tenths of art impossible, and it is only the extreme type of a process that is natural to the human mind. Critics who wish to maintain the standard of an art are therefore bound to fight against it. They are bound to point out incessantly that the spectacle offered by the stage does not profess to be actual life, but only a representation bearing a certain conventional relation to the facts of human existence. The more you concede to the claim of realism, insisting that the relation shall be drawn closer and closer, the less you can concede to the exigencies of plastic beauty, to the need for a spectacle, and the closer you clip the wings of poetry. There must always be a certain amount of voluntary illusion contributed by the spectator; the factor which determines the convention of dramatic art is

the answer to the question, how much illusion the dramatist can count upon. The Greeks had their own way of answering this question, and it was an odd one enough. They insisted increasingly upon the unity of time, the concentration of action within twenty-four hours, which Aristotle formulated in accordance with the existing practice. Æschylus, as we must hold in spite of Dr. Verrall's too ingenious argument, neglected that formula in the 'Agamemnon;' but public opinion was presumably against such licence, as it is not taken elsewhere. The Athenian audience, which was willing to suppose the passage of hours in a space of some minutes, would not suppose the passage of an equivalent number of years. In this respect the convention of modern drama is much less exacting than the ancient, but in others the Greek theatre seems almost absurdly out of touch with life. Murder is done in the hearing of a crowd, and the crowd, exceedingly distressed, still faithfully keep their place on the stage. There are many Greek tragedies open to the satire directed against them by Mr. A. E. Housman, himself poet as well as scholar, in the delightful parody from which it is a pleasure to quote.

'*Eriphyla* (*within*). O, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw;
And that in deed, and not in word alone.
Cho. I thought I heard a sound within the house
Unlike the voice of one that jumps for joy.
Eri. He splits my skull, not in a friendly way,
Once more: he purposes to kill me dead.
Cho. I would not be reputed rash, but yet
I doubt if all be gay within the house——
Eri. O! O! another stroke! that makes the third.
He stabs me to the heart against my wish.
Cho. If that be so, thy state of health is poor;
But thine arithmetic is quite correct.'

Nevertheless it is pretty clear that the Greeks were right, even when most sublimely illogical. They recognised the conditions of their spectacle, and they saw that living statuary could not plunge into violent action. The Japanese, the only modern race which can be compared with them in the diffusion of artistic intelligence, are said to have on their classic stage a convention based by far more largely on voluntary illusion than the Greek. But it is also at least probable that the line of criticism implied in Mr. Housman's parody was not unknown in Athens, and that, as men began to let their sense of logic play upon the Attic tragedy and draw its deductions in caustic humour, the

drama of Æschylus and Sophocles gave place to the drama of Menander. Euripides was halfway to comedy in the concessions to naturalism which Aristophanes so fiercely resented. Directly he began to introduce the common passions of ordinary men and women on to the stage he altered the character of the performance, and brought in an element inconsistent with the marmoreal dignity of that spectacle. What he wrote was at its best not less admirable poetry than that of Æschylus or Sophocles, but it was probably less suited to the Attic stage.

There is one question continually asked among students—whether it is better to read Shakspeare or to see him played. We may not know as much about the Greek theatre as we could wish, but we know enough to make it impossible for that question to be put in regard to the plays of Sophocles. Even to see them played inadequately in something like their true setting throws more light on their perfect adjustment to the stage parts than a year of study. The representations in the chalk-pit at Bradfield were surprising in their revelation, but most noticeably that of the 'Antigone,' about ten years back, because in that case the performers were happily gifted with physical beauty and dignity. And parts of the play, such as the lyrical antiphony of wailing with which the drama concludes, took on an extraordinary vitality and interest that they wholly lacked in the coldness of a printed page. If one may use the word 'music' in Plato's sense as a kind of high harmony controlling and combining all of the arts, then it is safe to say that a tragedy of Sophocles, as it was represented at Athens, was a superb musical composition, satisfying ear and eye, the sense of melody, the sense of rhythm, and the sense of form, not less than the intelligence which takes its pleasure in the beauty of thought and the hidden colour of words. The Athenian cobbler saw what we can never see, and it is probable that if the 'Oresteia' had been offered to him only a piece of printed literature he would have cared very little about it. For the mass of mankind in all ages, though it may value the ballad and the epic, cares little about the highly intellectualised forms of poetry, and about tragic poetry least of all.

At Rome tragedy was always an exotic. In the literatures of the modern world the French and the English hold the first place in drama, but with widely dissimilar products. From the outset they had in common this difference from the antique, that plays were no longer represented to the population of a whole town; and, the

spectator sitting at closer quarters, masks were dispensed with, and the actor acquired a new means of expression in facial gesture. Gesture came to be criticised less and less for its plastic effect, more and more for its intellectual significance, its message to the mind, that helped out the story. But except in this, the French and English stages differed by a whole heaven. In France tragedy derived directly from the Latin and through that from the Greek. A nation possessed with a sort of passion for logic, and born amateurs of diction, contented themselves with plays whose one object was to exhaust the logical content of a given situation and its developement. To everybody except Frenchmen, French tragedies of the classic type are infinitely monotonous. It was the Greek model, stripped of the interludes of song and dance, which at Athens gave the needed variety. The French comedy even when using verse confined itself strictly to the spirit of prose. But in England there arose a dramatic literature which owed nothing to Greece and Rome except the suggestion that such things as stage plays might be a form of literature; and indeed the drama was close on its climax before the persons of culture in England would admit that it had any claim to serious consideration. It grew straight from the soil, and it had its full response in the hearts of the people, whom it was written to please. And, moreover, even in comedy, it was, like the Greek, essentially poetic. How, then, did Shakspeare and his fellows solve the problem of winning an audience for poetry, and especially for tragic poetry, from a crowd to whom bull-baiting presented a rival attraction?

For it must be remembered that Shakspeare was first and foremost a provider of popular entertainments. Sidney and his coterie had theories about the drama which contemned the groundlings. Even Ben Jonson had theories and ran in the teeth of public taste. But Shakspeare was a writer as deliberately popular as, for example, Mr. Hall Caine. The illustration is carefully chosen, for no one will suppose that Mr. Hall Caine conceives himself to be derogating from the highest standards by his deliberate appeal to the largest public. It is possible, though highly improbable, that Shakspeare took himself as seriously as does Mr. Hall Caine; but, at all events, he was plainly determined to entertain the people, whom, on the other hand, Lord Buckhurst with his Senecan tragedies, and Ben Jonson with his 'learned sock,' were quite willing to bore.

How, then, did Shakspeare succeed in making tragedy popular? Are we to suppose that he relied on the intrinsic attractiveness of good poetry? In a measure, no doubt; and yet with the facts of human nature in our minds and Hamlet's speech before our eyes, are we not bound to consider that poetry as poetry would have been ranked by Shakspeare as 'caviare to the general'? It seems pretty clear that what Shakspeare and the rest relied on mainly was story—a sensational presentment of exciting events. Every drama relies centrally on plot; 'the plot is the vital 'principle,' as Aristotle said. But the Elizabethan drama as compared with the Greek had a much greater narrative interest. The Elizabethans made themselves a help out of a hindrance, and since their performance was deficient in the spectacular element, having no scenery, they obtained variety in the construction by a rapid succession of brief scenes. Thus the Shakspearian drama was almost as unfettered as the novel, and indeed in many respects it is nearer to the novel than to the Greek tragedy. But, even so, Shakspeare did not feel that he could hold an audience with a tale of unrelieved gloom, and, to avoid wearying the listeners or depressing them, he had recourse to comic relief.

At Athens, where unbroken tragedy was, if we can believe anything, passionately enjoyed, the general atmosphere of gloom was relieved by the plastic beauty and studied rhythmic variety of the performance. In London the audience were cramped in a frowsy theatre, the players cramped on an undecorated stage, and the appeal to the eye could be made only by their graces of person—in a performance where boys played the women. And therefore Shakspeare, the popular playwright, whenever he could do so, wove into the fabric of his tragedy a thread of comedy. In 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Hamlet,' the two best acting plays in the world, that never fail of their effect though they should be played in a barn by the lowest mummers, there is as much comedy as tragedy. In 'Othello' comedy is deeply rooted; Iago breathes its very atmosphere. But in 'Macbeth' comedy has no part. How does Shakspeare get over the difficulty? First by the tremendous prominence given to the witches, whose weird figures have a purely spectacular value independent of scenery; and, secondly, by the intrusion of a comic patch which is a mere concession to the groundlings. In the very height of that sublime tragic effect when the knocking breaks in on Macbeth's terrible suspense like a summons to the day of judgement, and

continues through the brief words that pass between him and the woman returning with her dabbled hands—in the very height of this Shakspeare interpolates the porter's clowning; and Macduff, entering with Lennox from the clear outdoor air into this tragic hostel, has to take part in a skipping dialogue before the true drama resumes with the new-comer's awful question to Macbeth: 'Is the King stirring, sir?' Again, in 'King Lear' there is not a hint of comedy; the fool in his growing fright is a personage as tragic as the King. The growing oppression of the tragedy finds a relief indeed in the two scenes where Kent assaults Oswald—scenes full of vigour and animal spirits; but, even so, Shakspeare was afraid that his audience would not stand the strain. And accordingly at the end of two scenes—first at the end of Act I. and afterwards when Lear is led out of the storm by Kent—the fool takes the stage after the other characters have left, and does his best to put the pit in good-humour. In all probability he danced a breakdown in addition to reciting the prophecy that 'Merlin shall make.'

In short, the darker and more pervading the atmosphere of tragedy, the more did Shakspeare feel obliged to relieve it with mirth so irrelevant as to prove how little he relied upon even the superbest poetry to hold his audience. He deliberately weakened the effect of his art upon the nerves by providing an outlet in laughter. Now it seems to us that the resources of the modern stage dispense largely with that necessity by giving the people something to look at as well as something to hear and think about. Setting aside 'Lear,' which Charles Lamb rightly declared to transcend the possibility of acting, we may fairly say that in a modern performance of 'Macbeth' the picturesqueness of the setting should enable an actor to omit the passage with the porter, which is no part of the play's real fabric. And it may, we think, be fairly claimed that certain plays of Shakespeare are produced now as they ought to be produced, and as they could not have been produced in his own day. These are the plays where the story is weakest, which depend for their literary effect rather upon individual passages or characters than the drama itself. All of Shakspeare's plays lend themselves to spectacular treatment: 'Romeo and Juliet' positively calls aloud for beauty of presentment. But the importance of the spectacular element should vary in proportion to the natural strength of the plot, and in such a play as either 'Romeo and Juliet' or 'Hamlet' the accidentals ought not to be insisted on. On the other hand, the historical plays

had in Shakspeare's day an accidental attraction that now is lessened. In an age when books were few they presented a highly coloured and romantic version of exciting episodes in the national history; they gratified the taste which is now provided with the historical novel; more than that, they were actually lessons in history. What the theatre can do now is to give a living picture of the national life of those times, and in doing so it carries out Shakspeare's intention to illustrate the national annals. It is pleasant to be able to quote Mr. Hapgood in support of this view. Writing of the great popular success which attended the production of 'Henry V.,' one of the least dramatic of Shakspeare's plays, he says:—

'Mr. Mansfield decorated the play with such skill that the sweetness and majesty of it, the poetry, which is its whole nature, instead of being crowded aside, seemed to be only appropriately clothed. It was made as far as possible a war play; but it is also a poem and character portrait, and in this production, as in the drama itself, all three were blended.

'The act which proved the most popular was not written by Shakspeare. It was not written by anybody, for it contained no words. The chorus, strongly, intelligently, and poetically rendered by Florence Kahn, was made by the poet to say this:—

> "But now behold
> In the quick forge and working-house of thought
> How London doth pour out her citizens!
> The mayor and all his brethren, in best sort—
> Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
> With the plebeians swarming at their heels—
> Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in."

'Upon that hint, Mr. Mansfield, following Kean's example, trusted, not to the quick forge and working-house of thought, but to the improvement in stage machinery and the love of visible motion which dwells within the human breast. The whole fourth act, in this arrangement, was a scene in a London street, where the populace hailed the arriving troops, marching in battalions, with crossbows, pikes, and lances, passing rapidly forward through an arch in the rear, and off through the crowd to the side. Now and again a soldier was joined by his wife or by a waiting maiden, and amidst the excitement of it all the harder side of war was suggested by one woman's fate; she rushed among the soldiers to ask one question, and then was carried senseless from the ranks. A dance of girls with flowers was one feature of the pageant, which ended with the entrance on the stage of King Henry on his battle-horse.

'Next to this in spectacular triumph was a picture of Henry's wedding to Katherine, which closed the evening. I did not grudge the success gained by these features, since they were well executed in

themselves, not inharmonious with the drama, and the means whereby thousands were led to spend an evening in the company of gorgeous language and noble sentiments.'

It will not be forgotten that in the same chorus Shakspeare expressly deplores the inadequacy of the means to represent history which his 'unworthy scaffold' could afford. The superior person of to-day points out that all representation on the stage is viciously inadequate; that, for example, a sham fight can deceive no one, that a stage crowd is always too evidently a stage crowd. What Shakspeare thought on the matter is probably represented by a dialogue in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

'*Hippolyta.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hippolyta. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.'

Hippolyta, whom it seems likely that Shakspeare sketched in a touch of pique against some great lady's sarcastic comment, is a distressing example of the superior person. In our humbler opinion the unassisted imagination does not so well realise the scene as the imagination which carries out a suggestion made as skilfully and completely as the resources of the stage will admit. There must always be the element of voluntary illusion; and those who delight in remarking the evidence of staginess which must appear in the best drilled stage crowd do not go to the theatre in the most artistic spirit.

But, of course, if an actor-manager can deserve such credit as Mr. Hapgood bestows on Mr. Mansfield for what is really a subsidiary but independent addition to the entertainment provided by Shakspeare, it is clear that he can also deserve condemnation. If he can give you the right thing, he can also give you the wrong. Mr. Hapgood says roundly that Mr. Daly habitually spoilt Shakspeare by his passion for the pretty-pretty, as well as by injudicious rearrangement of the text. Well, Mr. Daly was producing exactly the class of plays which give to the stage-manager the greatest opportunity—those light and fanciful comedies which approximate to the masque, of which 'As You Like It,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Twelfth Night,' are examples. 'As You Like It' is a less good example than the others, for it contains a great part, which Nature formed Miss Ellen Terry to play and unkind fate denied her the opportunity. But even Miss Terry could hardly have

played it better, more simply, with more grace and more poetry, than did Mrs. Campbell on a stage set under a clump of great beech trees. She played it perfectly on a perfect day with Nature's actual greenery about her, and the performance satisfied eye and ear and imagination with beauty. No indoor stage can have the attraction of those waving boughs, but when Mr. Benson produced 'Midsummer 'Night's Dream' at the Globe Theatre the representation gave us a pleasure which outlasts in memory the impression produced by numberless other plays at the moment more enthralling and exciting. The thought rose up in one's mind, how Shakspeare would have enjoyed it. No doubt the small fairies spoke with a Cockney accent, but still the scene was in reality fairy-like, and the production was directed with taste by a man of intelligence and carried out by a dozen actors, none of whom showed great talent (except, indeed, Mr. Weir as Bottom), but all of whom performed adequately. Nobody obtruded his personality and got between us and Shakspeare.

That is the truth about Shakspeare in his greater plays. Mr. Birrell has put the point very strongly when he observes that behind Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet and Mr. Tree's Hamlet, or anyone else's Hamlet, there is another and a greater Hamlet—the Hamlet of Shakspeare. And Mr. Birrell concludes on the whole that he does not owe much gratitude to the stage or derive much pleasure from it. For ourselves, we are more humble-minded. We can take pleasure in seeing, for example, Mr. Forbes Robertson present Hamlet, as Hamlet seems to him, without being distressed by the sense of inadequacy. But nevertheless the sense of inadequacy, if we come to analyse his performance, or any conceivable performance, is there. There is thus latent in the mind a hostile criticism, a kind of running controversy, which prevents our surrender to the purely spectacular and sensuous charm of the drama. We are not willing to let anyone else's Hamlet oust from our minds what we take to be the Hamlet of Shakspeare. So, at least, we account for the fact that the Shakspearian productions which we have most enjoyed and remember best have been productions of those plays in which the characters are only vague and charming outlines.

Very high among them we should rank Mr. Tree's production of 'Twelfth Night,' which, as we have said already, he produced frankly as a variety entertainment. He was quite right to do so in our judgement, for intrinsically, as a drama,

it is one of the weakest things that Shakspeare has left us. But what lacks in strength of plot is made up in variety. There is a certain amount of poetry, a certain amount of real comedy, a certain amount of admirable broad farce, mixed up with sentimental song, comic song, and comic dance. All these things are plainly inherent in the play. It is also safe to assert that fine clothes would have been one of the attractions on the Elizabethan stage, for a player's wardrobe was a valuable asset. But if that play had been produced as the Elizabethan Stage Society would produce it, bare of scenery, does any one suppose it would have run for a week? Nowadays the poetic drama has to compete against comic opera and the music-halls, which give plenty of bright colours and pleasant noises without any intellectual strain. Arranged as Mr. Tree arranged it, 'Twelfth Night' competed triumphantly with these attractions, and the huge house was packed for a long run. He gave all that could be given under the conditions of the Elizabethan stage, and to these he added backgrounds of extraordinary beauty. Simply as a series of tableaux it was delightful to watch; and yet it did not distract one from a perception of Mr. Tree's witty and finished presentation of Malvolio, nor the actual qualities of the play. For instance, there is a passage—singularly well brought out by the actor—which depicts the violent dramatic affection that a man of mature age may conceive for the grace and beauty of a youth. Antonio's sudden offer of his purse to Sebastian and the wild unreason of his rush into the dangers of Orsino's Court had never impressed us before; as played that night, they seemed to throw a flash on the intellectual temper of the age that produced the sonnets of Shakspeare and Languet's letters to Sidney. Indeed, the acting was throughout enjoyable; but the essential reason, as it appeared to us, on reviewing our impressions, why we had enjoyed the performance more than any for years, was that we had assisted at a representation where poetry combined perfectly with a beautiful, harmonious, and amusing spectacle. We had gone to see; we had seen a good show; our mind had not been stimulated at the expense of our natural sensuous enjoyment.

The question of the value to be assigned to spectacular effect is of the greatest importance to the theatre nowadays. For good or for bad it seemed for a long time that the modern drama had finally conformed to the ideal, which limits itself to the logical developement of a theme. The

logic of probability was pushed to the exclusion of poetry; what the stage aspired to show us was a 'slice out of life.' This at once condemned as rhetoric whatever was not the natural and normal speech of men and women in every-day relations; the play resolved itself into the exposition of a situation between certain characters by means of the barest and most telling sentences. In this sense the typical modern tragedy is Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' where the mother sees her son at war with hereditary tendencies to ruin, and in simple mercy kills him. Even more typical, perhaps, is 'An Enemy of 'the People,' where a man's life is wrecked and squandered because he will not perjure his soul over a question of drainage. Now, about Ibsen there is this to be said. Most competent judges agree with Mr. Hapgood that the world has scarcely seen a greater master of stage-craft. His ideas, therefore, get every chance. No one is likely to do better than he the sort of thing that he does. And, further, intelligent people are agreed that Ibsen has a mind of surprising power and originality. Except Tolstoy, there is probably no man writing now whose reputation is so universal throughout Europe. The question is, then, how far the ideal of the drama represented by Ibsen's work is likely to maintain itself? In his own country, that is, broadly speaking, in the Scandinavian countries, there is no doubt of the popularity which he enjoys. 'A Doll's House' made the same sort of stir as was produced here by 'Robert Elsmere,' only that Ibsen's work, being intellectually far stronger, produced a more violent effect. It divided house against house, father against son, daughter against mother. It was the potent instrument of a propaganda in a community previously unruffled by such ideas. To Europe, or at least to France, Ibsen's plays have not this accidental interest. They appeal simply as works of art; and neither in France nor in England have they been widely popular. They have interested only the few—those who are interested in ideas or in theories of art. They have not pleased the public which goes to the theatre to be pleased. And, to speak for ourselves, though every performance of Ibsen's plays which we have seen has interested us and moved us, there has been none, except one of a comedy, that we have enjoyed. We have gone away with feelings not unlike those which result from an overdose of quinine—braced, perhaps, but thoroughly uncomfortable; while, by the tragedies of Hauptmann—another realist who aims (as Mr. Hapgood says of Ibsen) 'to distil the poetry 'that there is in prose, to force elemental feelings to

'emerge from the material of every day'—we have been utterly and deplorably depressed. And the first duty of art is to exhilarate.

The reason for which all realistic tragedy seems to us condemned to failure on the stage is just this, that it neglects or ignores what for want of a better word we must call the music of the stage—that is, the purely sensuous gratification which may compensate the intellectual pain of tragedy. Comedy can dispense with it, for laughter is naturally exhilarating. With Madame Réjane acting we can laugh at M. Henry Becque's 'La Parisienne,' a presentment of humanity about as agreeable as the fourth book of 'Gulliver's Travels.' But tragedy is another matter. The mind will not gratuitously contemplate the tragic issue of a tragic situation unless the strain is relieved by incidental beauty. Ibsen, at the beginning of his career, relied on the intrinsic beauty of verse and the abundant rhetoric of poetry. Then came a period of undiluted prose—the period of 'Ghosts' and the rest. But even he felt the reaction, and in his later works he has open recourse to another poetic device, the poetry of symbolism. Yet it is unavailing. In 'Little Eyolf' or 'John Gabriel Borkman' we have the spectacle of ugly or commonplace people manifesting sordid and disagreeable passions in an environment deliberately divested of all charm; and when the mind is invited to take refuge on imaginary mountain-peaks it refuses the summons. In the last play of all—'When we Dead Awaken'—there is an evident return to the spectacular appeal. The veiled white figure of Irene, once the sculptor's model, with her attendant the black-robed silent Sister of Mercy, make a plastic group; and the scene passes in the open, among beautiful places. What this play would look like on the stage one can only conjecture; but it represents a return to beauty, and to a poetry that is scarcely disguised in prose. If it were mounted adequately it would be beautiful and not ugly throughout. Not so with Hauptmann, whose tragedy of every-day events—'Lonely Lives'—was the other day acted—and very well acted—by the Stage Society in London. We assisted at a domestic crisis passing in an interior, which was necessarily represented as ugly and inartistic, and the whole story was as sombre and as convincing as one of Mr. George Gissing's novels. But, by the fact of dramatic presentment, the physical as well as the moral ugliness was driven home relentlessly on the mind; the eye, treated as a mere servant of the intelligence, did its work only too well,

and we came away with a sense that a public which did not care about this form of art had a deal of right on its side. The play was dramatic beyond a doubt; but it was tragedy treated as prose, and unrelieved by any element of beauty or gaiety, and such tragedy must always be unbearable.

It is a question whether prose tragedy can be made acceptable at all. There is, of course, the story of Mrs. Tanqueray. But Mrs. Tanqueray's death comes as a merciful relief to so many people, herself not least, that it can hardly be regarded as a tragic solution. M. Brieux's superb play, 'La Robe Rouge,' offers more of a case in point. There you had, as in Shakspeare, tragedy firmly and vitally interwoven with a thread of comedy; prose tragedy and prose comedy, entirely unlike that of Shakspeare, but still resembling his in the natural inter-relation. The comic tragedy of the piece, in the manner of Ibsen's 'Enemy of 'the People,' represents the dilemma of a lawyer who has to choose between his conscience and his promotion at a time when promotion is vital to his family. But this strand of the plot is interwoven with elemental tragedy, and dignified by the greater issue; promotion can only be secured by obtaining a conviction for murder against an innocent man. The tragedy is double, for the honest lawyer sacrifices his career and his prospects, while his rival, whom no scruples trouble, and who is, besides, a blackguard, contrives in the process of inquiry to wreck the happiness of the accused by a needless revelation of his wife's past. A play could scarcely be more varied in interest, or better constructed, and no play could be better acted than was this by Réjane and her company. Yet, looking back, we feel that it was a play to see once, perhaps twice, but certainly not again and again. On the other hand, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Martin Harvey, under Mr. Forbes Robertson's direction, were playing 'Pelléas and Melisande,' with scenery designed by Burne Jones, those who enjoyed it enjoyed it perhaps more at the fourth time of seeing than at the first. There, in spite of the faulty *technique*, in spite of the absurd irrelevance of certain scenes, was essential tragedy presented in a fashion that delighted the sense with a music of all the faculties. The pleasure which the really dramatic scenes in that performance gave was, we maintain, the pleasure proper to the stage: it sent one away intoxicated with beauty. And even when, as in the cave scene, the pleasure slipped into the spectacular rather than the dramatic, the performance erred in a direction more con-

formable with art than such a joyless production as Hauptmann's 'Einsame Menschen' or 'Friedensfest.'

Our conclusion is, first, that tragedy cannot be brought back to the stage unless hand in hand with poetry; and secondly that an essential part of poetic tragedy is spectacle. Tragedy and poetry are coming back; so much seems clear; but it is odd that of the two men whose names are most prominent in the movement, the Englishman comes nearer to the classic tradition of tragedy. M. Rostand wrote, upon the whole, comedy in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' tragedy in 'L'Aiglon,' but it would be easy to argue that 'Cyrano' was tragic in its intention as in its conclusion, and 'L'Aiglon' bitter comedy. On the other hand, there is no mistake about 'Herod' or 'Paolo and Francesca.' Concerning the latter play, whose production on the stage seems relegated to the Greek Kalends, it is not possible to speak confidently. But in 'Herod' there was a tragedy unhelped by comic relief, which nevertheless gained a very considerable popular success. That it did so was beyond a doubt due far more to its spectacular quality than to the magnificent poetry of the third act. In our opinion, Mr. Phillips is a poet of higher quality than M. Rostand; but it seems to us that in his dramas he relies less on the rhetoric of poetry and more on the composition of action, movement, and spectacle than the Frenchman. And, from our point of view, he is right. In painting or music the object is to stimulate the mind through the senses; in poetry, to stimulate the senses through the mind. But in drama the appeal is co-ordinate to eye and mind at once, and, in a sense, each faculty has a distinct claim. The modern theory of realistic drama has starved the sense of sight and ministered to it only shamefacedly, and as it were by accident, in giving fine clothes to actresses and the like. The true theory of a drama, which proposes to itself any pleasure but the pleasure of laughter, will recognise frankly that the theatre is a place of spectacle, and will not lacerate the feelings of spectators without affording the appropriate compensation through the sense of form, colour, and plastic rhythm.

ART. X.—1. *Britain's Title in South Africa, or the Story of Cape Colony to the Days of the Great Trek.* By JAMES CAPPON, M.A., Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. London: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

2. *The New South Africa: its Value and Development.* By W. BLELOCH. London: William Heinemann. 1901.

3. *Peace or War in South Africa.* By A. M. S. METHUEN. London: Methuen & Co. 1901.

4. *Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War.* By EDWARD T. COOK. London: Edward Arnold. 1901.

5. *Correspondence Relating to Affairs in South Africa.* Presented to Parliament, 1901.

6. *Report of the Transvaal Concessions Commission.* Presented to Parliament, June 1901.

7. *Report by Sir David Barbour, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., on the Finances of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.* Presented to Parliament, June 1901.

8. *Report of the Lands Settlement Commission, South Africa.* Presented to Parliament, June 1901.

'IT is no use denying that the last half year has been one 'of retrogression.'

So wrote Sir Alfred Milner from Cape Town to the Secretary of State for the Colonies nearly half a year ago. The picture that he painted of the state of affairs existing in South Africa in February last fully bore out his words. In the previous summer Cape Colony had been perfectly quiet, at least as far as the Orange River, the southern half of the Orange River Colony had been rapidly settling down, and even in the Transvaal a considerable portion of the country, and notably the south-western districts, seemed to have definitely accepted British authority, and to be gladly turning towards prospects of orderly government and peace. But now (February 6, 1901), the High Commissioner proceeds to point out, the scene has completely altered, and instead of finding himself able to report the approaching end of hostilities, he describes how our successes won against main bodies of the enemy had served to break up their commands into smaller forces, which operated over a far wider area of country, and how the devastation caused by the unexpected prolongation of hostilities had been on a far greater scale than in the earlier stages

of the war. Boer commandoes, he told us, were living on the country through which they passed, and this had made it necessary for our troops to forestall them by denuding vast districts of all supplies. Our generals had, indeed, abandoned farm-burning, but the destruction of crops and stock which military exigency required inflicted a more lasting injury on the country. The Boers, as the war was prolonged, were showing much more inclination towards wanton destruction and the mere malicious injury of the property of their foes. Boer raiders had even here and there damaged the valuable machinery and apparatus of outlying gold mines, regardless of the usages of civilised warfare, and forgetful of the fact that on the successful prosecution of the gold industry was dependent the future of South Africa, of Boer and Briton alike. Still, the Rand and Kimberley had remained uninjured, and though agriculture had suffered far more (says Sir Alfred) than anyone could have anticipated before the war, he thinks that pecuniary assistance and the recuperative powers of a new country would in a few years probably repair the damage done to material wealth. Great as the destruction and the devastation have been, we entirely agree with the High Commissioner in thinking that the moral effect of the recrudescence of the war has been more serious still. We had been unable to protect from incursions of the enemy still in the field the vast districts we erroneously believed we had conquered; when, therefore, 'these disturbers of the 'peace reappeared in every part of the conquered territory,' the great majority of the inhabitants, who, whilst they sympathised with their countrymen, really desired peace, found themselves in a very difficult predicament. Within Cape Colony itself the renewal of the war had been productive of much mischief; for the bulk of the Dutch population, who last summer had been preparing to accept the *fait accompli* and to acquiesce in the union of South Africa under the British flag, were again deeply agitated. Their passions were stirred by wholesale inventions as to the harshness and cruelty of the British troops; and even the suppression under martial law of seditious speeches and writings, whilst it had served to check the excitement, had not, says Sir Alfred, eradicated a general spirit of disaffection in most of the country districts.

This is the lamentable account given six months ago of the condition of South Africa. Since then we have continued to pour in British troops and to expend more than a million and a quarter per week in the prosecution of the war;

with what result upon the general bearing of the situation the British people have not yet been informed. The magnitude of the evil which racial war in South Africa has brought, and was bound to bring, upon both Boer and Briton is slowly disclosing itself to the public eye; and people are beginning to ask themselves how any one could ever have imagined that such a war would be found the appropriate remedy for the diseases of the Kruger *régime* within the Transvaal, or the best means of bringing about a sounder and more secure condition of affairs in the far more important regions constitutionally governed by their own people under the British flag. How are we to end the war, and what is to come after it, are the two questions which the public with increasing impatience wishes to have answered. Has at least 'retrogression' ceased? And are we at last making progress towards a real and permanent peace between the races upon whose good relations and active co-operation depends the future of South Africa? The loyalists in South Africa, as Sir Alfred Milner tells us, are, no doubt, 'sick to 'death of a war' which has cost them so dear, but they are nevertheless desirous of 'continuing it for an indefinite time 'rather than run the risk of any compromise which would 'leave even the remotest chance of the recurrence of so terrible 'a scourge in the future.' The sentiment of the British people is much the same. They desire a real and a durable peace, which, it is charitable to suppose, is all that is really meant by the singularly inept phrase dear to platform speakers of 'continuing the war to the bitter end;' patriotic Englishmen who have not lost their heads being, of course, desirous of making the end as little 'bitter' as possible.

It is a singularly disagreeable feature of the history of recent South African troubles that 'retrogression' has been the mark, not merely of the half year described by Sir Alfred Milner, but of a much longer period. No right-thinking man can contemplate without the deepest pain and much foreboding the change that has come over public sentiment in the British Colonies of South Africa, of which, indeed, Sir Alfred Milner's speeches and despatches afford the most unmistakeable evidence. In 1897, at the time of the Second Jubilee, nothing could have exceeded the loyalty to the throne manifested by our Dutch fellow-subjects. It was a Dutch majority in the Parliament at Cape Town which enabled Mr. Goschen to announce his present of an ironclad to the Imperial Navy, and which made over important rights at Simonstown to the Imperial authority. It was in March,

1898, at Graaff Reinet, that Sir Alfred Milner, whilst complaining of a tendency to sympathise with the Transvaal in disputes between that State and ourselves, declared his firm belief 'that the great majority of the population, Dutch as 'well as English, were thoroughly loyal in the sense that 'they knew that they lived under a good Constitution, and 'had no wish to change it, and regarded with feelings of 'reverence and pride the august lady at the head of it.' It was, in fact, these people who, far more than any others in South Africa, deprecated war, knowing well what evils it would bring upon their country and themselves. President Kruger and his Hollander gang had their ambitions. Doubtless they might have prevented war. On the other hand, amongst many and important sections of South African English, there was no attempt to conceal the belief that war, in the interest of the Empire, was greatly to be desired. Even at home the opinion, due to want of information, that war with the Transvaal would be a short cut to establishing a loyal, free, well-governed South Africa, was widely held. But the loyalist Dutch knew well that in every possible event they stood to lose by war, and it is melancholy to look back now to the moving language in which they implored peace, and forecasted the certain miseries of what to them would acquire the character of a civil conflict. To men of the type of Sir Henry de Villiers the war can at least have brought few surprises. No one realised more fully the great abuses of the Kruger *régime*, or pleaded more strongly for their abatement than he did. Others did the same. Unfortunately men of more extreme views prevailed. In times of excitement men's prejudices have full swing. The Boers held with the most intense conviction that the British were aiming at the annexation of the Transvaal. The British held that the Dutch throughout South Africa had engaged in some vast conspiracy to drive them into the sea.

The first theory is now generally held amongst men of Dutch blood throughout South Africa, and is also widely believed abroad. The second is largely held in England. And men will, of course, go on believing in accordance with their predispositions till the passions of the hour have subsided, and they again become able to found their judgements upon evidence. We believe that, by the light of history, Boer and foreigner will yet be convinced that, however true it may be that important Englishmen such as Mr. Rhodes had designs against the liberty of the South

African Republic, the British Government was genuinely anxious to respect its independence, if only some security could be obtained for the just and equal treatment of British subjects dwelling within that State. On the other side, it may be that the Pan-Afrikander conspiracy pervading South Africa, of which this war is by some people supposed to be the outcome, will on examination dwindle down to the vain imaginings and frothy words of some few men whom it would be ridiculous to treat as serious exponents of Dutch South African feeling.

To men intimately acquainted with South Africa, English and Dutch, the history of the years preceding the war is almost as painful to look back upon as the earlier stages of the war itself. The two nations were already descending the inclined plane of diplomatic wrangling and national bickering, certain, unless counsels of patience were listened to, to lead them into the abyss of war. Yet it was demonstrable that the whole trouble was due to racial jarrings between men who, war or no war, had to live together in the future side by side, and hence that war, instead of removing the root and cause of disease, would intensify the mischief which was eating into the constitution of the South African patient. Health, we are afraid, stands far behind peace for unhappy South Africa. Peace must come first, but with it for a time will remain the sequelæ of war—martial law, arbitrary government of every kind, embittered feeling. And we have not yet, after nearly two years of fighting, after spending 175 millions, and losing some twenty thousand valuable lives, won peace!

When ultimately Great Britain drew the sword it was in self-defence. Her borders were invaded. There was no alternative then but war; and war under such circumstances, as in our opinion at least, entailed upon us, for our own future peace and safety, the virtual conquest of the South African Republic. President Kruger and his friends had themselves in the last resort chosen to make the differences between themselves and the British Empire a trial of armed might. And in the interest of South Africa itself, as well as of our own reputation, it was and has been ever since impossible for us to accept any but one solution of the question put, or to permit, if we can prevent it, such a question again being raised.

Though it is useless, it is almost impossible when contemplating the wretchedness and misery in South Africa to-day, and the darkness of the immediate prospect, not to think of what might have been. Neither the Boers nor the

British public really understood the situation. Each was badly informed about the other. Had men only realised, as many now do, alas! too late, what war between the two white races must mean to them both, surely there must have been on both sides, we do not say sufficient wisdom, but sufficient *sanity* to prevent their plunging into the abyss of destruction out of which it is so difficult for South Africa and Great Britain to emerge.

Of the many books on South Africa that every month produces, some are engaged in historical survey, largely prompted by predilections of the present moment, whilst others are more usefully occupied in discussing the immediate future—the means of making progress 'when the 'war is over' towards a happy state of things. We confess we do not think that the most tender conscience need trouble itself as to the validity of the British title to South Africa.* The Dutchmen, to begin with, did splendid work as pioneers. In 1774 Sir Philip Francis, visiting the Cape on his way to India, praises highly the wisdom of the first English settlers in abandoning their hopeless attempt to make anything of such a country. 'Nothing but the cold phlegm of a Dutch-'man could have been equal to the trial. The indefatigable 'industry of that nation has fertilised rocks and transformed 'a swamp into a beautiful city and fortifications.' The tradesmen of Cape Town cheated him, but the principal inhabitants treated him with the most open-handed hospitality, and invited him to the most splendid entertainments. He hears almost incredulously from a Dutch collector of plants that he has found his countrymen's farms as much as 1,000 miles inland.† Still, it could never be in the power of the Dutch nation to create a great European South Africa, and British annexation some forty years later was in truth the first step into a larger life, which, in spite of present troubles, has yet in it, we hope, the prospect of national greatness and prosperity under the British flag. Mr. Cappon rightly holds that the true justification of our position in South Africa is the use that we make of it; and he has little difficulty in showing the superiority of modern English civilisation to the retrograde ideals that still possess the old-world Dutch farmers who lately lorded it in the Transvaal. It is his object, it seems, largely to discredit the standard history of South Africa by Dr. Theal

* 'British Title in South Africa,' by James Cappon.

† The Francis Letters. Hutchinson & Co.: London, 1901.

as being animated by too strong a sympathy for the Dutch race, and even goes so far as to say 'that these histories 'could hardly have been written by a historiographer of 'Cape Colony unless something like an organised conspiracy 'under the protection of the predominant political party 'had existed against the British name and British traditions 'in South Africa!' Nevertheless, we hope Englishmen will still read Dr. Theal's great work, from which they will learn much that is useful, though told from a standpoint that is not always their own.

When peace comes, what will be the condition of the new territories of which the British will have entered into possession? What—and it is perhaps the more important though it has so far been the least considered question of the twc—will be the state of affairs in the already existing self-governing British Colonies? It is perfectly clear to all men who are not fanatics that we cannot at once set up complete quasi-national self-government in the annexed States, sending them back, as returned prisoners, an army of 20,000 men. A transition period must be gone through, during which just and equal rule between man and man can only be secured by more or less arbitrary authority, resting upon British Imperial power. Much will, of course, turn upon how this authority is exercised, and the personal qualifications of the rulers selected by the Colonial Office and their subordinate officials. Every effort will doubtless be made to find men not only of the highest character and abilities, but possessing also the rare gift of inspiring people of different views and prejudices with respect for their firmness, their moderation, their impartiality, and their independence of self-interested cliques. Men of all parties have to be convinced that whilst this arbitrary authority lasts it will be superior to faction, and to every smaller consideration than that of the good of the whole community.

We welcome the Report of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's Commission, not merely on account of the valuable evidence it has laid before the public of the way in which matters were conducted in the Transvaal, *Consule* Kruger, but for the effect it must have in giving, in the first instance, a free hand to the Colonial Office in settling some of the very difficult questions that will arise before settled government can be re-established. In what position will the British Government stand to those of its new subjects who had rights against the previous one? True it is, as the Report says, that no State which has annexed another is legally bound by

any contract made by the State which has ceased to exist, and (what perhaps is sufficient for practical purposes, without inquiring into legal rights) that no court has jurisdiction to enforce such contracts if the annexing State refuses to recognise them.* Nevertheless, following what is the common usage, the Report advises the Government to act on the general principle of protecting individuals in the possession and enjoyment of duly acquired rights, where these rights have not been lost by failure to perform stipulated conditions, or by reason of other just cause. Having laid down their general principle, the Commissioners proceed to examine into the validity of several of the concessions under which the chief claims might arise. They give, by way of introduction, an interesting account of the Transvaal constitutional system—a system in theory absolutely democratic, but which (as often happens with such systems) lends itself with extraordinary facility to the autocratic government of a single individual supported by a small clique. Thus by the law of the Constitution it is clear that the President and Executive Council had no power to grant *exclusive* rights to individuals to pursue undertakings or industries. The legislative power of the State was vested solely in the Volksraad, where the President had no seat. The executive power was vested in the Executive Council, of which the President was the Chairman, and all officials appointed by the President were subject to approval and dismissal by the Volksraad. Military affairs were under the Commandant-General, who was elected for ten years.

'It will be seen,' says the Report, 'that the President had under the written law no uncontrolled patronage, no veto on the acts of the Legislature, no power to select his associates on the Executive Council, and, as the Volksraad was in substance a single-chambered authority, no opportunity of playing off a second chamber against it. Thus, though the forcible personality and strong will of Mr. Kruger obscured the real facts of the Constitution, and produced upon careless observers the impression of authorised autocracy, the truth is there is scarcely any other chief magistrate in any country whose legal authority was confined within more narrow limits.'

To grant an exclusive right involved the prohibition *by law* of its exercise by others than the grantee; and hence it follows that where such grants were made without the sanction of the Volksraad, they were, by the Constitution of the Transvaal, invalid.

* Introduction to the Report of Transvaal Concessions Commission.

In other cases, as in that of the Netherlands Railway Company, the concessions had no doubt been duly granted according to law, but had been forfeited by the conduct of the grantees. It was proved up to the hilt that that Company, which by its constitution was bound to observe absolute neutrality in case of the Transvaal being at war, had played the part of a most active belligerent, and had inflicted the most serious injuries upon the British cause, not merely by conducting the business of carriers for the Boer armies, but by making artillery and explosives, destroying bridges, and rendering every assistance in its power to the Republic. Mr. Kretschmar, the general manager of the Railway, was on his own showing a most useful ally and adviser of the Boer Council of War; and the shareholders could not disclaim responsibility for the action taken by the Company. The concession was clearly forfeited, and at best the ordinary shareholders could only seek the favour and consideration of His Majesty's Government as a matter of pure grace arising out of special circumstances which might establish individual innocence in particular cases. Debenture-holders, on the other hand, were merely creditors of the Company, whose policy they could not control, and the Commissioners, therefore, advise the Government to recognise their claims.

The Government are further advised to decline to recognise the Dynamite Concession, it having been proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioners that the Company had broken the contract under which it worked (the contract itself having been a breach of the regulations of the Raad), that it had amassed vast profits, of which the State obtained a very small share, and yet had induced the Government to condone its fault, and the Raad to adopt that condonation. Without that condonation the Company had no legal right to the monopoly, and no right or title giving the company any claim to consideration against the Imperial Government could be founded on acts of the Transvaal Government and Raad which had been induced by recent and extensive bribery.*

The very satisfactory upshot of the Commission Report is that His Majesty's Government need not consider itself bound by the concessions and monopolies granted by the defunct Government of the Transvaal. Sometimes these grants were invalid from the beginning. Sometimes they had been forfeited by the subsequent conduct of the grantees.

* Transvaal Concessions Report.

It would, therefore, be wise to make such arrangements with individual grantees and shareholders as may seem in the opinion of the Government to be just and in the interest of the community. The Commissioners point out what in their opinion as to certain classes of persons interested the terms of arrangement should be.

The falling into British hands of Mr. Kretschmar's diary affords evidence valuable in the light of history as to the intentions and plans of the Boer leaders immediately before the outbreak of war. The Commandant—General Joubert—as is well known, belonged to the party of peace, but his moderate counsels brought upon him the indignation of those who believed that England meant war, and Mr. Kretschmar writes that it was even proposed that his command should be withdrawn by the Volksraad in secret session. Mr. Kretschmar was himself much dissatisfied at the extreme slowness with which the General made his preparations for defence. Throughout July, August, and September these complaints continue. That the war would take the form of an early invasion of British territory seems to have occurred to no one. And the military measures discussed concerned principally the blowing up and destruction of railways in their own country to keep back a sudden British advance. The belief of the Transvaal Government and Commander-in-Chief was that already in July an armoured train had been prepared by the British and was kept in constant readiness for a dash into the Transvaal. Joubert seems at first to have considered that in order to counteract this project it would be wise to prepare a locomotive to start against the invading train and throw it off the line in case of advance. To Kretschmar this seemed very inadequate,

'but the General was open to no other plan, and only lamented the unpleasantness of carrying on a war; said that the Transvaal was not prepared for it, had not taken sufficient care of the friendship with the Cape Colony, which had been neglected for years, and which now, too late, had again come into existence; that now no assistance could be expected from that side, because the Boers in the Cape Colony were not armed, and that all that was to be done now was to try and avoid war.'

The refusal of the Portuguese to allow the landing of ammunition for the Transvaal seems to have convinced Joubert towards the end of August that peace was at last hopeless; and once more Mr. Kretschmar and President Kruger discuss the best means of checking a sudden inroad of the British and their armoured train, and take practical

measures for the blowing up of their bridges and culverts. On August 24 Kretschmar attends a meeting of the Executive Council, at which Joubert, Cronjé, Trichardt, and other officers were present. We quote his diary translated from the Dutch:—

'The General proposed the calling out of the artillery before England was asked for an explanation with regard to the movement of troops in Natal. As a matter of fact, this had not taken place yet, and therefore nothing should be done on this side before that time. If the artillery left the camp it would be to shoot, and England might rightly consider this a hostile act. Wolmarans also considered this responsibility too great, even though the probability of peace was only hanging on a silk thread, and he thought that nothing should be done, and to warn the local commandants and field cornets to assemble at Paardekop at the first alarm. Trichardt (commandant of State Artillery) preferred to go there with his guns, because he, as well as the President, thought they might not arrive in time if the English, by assistance, had the railway line near Pretoria made useless. Then it would take at least three days before he could be there. Many suppositions were made—for instance, entrance from other sides, rebellion in Johannesburg, the taking of the fort there, &c.—but they were all agreed that the greatest danger was at Standerton. The General was not of opinion that they would enter with a large force, but that they would make their camp near to Amajuba, and operate from there steadily. . . . My impression in the Raad was that peace was now almost impossible. It appears, therefore, that an unfavourable reply had been received from London to the latest proposals from this side. All, however, are very calm; and I even thought to perceive that they gladly submitted to the possibility of war as a solution to the crisis. With all burghers to whom one speaks there appears to exist the firm conviction that they can beat the English, and can throw them back into Natal. The entire trust, however, is on the commandoes, and not on the artillery, nor on other contemplated artificial means.'

We have quoted this diary at some length, as it is the most authentic account we have seen of the anticipations on the very eve of the conflict of a Boer Council of War, and of the general sentiment of the burghers as to their capacity to resist invasion. To them as well as to the English the earlier developements of the campaign seem to have come as a complete surprise. For certain purposes the armed manhood of the Boer nation, little disciplined and wanting in professional officers as it was, has proved a most effective force; but its utter inadequacy would have been at once disclosed had it undertaken to advance as a great army hundreds of miles into the enemy's country. For rapid raids on a more or less large scale the commandoes sufficed, and in this way

they have caused us much trouble and loss. As an invading army, to conquer and hold the territory, the towns, and the railways of vast regions distant from their own frontier, the nature of the Boer forces—as, indeed, Boer instincts—made utterly impossible.

Mr. Bleloch, the author of 'New South Africa,' addresses himself with care and knowledge to estimate the *material* gain to the Empire brought about by the conquest of two territories 'nearly equal in extent to Spain.' The war, he says, was waged to put an end to the subjection of British subjects and to establish equality and liberty for the white races in South Africa. It has rendered the Empire safe on every side by disclosing the strength of the defence against attack under the modern conditions of warfare. It is turning the 'hatred of armed Europe to England weak, into respect 'and goodwill to England strong.' The war has added enormously to our military strength. 'It came none too 'soon, and had it been delayed the cost of between 100 and '150 millions might easily have been exceeded.' Does Mr. Bleloch really believe that the total cost of the war, when it is over, will not far exceed even the gigantic sum he names? and is it not still a little premature to count to the credit of the war the renewed love and respect of Europe and the successful establishment of freedom and equality between the white races of South Africa? We sincerely hope he is right, but we cannot help seeing in his confident anticipations a resemblance to those specious forecasts of two years ago, which prevented the British public from realising what racial war meant to them and to South Africa, and of which it has been reserved for the most lamentable experiences to demonstrate the falsity. We judge now 'after the event,' and we recognise the overwhelming error of those who, months and years before the war began, looked to war—in good faith, doubtless, but with fatal blindness—as a rapid way of reaching the goal at which all of us are aiming—a prosperous and contented South Africa.

Mr. Bleloch has little difficulty in showing, and Sir David Barbour's Report confirms his view, that if the material cost of the war has been great, the material wealth of the conquered States, at least of the Transvaal, is enormous. That vast streams of wealth will flow into European and American pockets as the direct and indirect consequence of the abundance of gold, of diamonds, and in a less degree of other minerals, in the new British territory it is impossible

to doubt. In ten years' time Mr. Bleloch looks to a Johannesburg with a population of half a million inhabitants, drawn, of course, from every part of the world. Everyone in South Africa—Briton and Boer alike—will be the richer. But even had there been no war the European population was certain in a very few years, if the gold mines remained successful, in numbers entirely to swamp the few thousand families that constituted the Transvaal nation. 'The war,' however, 'has been a great advertisement. English yeomen, 'Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, have been and 'have seen, and many will return to stay. There will be all 'the elements of energy, of courage, and fairmindedness 'which help to make a great people, and there will be no 'petty exclusiveness or tyranny over the Boers.' * These anticipations are sanguine, but we think they are not unwarranted by the facts of the case, and every patriotic Englishman at least wishes that they may prove true. And yet they are cast in a form very far from pleasing to the feelings of many—we hope of most—Englishmen. 'The war 'has been a great advertisement.' We also know the Union Jack has been looked upon by at least one eminent man as 'a 'valuable asset.' And thus the duties of empire, the honour of a flag which stands for justice and right, to which in the past struggling nationalities have looked for encouragement and support, the wisdom and foresight of English statesmen, are all brought to the one grand test of the commercial ledger! There are losses that cannot be so estimated. The suffering and the injury that the conflicting forces in South Africa have inflicted upon each other; the desolation of homes, the ruin of wide regions of South Africa, where men only a year and a half ago were living peaceful and happy lives; the bitterness of feeling that was dying out between rival races; the anguish caused to innocent women and children; all these things cannot be forgotten because ten years hence new men will have flocked into Johannesburg and the output of gold and diamonds will have astonished the world.

Sir David Barbour's Report on the finances of the Transvaal and Orange Colony is a clear statement of existing facts, and a cautious suggestion of arrangements to be adopted in the future. How was it possible for anyone early last spring to sketch out in any detail either the income or expenditure to be contemplated in the earlier budgets after the restoration of peace? A great deal, of

* Page 213.

course, would turn upon how long the war was to last, and in what condition the return of peace would find the conquered territories. Writing at Bloemfontein on March 29, July 1 seemed a likely enough date for the complete restoration of peace. Sir David states the actual revenue and expenditure of each State in the year 1898, and gives the estimates made by the two Dutch Governments for the year 1899. He then makes such alterations in the figures as he thinks may roughly approximate to the future necessities of the two States, and asks himself how far, after paying their own way, they will be able to contribute anything in relief of Imperial expenditure on the war. It cannot be said that the Report gives much additional information to those who have already for themselves looked into the matter.

Under President Kruger the actual revenue of the Transvaal in 1898 may be put at 3½ millions, and the expenditure at a little less. When the country has recovered itself from the effects of the war, the revenue of the Transvaal, on the same basis of taxation, Sir David would put at 3,342,000*l.* On the expenditure side of the account certain items, such as the outlay for war, for foreign missions, and for secret service will disappear; but there seems to be no reason for supposing that the ordinary branches of administration were formerly conducted on an extravagant scale. Official salaries were indeed often insufficient, and, on the whole, it is not likely that the charges under the new Government for ordinary administration will be less than under the late Republic. Sir David would spend less on education and police than did the late Government, and, in the result, he thinks the ordinary expenditure need not exceed 2,607,000*l.* The Transvaal will, however, have to raise a loan of 5,000,000*l.* to pay compensations, and repair damages caused by the war; and the interest and sinking fund of this sum, amounting to 225,000*l.*, must be added to the above estimated ordinary annual expenditure. Then a further annual addition of 2½ millions must be made to defray the annual cost of the proposed 10,000 South African Constabulary. The Orange Colony is too poor to be able to contribute anything to this expenditure, but Sir David anticipates that the Home Government will take over a large share of the expense, on the theory that the Constabulary takes the place so far of an army of occupation.

The cost of the South African Constabulary, and the loans of 5,000,000*l.* and 2,000,000*l.* on the Transvaal and Orange Colony respectively, are the chief burdens which

annexation will impose. The mineral wealth, it is hardly too much to say, is the whole wealth of the new Colonies. Accordingly Sir David proposes a 10 per cent. duty on the profits of gold mines, maintaining that the half million per annum which that tax would produce would be less than the cost to the mining industry of the now defunct Dynamite Concession. With a reformed system of railway rates and management, and with stricter enforcement of the existing mining rights of the State, the Report suggests that after a year or two the Transvaal will not only be easily able to pay its way, but might well make a substantial contribution to the cost of the war. The Report recommends the Imperial Government to fix the maximum amount of contribution it will require, and as the sums borrowed for the war by means of Exchequer Bonds or other temporary loans become due that they should be paid off out of the proceeds of loans to be raised by the new Colonies under the guarantee of the Imperial Government.

As regards the right to minerals and the rights in land, Imperial authority, as the successor of the two defunct Governments, *should* enter upon a rich inheritance. The land rights *may* be of very great value, but Sir David declines to base calculations upon considerations of a very speculative nature; and as to all Imperial Government rights in these territories it must be borne in mind that they will be enjoyed as against the inhabitants as individuals or as against their local governments, and past experience does not lead us to think that under such circumstances the realisable value of Imperial property ought to be put very high.

We all desire that some of the gigantic cost of the war should be paid for out of the resources of the conquered territory. The taxpayers of the United Kingdom have so far out of their own means, and by making use of their own credit, taken the whole burden upon themselves and their posterity. Sir David Barbour encourages the hope that the Transvaal, if not the Orange Colony, will be able in time to relieve us of a portion of this burden. We trust he is right; but in any case the amount recoverable in this way is a matter of small importance as compared with our ultimate success or failure in making out of the two new provinces of the Empire loyal, contented, and prosperous States. We shall account ourselves fortunate if we can satisfactorily settle the political troubles of South Africa, though we never recoup ourselves a single million out of

the hundreds of millions that this war directly and indirectly has caused us to spend.

The first step must of course be to re-establish peace. No real progress of any kind can be made whilst Englishmen and Dutchmen are engaged in the work of mutual slaughter and devastation. Distressing as is the continuance of this most deplorable war, deeply anxious as all right-feeling men must be to put an immediate end to a terrible tragedy, and to begin to alleviate the boundless misery and suffering daily falling upon innocent people, it is impossible justly to blame the Imperial Government for the prolongation of hostilities. It can hardly be that Ministers do not see as clearly as others the vast importance of the rapid restoration of peace to South Africa. Neither is it conceivable that they view with as little concern as the general public, whose eyes and thoughts are intent solely upon the incidents of the war, the seriousness of the position as regards the world at large in which that war has placed the nation. We have many interests in every quarter of the globe to defend, and we know what in the past has been considered the proper measure of defensive strength to maintain in case trouble should arise with foreign Powers. Every consideration of humanity, of concern for the welfare of South Africa, of care for the maintenance of the due strength and, indeed, the security of the Empire, must weigh with responsible statesmen in the direction of peace.

Nevertheless, since the war began there has never been any ending of it possible but annexation. The system of separate nationalities living side by side in South Africa had failed, and the failure was bound to make any renewed trial of it more impossible than before. After war, once more to have rested the relation between the British Empire and the Dutch States on treaty or convention, would have been to invite the renewal of all the old difficulties, to revive the old diplomatic wrangling, to perpetuate in its worst form national and racial antagonism. Having regard to the history of South Africa, and to the condition of the British Colonies, endowed with constitutional government, and inhabited largely by men of Dutch blood and sympathies, it is hardly conceivable that such a solution could have succeeded. Let there be as much local liberty, as much local self-government as possible in the annexed States, but let their inhabitants enjoy these rights individually as fellow-citizens with Englishmen and Dutchmen in other parts of South Africa, and not by way of international arrangement between

distinct sovereign Powers. This has been the almost universal opinion of Englishmen, and it seems to us to be a sound one.

It was the clear perception that war must mean conquest, and that conquest would necessarily bring upon both Dutch and British South Africa trouble and difficulties of the very gravest kind, that made many thoughful men deprecate so earnestly two or three years ago any proceedings that seemed likely to bring war nearer. Mr. Asquith has lately declared that at the beginning of the war he believed it would be possible not to interfere with the political status of the Republics, nor to force them to become part of the British Empire.* He seems to have shared the delusion that has cost the country so dear, that a little fighting would soon put everything straight, and that a short sharp war would pave the way to an early and a lasting peace. We know better than this now, and we ought to have known better then. Facts have now brought Mr. Asquith to adopt the view which those who most disliked the war from the beginning, such as Mr. Morley, have held all through—that annexation was the inevitable consequence of war.

Under the term annexation there is, of course, room for much difference of opinion as to the amount of local self-government which it may be right and wise ultimately to grant. The setting up of popular government will necessarily be a work of time, and the first desideratum on the conclusion of the war will be just and impartial administration. Lord Kitchener described General Botha at the interview in March last as being apparently anxious to bring about peace, but pleading very hard for some kind of independence, and doubting whether without this he would be able to get his followers to accept it. It seems the most probable reason for the collapse of the negotiations that the Boers could not bring themselves to abandon the cause for which they had so gallantly fought, and for which so many of their countrymen had laid down their lives. The terms offered by the Government necessarily involved a complete surrender of independence, but they were certainly not otherwise wanting in generosity. Policy and generosity in these matters go largely hand in hand, but British generals and statesmen may yet have need of some firmness to resist popular pressure in favour of unwise measures of a harsh and vindictive character. The proposals on which Lord

* Times, June 21, 1901.

Kitchener, Sir Alfred Milner, and His Majesty's Government agreed last spring ought, doubtless, to form the basis upon which peace will at length be made. Great Britain offered, upon the immediate and complete surrender of all arms and munitions of war, to grant an amnesty in the two States for acts of war; British subjects, however, belonging to Natal and Cape Colony, were, if they returned to those colonies, to be liable to be tried and punished by colonial law. All prisoners were to be returned to their own country as soon as possible. Civil administration on Crown Colony lines was at the earliest practicable date to take the place of military administration, a representative element was to be introduced, and ultimately the privileges of self-government were to be conceded to the new colonies. The law of the land was to be administered by a High Court, and the Dutch and English languages were to be placed on an equal footing in law courts and schools. Considerable pecuniary assistance was to be given to those who had had their goods requisitioned, and occupants of farms who were ready to take the oath of allegiance were to be assisted by loan to repair loss of stock and injuries to buildings caused by the war.

These were the principal provisions contained in the proposals of the Government, and, though they were not accepted by the Boers, they are important as showing what conditions seemed wise and right to our civil and military chiefs in South Africa and to British statesmen at home. If our authorities showed wisdom and moderation, the same cannot be said of those who raised a clamour in a portion of the press, both in South Africa and at home, in favour of exacting much harsher terms. Every foolish expedient which has helped in various ages and in different parts of the world to make the rule of a conqueror permanently odious to the conquered was held up as a worthy example for Englishmen in the twentieth century to follow. English was to be the only language! The 'Taal' is a mere ungrammatical dialect! Children of Boers should only be taught in a foreign tongue! Do these enlightened persons suppose that Dutchmen can be turned into Englishmen by a mere stroke of the Imperial pen? Or that anything but a long process of equal treatment of the two races can produce that spirit of contentment which is the real cause of the retention of our great colonies within the Empire?

It is a melancholy result of the prolongation of the war that when peace does come, except that there will be an actual cessation of bloodshed, the new condition of affairs will not for a time be so very different from what it has

lately been. Had a durable peace been possible a year ago (which, in our belief, was not the case), it would have been much easier for men to go back to their former avocations and for the old habits of life to revive. Now the country is desolate, and the people may well be desperate. We have 20,000 prisoners to send home. Will it be possible, on the acceptance of terms by the Boer Generals, to re-embark 150,000 men for England, to withdraw our guards from the railways, to reduce our military expenditure to normal limits? Our armies are in truth engaged at the present time in holding down the country and in guarding the lines of communication far more than in fighting the enemy. When the necessity for the latter ceases, will the necessity for the former at once come to an end? An interval will necessarily follow during which peace will depend upon the visible presence of armed power; and whether this interval is short or long will largely depend upon how far the new administration is successful in the very difficult task of winning the confidence and respect of both Dutch and English.

There is plenty of evidence that there is not any personal antipathy between the Boers and the British soldiery. On the whole, each side has behaved with humanity and kindness to the other, putting to shame the loud-voiced cries of men who, far from the field, under the plea that 'war is war,' would hold up for imitation the barbarities of a past age. No one now believes that our foes are the bloodthirsty savages about whom we used to read such malignant descriptions in the early days of the war. The universal testimony of our soldiers has made Englishmen blush at the scurrilous language in which it was at first too common in England to denounce the enemy.* One story, widely circulated by a provincial journal, was that the Boers were taking steps to poison rivers and wells. Of course nothing of the kind was ever attempted or thought of; but it is not a little interesting to read in this connection a story told by a French officer, a companion of General de Villebois-Mareuil. It was during the retreat of the Boers through the Orange Free State before Lord Roberts advanced that 'a field 'cornet came to ask my advice, as often happened. He 'disregarded it, as always happened. I wanted them to 'destroy the reservoirs, burn the forage, and poison the 'wells all along the line of retreat. He would never consent.' The Frenchman was afterwards taken prisoner, and was told by an English officer of rank who had accompanied

* See Chapter V. Methuen's 'Peace or War.'

Lord Roberts that, had the Boers acted on the advice given them, the British never could have achieved their task. 'But at the moment time failed me to prove to the brave 'field-cornet by the teaching of history in general, and of 'the wars in Spain in particular, what excellent results 'might be obtained by such a method of defence. Minutes 'were becoming precious, and we made off as fast as we 'could, while in the distance we saw half our convoy blazing, 'fired by bursting shells.'

Infinite mischief has been done by exaggerated accounts, often, we are afraid, by wholesale invention, of violent actions, of enormities and atrocities committed on the one side and the other. There seems to be a notion on both sides that it is patriotic to abuse the enemy; and to doubt a story whose tendency is to blacken the character of a foe is to expose the sceptic on either side to suspicion of treason! That British and Boer soldiers do not hate each other individually with the bitterest hatred must surely be due to what they have learned for themselves about their antagonists, not to what they have been told. To excite Dutch feeling against the British every kind of slander has been invented and circulated, and there have been too many cases where, with perhaps less excuse, baseless inventions have been circulated on our own side for the purpose of fanning British rage against the Boers. In such a war there cannot but have been instances, and probably not a few, of great violence and cruelty; but, taken as a whole, we think that on the part of commanders and men history will be able to declare that considerations of humanity have weighed quite as strongly as in any war of modern times. The custom of nations has not decided against the lawfulness of the military policy of laying waste a country when military exigencies require it; though clearly it is a measure in itself so odious that only the strongest necessity can justify it, and against it national policy, not less than humanity, protests, where the friendly feelings of the inhabitants of the ravaged country are ultimately to be sought by the conquerors. It may be freely admitted that nothing could be worse, nothing more impolitic, than an unnecessary recourse to a system of ravaging and laying waste a country whose people it is desired to turn into loyal citizens. But the exigency of the case cannot be judged without a knowledge of all the surrounding circumstances, which assuredly the British public, perhaps even the British Government, does not yet possess. The practical question, the question, moreover, upon which the right or wrong of

the policy, not less than its expediency depends, is, what is the alternative? If to ravage a country, and, whilst sparing life as far as possible, ruthlessly to destroy or carry off all such private property as might be useful to the enemy, would bring about peace in six months, whilst any other course might in all probability cause the war to linger on for as many years, it is difficult to see upon what principles of humanity the policy is to be condemned. The system of bringing the women and children into refugee camps is the necessary consequence, unless, indeed, all consideration of humanity is dismissed, of the policy of denuding the country of supplies. The women and children could not be left to starve, or be left without protection in the midst of a Kaffir population. Essentially the camp system was, we believe, adopted for the protection of the women and children; but mistakes have been made in administering them, some of a very gross kind, which make it incumbent upon our authorities to look very closely into what goes on, and which afford a convenient handle to those who, for ulterior purposes, wish to establish a charge of 'British 'barbarism.'

No reasonable man doubts the truth of the plain statements of Miss Hobhouse as to what she has herself seen. The unquestioned statistics as to the mortality amongst the Boer children are appalling. It is right that the attention of Parliament should have been called to these things, and that the Government should take every means in its power to remedy them. The British Empire does not make 'war on women and on boys,' and for its own credit it must be made indisputably clear that protection, not punishment, has been the sole motive that caused the institution of the refugee camps. Against official mistakes, and against abuses of administration, ample publicity is the best defence; and we are at a loss to understand on what ground access to these places should be refused to respectable visitors such as Miss Hobhouse, whose humanitarian energy entitles her to the highest respect. If occasionally a visitor or a minister of religion should drop a word of sympathetic feeling for the husbands or fathers of these poor people, though they are in arms against us, what mischief would it do? Some of these camps are what they should be. Others, on the other hand, are very far from it; and Miss Hobhouse has done good work in spite of monstrous misconstruction in calling public attention to the subject.

It is not only in matters connected with the refugee camps that the British people are beginning to long for a little

more publicity. It has not hitherto been their habit to trust for their knowledge of events entirely to official sources. Like the practical people they are, they have submitted to the military censorship. It was a condition of success that the enemy should not be made acquainted with the positions, circumstances, and plans of our own soldiers. At the same time there ought to be one limit only to the correspondent's freedom. Would his communication be of assistance to the enemy? If not, though it might not be pleasing to British authority, publicity on the whole would probably do more good than harm. Official censorship, however, has invariably and in all countries tended to restrict the freedom of criticism within limits pleasing to authority, and to the suppression of facts which authority is unwilling to have disclosed. It encourages the public to dwell in a 'fool's 'paradise' till some rough awakening at last brings home the truth. At the present time the general public and the press are almost without authentic and independent information as to the position of affairs in South Africa. A skirmish here and a skirmish there are announced by authority, and at regular intervals a list of the losses inflicted in the preceding period on our enemies; but, as to any comprehensive survey of the whole situation, we have had nothing official or unofficial since Sir Alfred Milner's despatch of last February, to which we have already called attention.

In the meantime, the origin of the war, the question upon whom rests the main responsibility for the ghastly spectacle presented to-day by South Africa to the world, continues to excite the keenest controversy. 'The verdict of history,' said Mr. Balfour in a recent speech, 'is valuable, because it 'is impartial and well informed,' distinguishing it from the verdict of contemporary nations, which is neither the one nor the other. We are not sure that 'history' is always impartial, and we are quite sure that the lapse of a couple of years is far too short a time to enable men who have witnessed or taken part in exciting events to recount them with judicial fairness. For a long time to come the majority of men who write the history of South African troubles will write as advocates of a strongly entertained political opinion, and will bend their energies rather to the search for arguments than to the investigation and weighing of evidence; but, as the time is not yet ripe for impartial history, we must do the best we can, and give a hearing to the most reasonable of the many advocates who assail us on the one side and the other.

The authors of 'Peace or War in the Transvaal,'* and of the more elaborate work on the 'Rights and Wrongs 'of the Transvaal War,'† approach the same subject from diametrically opposite points of view, and the more the reader has studied the evidence for himself the less readily will he accept in its completeness the view of either. Each, however, writes in a tone of moderation, and has much to say that deserves to be pondered. Practical men think it of far greater importance to adopt a wise policy now and in the future than to wrangle over the past causes of the deplorable situation with which we have to deal. Out of all this slaughter and devastation and misery how can we best and most rapidly secure for South Africa the blessings of peace, of prosperity, of free institutions? 'The 'result of British policy in South Africa will be, it is true, 'to supersede the Transvaal nationality, but in doing so it 'will not diminish, but will increase, the area of Home 'Rule; it will add to, and not take from, the total of political 'liberties.'‡ To make this prophecy come true is, we believe, the common object of Conservatives and of nine out of ten Liberals, whether the latter belong to the Imperialist section or to those who believe themselves to be the main stream of the party. Mr. Methuen makes a proposal not dissimilar, for he wants 'a peace which gives all we ever 'claimed from our enemy, which places the two States under 'the British Flag, and which brings about at once a union 'of South Africa.' Government on Home Rule lines has, of course, long been recognised by all Unionists as the only system under which the great colonies can be retained within the Empire. It was the failure of Mr. Gladstone to recognise the impracticability of successfully breaking up the United Kingdom into sister colonies, not the unwillingness of Unionists to acknowledge the merits of the Colonial system, which caused the disruption of the Liberal party, and at length its reduction to the miserable plight in which we see it to-day.

In the exigencies of our struggle with the two Republics not enough consideration has been given to the critical position in which sooner or later Cape Colony was sure to find itself. In the days preceding the war too little attention was given by English statesmanship to the effect which it would have upon the internal affairs of Cape Colony. To anyone

* Mr. A. M. S. Methuen. † Mr. E. T. Cook.
‡ Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War.

whose knowledge of South Africa was derived from Dutch as well as English sources, the notion that our troubles would resolve themselves into a duel between Great Britain and the Transvaal seemed always the sheerest delusion. A struggle which would present itself to the Dutch mind as a war of independence of the Dutch Republics against Imperial domination was certain to stir Colonial Dutch feeling to the depths. Evidently constitutional and parliamentary government in Cape Colony would become exceedingly difficult. And yet, what alternative would there be to constitutionalism, except an absolutism abhorrent to English feeling and tradition? So far as can be foreseen, the country districts throughout South Africa are likely to remain by an overwhelming majority Dutch, whilst the English will predominate in the sea-ports, the mining centres, and wherever there is any prospect of successful trade. It is as well to recognise frankly that such a country can only be governed by means of friendly co-operation between the races. A few towns with a large English population cannot permanently hold down against their will regions as large as a couple of European kingdoms inhabited by recalcitrant Dutchmen. To attempt to rule South Africa as a whole from Downing Street, except during the shortest possible period of actual emergency, would be the beginning of the end of Imperial South Africa. It could not be done. Well, then, what remains? Clearly nothing but the slow and patient process of enabling Dutchmen and Englishmen together to work out their own salvation. The notion that as soon as peace comes a cut-and-dried 'settlement' will at once terminate our South African difficulties finds favour perhaps with that optimistic politician, 'the man in the street,' but is not entertained by those who have watched with closer attention and better information the course of events in that part of the world.

It is a most disquieting circumstance in the history of the last couple of years that the problem, instead of approaching solution, seems ever to grow in importance and difficulty. We went to war in order to establish equality between man and man in the Transvaal. The Uitlander and the Boer were to have equal rights of free citizenship. This was the aim of our statesmen; this was the burden of the authorised prayers of the Church. And now, after an expenditure of life and money appalling to contemplate, we see martial law prevailing over almost the whole of South Africa, the Ministers of Cape Colony asking the Governor

to make the desired appropriations of public money without the sanction of the law, and the Governor, with the approval of the Colonial Office, acting upon their advice. The suspension of the Constitution of Cape Colony may follow. Invasion and civil war, it will be argued most forcibly, have rendered impossible the working of free institutions. The plea of 'necessity' should always be most carefully scrutinised; but it may nevertheless be proved. Only let us recognise the point to which things will then have come, viz.—that the sanction under which South Africa is governed is that of the sword, and nothing else. That country is in the occupation of a quarter of a million British soldiers, who take, of course, their orders solely from home. Suspend the parliamentary Constitution of Cape Colony, and the Colonial Ministers, who owe their position to the support of the Colonial Parliament, will be no longer accountable for their acts. Ministerial responsibility will be at an end. Two Imperial Departments in London—the Colonial Office and the War Office—through their agents, civil and military, will govern South Africa, and in the British Parliament alone will it be possible to require an account of what is being done. This cannot last long, and it behoves our statesmen to look beyond the necessities of the moment to some system which at least promises stability and the re-establishment of local liberty.

Short of foreign interference, the dispute with the Transvaal has expanded to the widest possible limits that the nature of the case permitted; and perhaps the public has not been sufficiently grateful to Lord Salisbury for the successful manner in which, during two most critical years, he has been able to maintain friendly relations with the Great Powers of the world. His Administration is supported by an overwhelming majority in and out of Parliament; and though men may differ as to the necessity, or the expediency, or the wisdom of the war, no one doubts its popularity. The Unionist Party, which is responsible for the conduct of the war, is the only party that can bring it to a successful conclusion, and it is impossible to doubt that its leading statesmen will gladly seize the earliest opportunity that affords a reasonable hope of establishing a durable peace.

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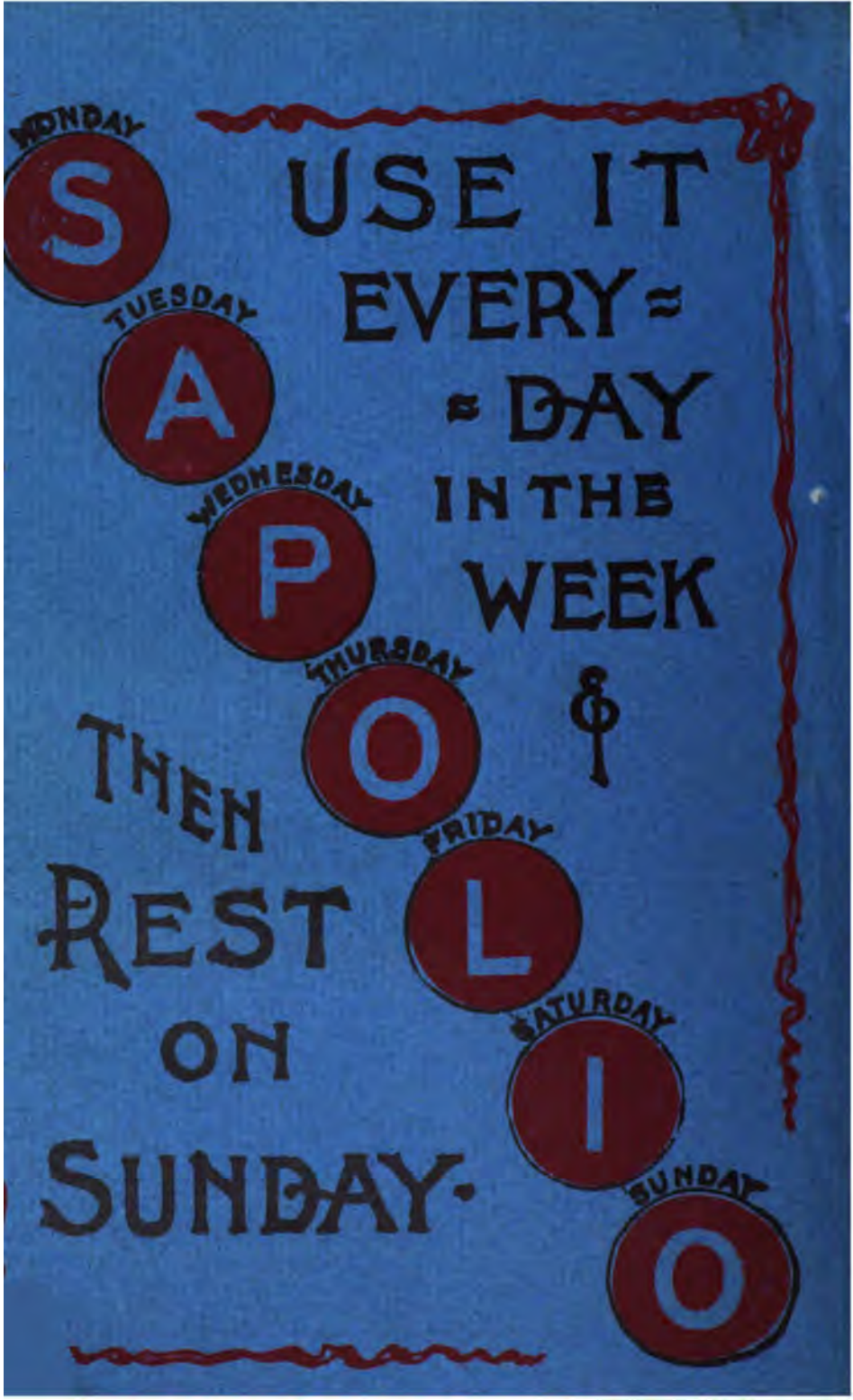
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OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL.

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cabinet de l'Empereur, ont, par ordre de Sa Majesté, été brûlées en septembre 1807, avant le départ pour Rambouillet. Beaucoup de ces documents nous ont été conservés, en copie, par la "Collection Napoléon" (dont les éditeurs de la "Correspondance" de l'Empereur ont admis l'autorité) et par les publications officielles concernant la campagne d'Egypte; mais qui peut garantir l'exactitude et surtout l'intégrité de quelques-uns de ces textes?'

From other sources the gap has been partly filled; but the question naturally rises to our lips or our pen, Why did Bonaparte order this destruction? or, when ordering it, why did he have copies preserved? Various suggestions of answers occur to us; but what seems the most probable is that, mixed up with and in the military correspondence were expressions of political opinion or aim, or too candid appreciations of personal character or conduct. This is only a guess, and possibly very wide of the truth; but, in any case, it remains established that many of the most interesting letters have been edited or 'censored' in the interests of Bonaparte.

For the rest, in all the published accounts of this campaign there has been a not unusual tendency to make the story smooth for the writer or the writer's friends. There are, too, many points which have been 'l'objet de con-'troverses plus passionnées que documentées,' concerning which later historians have, for the most part, contented themselves with borrowing from their predecessors, faithfully reproducing their misstatements and their misconceptions. The Memoirs, so many of which have been published, are especially untrustworthy. They were almost all written long years afterwards, when the rise, the greatness, and the downfall of Napoleon were added, as disturbing influences, to the ordinary lapses of memory. As a general rule, it may be said that no form of modern history is so inaccurate as the reminiscences of old men. Even if they wish to be honest, which is not always the case; if their memory is exact, which it very frequently is not, there still remains the impossibility of clearing the past from the present, of separating later information from personal knowledge. Of all this M. de la Jonquière has given some amusing instances, and, as to matters of fact, has confined himself to documents written at the time, by men in a position to know what was done, or, which is often of as much importance, what was believed.

The story of the French conquest of Egypt has always had a peculiar, though diverse, interest to both French and

English. In France it has been judged mainly from the sentimental side, and people still look back on the campaign as having laid the foundation for the influence and prestige which they claim to have held. The English have, perhaps, taken a more business-like view of it, and have considered it, equally in its political and military aspect, as a very big blunder. Politically, they would accept M. de la Jonquière's exposition of the material results, in respect of which he says: 'It must be admitted that the conquest of Egypt was 'ephemeral, and that its prologue—the occupation of Malta '—directly caused one of the best ports in the Mediterranean 'to fall into the hands of the English.' We might even go further, and say that the ephemeral conquest of Egypt by the French, a hundred years ago, led not very indirectly to its present occupation by the English. Our concern, however, is not now with this, but with the history of the origin and conduct of the expedition itself—an important and deeply interesting chapter in the life of Bonaparte.

It has been frequently stated that the expedition was started, by the far-seeing ambition of Bonaparte, as a prelude to the founding of an Eastern Empire, after the manner of Cambyses or Cyrus. It has, again, been spoken of as a deep-laid plot of the Directory for getting Bonaparte out of the way. Both suggestions have that carefully rounded-off appearance which the affairs of real life seldom show; and in M. de la Jonquière's pages we have the advantage of comparing fact with fancy, of tracing the idea in its origin, its birth, and gradual developement. Curiously enough, we find that the project of the occupation of Egypt was the direct outcome of a very elaborate scheme for the invasion of England, which, though adopted by Bonaparte, and made his own, was at first the child of the Directory and the politicians of Paris. Austria was reduced, Prussia was pacified, Spain was cajoled; England remained the one obstacle, in the eyes of the Directory, to a general peace. England was therefore to be conquered; but how? was a problem which did not admit of an easy solution.

For the course of the war had been disastrous to the French navy. At the beginning of the war, in 1793, the French navy was, so far as ships went, at least equal to the English. If, to the careless examiner, the English navy seems to have been more numerous, it was because the English Government used then, and indeed till recently, to count all existing ships, whether effective or not—and many were not effective; in size and weight of armament the French

were distinctly superior. But Toulon, the First of June, and other incidents of the war had done much to alter this. So far as regards the French navy we may, in general terms, accept the figures quoted by M. de la Jonquière. In five years (1793–7) its losses by capture, shipwreck, fire, and in other ways amounted to thirty-five ships of the line, sixty-one frigates, and 108 smaller vessels—and very many of these had become effective additions to the English fleet. By the Treaty of The Hague, in May 1795, the Batavian Republic was bound to furnish twelve ships of the line; by the Treaty of Madrid, in August 1796, Spain undertook to supply fifteen; but Jervis at Cape St. Vincent, and Duncan at Camperdown, had quieted these threatening possibilities, and the French were not likely to be much the better for either of them. The English had, of course, lost some, but nothing like the fourteen ships of the line stated by M. de la Jonquière, quoting from Troude;* and, reckoning ships newly built and the many gains by capture, 'the 'disproportion between the two fleets had become over-'whelming.'

Ever since the beginning of the war, the Committee of Public Safety first, and afterwards the Directory—as, indeed, the old regal Government, long before the Revolution—had entertained various projects for a landing in England or Ireland. M. de la Jonquière considers that the most important of these, which was actually attempted by Hoche in December 1796, 'had, notwithstanding its unfavourable 'issue, proved that it was possible to surprise the passage 'of the Channel.' But the late Admiral Colomb subjected this attempt to a very searching examination, and proved, on the contrary, that, in the conditions under which that attempt was made, success was impossible. M. de la Jonquière has probably not seen Admiral Colomb's discussion of the incident, which is buried in the 'Journal 'of the Royal United Service Institution;'† but he at least knew, though he has not said, that not a soldier of the expedition landed in Ireland; that Hoche never even got into Bantry Bay, where it was intended to land; and that the loss in both ships and men was extremely great.

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* The number of ships of the line actually lost to the British navy during these years was eight. Troude's fourteen is made up by counting two 50-gun ships wrecked, one recapture, and three prizes accidentally burnt.

† Vol. xxxvi. (1892), pp. 17–33.

Hoche's expedition came to its disastrous end in January 1797; and as the Directory believed—as many both in France and England have since believed—that the failure was merely an accident of bad weather, they lost no time in preparing for a renewed attempt. Bonaparte was still in Italy, ready for further hostilities with Austria, and mainly occupied in the acquisition of the Ionian Islands, of which he wrote to the Directory on August 16, 1797:—

'Les îles de Corfou, de Zante et de Céphalonie sont plus intéressantes pour nous que toute l'Italie ensemble. Je crois que, si nous étions obligés d'opter, il vaudrait mieux restituer l'Italie à l'Empereur et garder les quatre îles, qui sont une source de richesse et de prospérité pour notre commerce. L'empire des Turcs s'écroule tous les jours; la possession de ces îles nous mettra à même de le soutenir, autant que cela sera possible, ou d'en prendre notre part.'

To which he added:—

'Les temps ne sont pas éloignés où nous sentirons que, pour détruire véritablement l'Angleterre, il faut nous emparer de l'Egypte. Le vaste empire ottoman, qui périt tous les jours, nous met dans l'obligation de penser de bonne heure à prendre des moyens de conserver notre commerce du Levant.'

A month later (September 13) he wrote to Talleyrand, then Foreign Minister:—

'Je pense que désormais la grande maxime de la République doit être de ne jamais abandonner Corfou, Zante, etc. Nous devons, au contraire, nous y établir solidement; nous y trouverons d'immenses ressources pour le commerce. . . . Pourquoi ne nous emparerions-nous pas de l'île de Malte? L'amiral Brueys pourrait très bien mouiller là et s'en emparer. . . . Avec l'île de Saint-Pierre, que nous a cédée le roi de Sardaigne, Malte, Corfou, etc., nous serons maîtres de toute la Méditerranée. S'il arrivait qu'à notre paix avec l'Angleterre nous fussions obligés de céder le cap de Bonne-Espérance, il faudrait nous emparer de l'Egypte. . . . L'on pourrait partir d'ici avec vingt-cinq mille hommes, escortés par huit ou dix bâtiments de ligne ou frégates vénitiennes, et s'en emparer.'

At this time Admiral Brueys was in the Adriatic, in command of a squadron, employed in taking possession of the islands. There was some idea of recalling him to join the concentration at Brest, but to this Bonaparte objected, writing that if the squadron should be wanted in the ocean it could get there from Corfu in less time than from Toulon, and meantime would serve 'à boucher entièrement toute 'l'Adriatique à nos ennemis.' If, after all, there should be peace, on its way back to Toulon it could put 2,000 men on shore at Malta—'île qui, tôt ou tard, sera aux Anglais, si

'nous avons la sottise de ne pas les prévenir.' Talleyrand replied that the Directory agreed with him on this matter, and on September 27 wrote:—

'Le Directoire trouve à propos que je vous écrive d'une manière plus positive au sujet de la proposition que vous faites de vous assurer de l'île de Malte. Il importe de prévenir l'Autriche, l'Angleterre et la Russie à cet égard. . . . La possession de cette île, jointe à l'Istrie et à la Dalmatie, ferait de l'Autriche une puissance maritime capable de donner des inquiétudes à la France et à la République cisalpine, dont il est aisé de prévoir qu'elle ne peut jamais être que l'ennemie; Malte lui donnerait les moyens de troubler la navigation de toute la Méditerranée. Il y aurait encore plus de dangers que cette île tombât au pouvoir des Anglais et des Russes.'

Other letters to the same effect and more precise followed; but the Treaty of Campo Formio, concluded on October 17, seemed to render immediate action unnecessary, and left the Directory free to devote itself to the English question. On October 26 the 'armée d'Angleterre' was formally ordered to assemble 'sur les côtes de l'océan,' and Bonaparte was appointed general-in-chief. Bonaparte, who was then at Milan, replied, on November 5, that, though badly in need of rest, he would never refuse the country's call; that with a fleet well commanded and troops in reserve the army of invasion should consist of 36,000 men. On a report from the Ministre de la Marine it was estimated that they would be able to muster fifty-seven ships of the line—twenty of which were in the Mediterranean—besides what might be furnished by Spain and Holland. Following on this, Bonaparte, who had returned to Paris, drew up a scheme for the assembling of this great force. It is exceedingly interesting in its detail, but we must be content with one example.

Brueys, who was still at Corfu with six ships of the line and several frigates and smaller vessels, was to see that his ships had their full complement of men, was to fill up with provisions for four months, and to put to sea as soon as possible, preserving the utmost secrecy as to his destination. The route must be left to his own judgement, but as Jervis (Lord St. Vincent) was off Cadiz with twenty-two ships of the line, it would probably be his best plan to pass to the south of Malta, and hug the African shore all the way, so that any Spanish sympathisers with the English might not see him and send word to Jervis. He should try and pass through the Straits by night, so as to be fifteen leagues to the south-west of Cape Spartel by daybreak, and then, under lower sails (courses) only, go fifteen leagues further to the

south-west and forty more steering due west, before turning to the north-west or north. When in the latitude of the Isle of Ré he was to run in due east, and, if the wind was west, wait in Basque Roads for a favourable opportunity; but if the wind was east, then he could turn north, skirt the coast of Brittany, pass through the Raz de Sein, and so get into Brest. Similar instructions were sent to Toulon, and the Prince of the Peace was to be asked (instructed) to order as many ships of the line, frigates, and other vessels as possible to assemble at Cadiz (closely blockaded by the English fleet); to be ready for sea by the end of April, with provisions for three months and 15,000 troops—'si elle ' (cette armée navale) n'était pas bloquée par des forces ' supérieures,' and so to Brest, hugging the southern coast of Brittany, and also passing through the Raz de Sein.

All this, on paper, looks so neat and well-arranged that an effort is perhaps necessary to remember what utter nonsense it was; that at Corfu Brueys could get neither men nor provisions, and that he was short of both; that the chances of his eluding the blockading fleets off Cadiz and off Brest were very small; and that the Raz de Sein was not a passage that even well-found and well-disciplined ships cared to go through; or that the idea of the Spanish fleet —even if it could be assembled at Cadiz—putting to sea in face of that terrible Jervis, who had given them such a dressing on St. Valentine's Day, was simply absurd. Throughout the paper, though nominally drawn out in collaboration with the Ministre de la Marine, shows that it can only have been the work of a man who did not understand and never did understand the merest alphabet of sea service.

But the great difficulty, as it appeared to the Directory, was the want of money. The ordinary Budget could not meet the exceptional expenses of the expedition, and public credit was almost non-existent. A portion of the debt had been converted into five per cent. stock, but even at twenty it was unsaleable. Other measures must be tried; and as the invasion of England appealed to a popular sentiment, it was thought that 'free gifts' might realise the sum required. An enormous number of such gifts came in, but the value was trifling; it is mentioned that 1,375 persons contributed a total of 2,672 francs, and that in one department 25,000 francs were made up 'par une multitude de sommes minimes.' As this scheme had failed, a loan of eighty millions was announced on very favourable terms, with guarantees, and

bonuses to be paid out of the contributions levied in England after the victories to be won there; but the public had no confidence in the guarantee, nor apparently in the bonuses before the victories were won. The Directory then fancied that some advantage might accrue to them, and certainly some injury be inflicted on the enemy, by greater stringency in the prohibition of English manufactures, which, though contraband, were largely introduced through Geneva. Orders were accordingly given to the police, and on January 4, 1798, a general search was made. English manufactures were seized wherever found; and among the rest a quantity of cashmere at Lyons, where it had been sent to be embroidered and made into costumes for the Representatives. Of course the tailors were loud and vehement in their denial, and the Representatives were indignant. But the police, though apologetic, were firm; the proof of an English origin was clear, and they could not suppose that the Representatives wished their own law to be broken in their name. The seizure seems to have been maintained, but republican purity promptly superseded the too zealous Minister of Police.

The want of money, however, was not allowed to interfere with the preparations. In some way or other sufficient for the immediate necessities was raised, and orders for the troops were systematically arranged, so that, between January 19 and March 22, 46,757 men of all arms should be collected in the north and west. These, with 2,800 horses, were to be carried across the Channel in 648 boats gathered together along the coast from Boulogne to Dunkirk, and to be convoyed by the whole strength of the navy. On paper the boats and the ships seemed as likely to be in the appointed place at the appointed time as the soldiers ordered to go in them; and Bonaparte seems at first to have taken for granted that they would be there. Some of the reports, however, were not quite satisfactory, and he spent ten days in the middle of February in making a personal inspection of the preparations. On the 21st he returned to Paris profoundly dissatisfied with what he had seen and heard; and then learnt that the squadron from the Mediterranean was no more to be counted on than the ships from Brest or the boats from Boulogne or Dunkirk.

On February 23 he gave in his report to the Directory —a report interesting in itself, and more especially as marking the end of that particular project for the invasion of England. It occupies rather more than four printed

pages, but the following are some of its more important sentences:—

'Quelques efforts que nous fassions, nous n'acquerrons pas d'ici à plusieurs années la supériorité des mers. Opérer une descente en Angleterre, sans être maître de la mer, est l'opération la plus hardie et la plus difficile qui ait été faite. Si elle est possible, *c'est en surprenant* le passage, soit en échappant à l'escadre qui bloquerait Brest ou le Texel, soit en arrivant sur des petits bateaux pendant la nuit et après une traversée de 7 à 8 heures, sur un des points de la province de Kent ou de Sussex. Pour cette opération, il faut de longues nuits et dès lors l'hiver. Passé le mois d'avril, il n'est plus possible de rien entreprendre. . . . Notre marine est aujourd'hui aussi peu avancée qu'à l'époque où l'on a créé l'armée d'Angleterre, c'est-à-dire il y a quatre mois. . . . L'expédition d'Angleterre ne paraît donc être possible que l'année prochaine; et alors il est probable que les embarras qui surviendront sur le continent s'y opposeront. Le vrai moment de se préparer à cette expédition est perdu peut-être pour toujours.'

This in itself is sufficiently definite, and admits of only one meaning; but it looks as if, after writing it, Bonaparte remembered, or was reminded, that public feeling was so bitter against England that there would be much discontent if the idea got abroad that the expedition had been lightly given up. He therefore—ignoring the conclusion he had just come to—passed on to speak at length of measures for hurrying on the preparations at the several ports; but above all there must be money. After which he reverted to his original conclusion.

'S'il n'est pas possible de se procurer exactement l'argent demandé par le présent mémoire, ou si, vu l'organisation actuelle de notre marine, l'on ne pense pas qu'il soit possible d'obtenir cette promptitude dans l'exécution que les circonstances exigent, il faut alors *réellement* renoncer à toute expédition d'Angleterre, se contenter de s'en tenir *aux apparences* et fixer toute son attention comme tous ses moyens sur le Rhin. . . . Ou bien faire une expédition dans le Levant qui menaçât le commerce des Indes. Et si aucune de ces trois opérations n'est faisable, je ne vois plus d'autre moyen que de conclure la paix avec l'Angleterre.'

If after this report there remained any doubt as to the impossibility of the expedition for that year, it was speedily removed. During the next two or three days other reports came in—especially from Brest—which showed the utter hopelessness of the task. The storehouses were depleted; there was absolute want of everything: want of hemp, of provisions, and, above all, of sailors. Without further delay the Directory passed to a consideration of the alternatives

Bonaparte had proposed, and decided unanimously in favour of the expedition to Egypt. Later on, when it began to appear that the result might be a terrible disaster, the members of the Directory were equally unanimous in their attempts to exculpate themselves individually, and to lay the blame of assent on all the others who allowed themselves to be carried away by the fire and genius of Bonaparte, who was solely responsible for the suggestion. So said Revellière-Lépeaux; so said Barras:—

'Quelques-uns de mes collègues et moi nous lui fîmes les objections . . . il trouva réponse à tout. Je n'en persistais pas moins dans mon opinion, celle de ne pas tenter une aventure aussi hasardeuse. Mais la majorité se laissa entraîner par l'assurance que le général donnait d'une entière réussite, et par les brillants résultats qu'on s'en promettait.'

So also said Rewbell:—

'Sans la malheureuse catastrophe d'Aboukir, je serais peut-être resté le seul censeur de la brillante expédition d'Egypte. . . . La postérité pourra peut-être juger son expédition avec sévérité; mais nos contemporains ne seront pas surpris que mes collègues et moi nous ayons partagé l'enthousiasme général, et cédé à l'ascendant du génie d'un héros couvert de gloire, qui répondait à toutes les objections.'

M. de la Jonquière thinks that Merlin de Douai came the nearest to the truth when he wrote: 'Si l'on ne peut pas 'dire que c'est lui (Bonaparte) qui a conçu le premier l'idée 'de cette expédition, du moins on peut assurer que sans lui 'elle serait restée en projet.'

In reality, the idea, which had been afloat in French politics for quite a hundred years, was at this date first formulated by Talleyrand with the paradoxical intention of diverting the Government and the public from hostility to England. In England and the United States Talleyrand had passed the revolutionary years, and on his return to France in September 1796, though not burdened with any sense of gratitude to the country which had sheltered him in the hour of danger, he had learned to understand it and its ways a little better than the great bulk of the French people, or than his colleagues in the Government, when, in July 1797, he became Foreign Minister. He had especially noted the colonial and commercial policy, and wished that France should endeavour to imitate it. But for this, peace and, if possible, alliance with England were necessary; and though the preaching peace with England at that time would only have drawn on himself ridicule and distrust, he still aimed at turning the attention of his country away

from the war. So on February 14, 1798, while the English expedition was still the engrossing topic of the day, he handed in to the Directory a long memoir on the relations of France with Egypt, dwelling on the opportunity of occupying it, and the great advantages which would result from doing so.

With the drawing up of this memoir and its presentation to the Directory Bonaparte had assuredly nothing to do. He was, indeed, out of Paris at the time, and for a week afterwards; and when, years afterwards, he had it in his hands, the notes which he scribbled on the margin—'Quelle 'folie!' 'Cela est feaux' (*sic*), and such-like—are proofs that the composition was none of his. And thus Captain de la Jonquière holds that, as to the origin of the expedition to Egypt, we must distinguish two different and successive actions. First, that of Talleyrand, in taking up an old tradition of French diplomacy, giving to vague projects a precise form which could be immediately realised, and endeavouring to turn France from a contest which he regretted. Second, that of Bonaparte, who, finding himself obliged to postpone the invasion of England—a project which he had made his own, and to which, in later years, he reverted with redoubled determination—and recognising the impossibility of playing any great political part just at that moment, decided on an enterprise which inflamed his enthusiasm. The idea was not new to him; he had mentioned it in his letters; it had seemed to him possible if it should be desirable. Now that it was officially brought forward, officially sanctioned, he threw himself into it with all his marvellous energy and genius. On March 5 he presented to the Directory a note beginning, 'Pour s'emparer de 'l'Egypte et de Malte il faudrait de 20,000 à 25,000 hommes 'd'infanterie et de 2000 à 3000 de cavalerie, sans chevaux,' and giving a detailed statement of the available troops and guns, with suggestions as to what means of transport were to be found in the ports of southern France and of Italy. This was the foundation of the enterprise.

But neither Bonaparte nor the Directory had any doubts about its being in its conception and its success a measure of hostility to England. The occupation of Egypt was to be a deadly blow to English commerce; the immediate consequence of it was to be an effective alliance with Tippoo Sahib, and the despatch of 15,000 men to support him against the English; and though they had no immediate anxiety on the score of English interference, they considered

it prudent to prevent a knowledge of the project reaching the English Government. The presence of English prisoners, many of them on parole, in the seaports might thus be a source of inconvenience or danger, and an order was given to have them all removed inland. A few days later a further order was given that 'tous les prisonniers de guerre anglais, 'sans distinction de grade, seraient incarcérés et réunis 'dans les départements de Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne, 'Aisne-et-Loiret.' This, however, was mainly a measure of precaution; for all concerned seemed to have persuaded themselves that the English were too stupid to understand that they had any particular interest in the matter, and that, even if they did understand it, they had no fleet in the Mediterranean, and were powerless to interfere. This pleasing idea was, indeed, not long-lived; and a little later every one, except perhaps Bonaparte, became exceedingly nervous about the chances of interruption; but in March the difficulty immediately before them was the poverty of the dockyards and the want of seamen.

In England the belief then, as all through the eighteenth century, was that the French, by a well-arranged system of registration, could always man their fleets without difficulty or disorder, while the English, with minds not so happily regulated, could only do so by the barbarous and brutal methods of the 'press.' In reality, under the republic or empire, as under the old monarchy, the French system of 'classes' and 'inscription' broke down whenever the stress of war fell on it; and the French ships were manned by an application of force, compared with which the English 'press' was a mere nursery game. At the time we are speaking of, on a report from the Ministre de la Marine that great difficulties were met with in raising seamen; that 'la malveillance et l'insubordination sont au 'comble; beaucoup de municipalités prêtent leur appui aux 'réfractaires;' the military authorities of Toulon were ordered to support the officers in charge of the 'inscription 'maritime,' and to furnish them with detachments of soldiers, who were to search the communes and those places —'où se réfugient les marins déserteurs, désobéissants ou 'vagabonds, et les ramener à Toulon.' The difficulty, however, was not to be easily overcome, and a month later—April 9—the Commission d'Armement reported that—

'Elle a convenu avec le général Dugua de faire cantonner les troupes près de la mer, de Martigues à Saint-Tropez, puis de les employer, à un jour déterminé, pour cerner les quartiers maritimes et

rechercher les réfractaires. Cette mesure va s'exécuter incessamment. La commission a jugé que, dans les circonstances actuelles, il était indispensable de recourir à des moyens encore plus rigoureux. Elle a pris un arrêté par lequel tous les patrons pêcheurs qui n'ont pas atteint l'âge de 40 ans, et les maîtres au petit cabotage qui ne commandent pas depuis trois mois au moins sont appelés à servir sur les vaisseaux de la République. Cet arrêté, quoiqu'il blesse des intérêts particuliers, quoiqu'il porte même un préjudice notable à un métier utile sous bien des rapports, pouvait seul nous fournir les moyens de mettre les équipages des divers bâtiments sur un pied respectable.'

Meantime the appearance of energy was kept up in the west. It was important that the attention of England should be diverted from Toulon, and a show of activity was prescribed in the ocean ports. On March 7 the Ministre de la Marine wrote that he had just been inspecting the dockyard at Brest: 'tous les ateliers sont dans la plus grande 'activité; les ouvriers sont contents et zélés. Je n'entends 'dire partout que: Vive la République et périsse l'Angle-'terre!' Cheers or huzzas are not very difficult to get from workmen in the presence of a magnate such as the minister; but the very great activity did not produce any great results. They may, in fact, be summarised as the fitting out the 'Hercule,' to fall into our hands as she attempted to pass from Lorient to Brest; the burning of the 'Quatorze Juillet;' and finally the expeditions to Ireland, which were brought to a somewhat inglorious end at Ballinamuck and off Tory Island. These came later; and all through the spring, while busy about the preparations for the Egyptian campaign, Bonaparte's thoughts were still turning to what became more and more the darling project of his life—the invasion of England. On April 13 he gave in to the Directory a 'Note sur la guerre à l'Angleterre,' which curiously illustrates this. He felt and knew that nothing could be done till the predominance of England at sea had been broken down; but he had not realised how this was to be accomplished. He almost seems to have believed that an *arrêté* of the Directory then, or, at a later date, a decree of the Emperor, ought to be sufficient. It is well to see how he proposed to effect this:—

'Que nous soyons en paix ou en guerre, il nous faut 40 ou 50 millions pour réorganiser notre marine. Notre armée de terre n'en sera ni plus ni moins forte; au lieu que la guerre oblige l'Angleterre à faire des préparatifs immenses qui ruinent ses finances, détruisent l'esprit de commerce et changent absolument la constitution et les mœurs de ce peuple.'

We pause to call attention to the extraordinary recklessness of the assertions here made. The additional expenditure of 50 millions on the navy will not affect the expenditure on the army, but the increased burden which it will throw on England will ruin that country.

'Nous devons employer tout l'été à armer notre escadre de Brest, à faire exercer nos matelots dans la rade, à achever les vaisseaux qui sont en construction à Rochefort, à Lorient et à Brest. Si l'on met quelque activité dans ces travaux, nous pouvons espérer d'avoir au mois de septembre trente-cinq vaisseaux de guerre à Brest, y compris les quatre ou cinq nouveaux que l'on peut construire à Lorient et à Rochefort.'

Similarly, 400 gunboats are to be collected or built during the summer, and their crews are to be trained. The Dutch are to collect twelve ships of the line at the Texel.

'Il serait possible, après l'expédition que le gouvernement projette dans la Méditerranée, de faire passer ces quatorze vaisseaux à Brest, et de garder simplement les neuf vaisseaux vénitiens, ce qui nous ferait, dans le courant des mois de vendémiaire et brumaire (October-November), cinquante vaisseaux de guerre français à Brest et presque autant de frégates.'

This sentence has a very remarkable bearing on two much-debated points, to which we shall presently recur—the seaworthiness of the fourteen ships, and their waiting in Egyptian waters.

'Il serait possible alors de transporter 40,000 hommes sur le point d'Angleterre que l'on voudrait, en évitant même un combat naval si l'ennemi était plus fort, dans le temps que 40,000 hommes menaceraient de partir sur les 400 chaloupes et autant de bateaux pêcheurs de Boulogne, et que l'escadre hollandaise et 10,000 hommes de transport menaceraient de se porter en Ecosse. Exécutée de cette manière, et dans les mois de brumaire et frimaire (November-December), l'invasion en Angleterre serait presque certaine. L'Angleterre s'épuiserait par un effort immense et qui ne la garantirait pas de notre invasion. En effet, l'expédition dans l'Orient obligera l'Angleterre à envoyer six vaisseaux de guerre de plus dans l'Inde, et peut-être le double de frégates à l'embouchure de la mer Rouge ; elle serait obligée d'avoir de 22 à 25 vaisseaux à l'embouchure de la Méditerranée, 60 vaisseaux devant Brest, et douze devant le Texel, ce qui formerait un total de 103 vaisseaux de guerre, sans ceux qu'elle a aujourd'hui en Amérique et aux Indes, sans compter dix ou douze vaisseaux de 50 canons, avec une vingtaine de frégates, qu'elle serait obligée d'avoir pour s'opposer à l'invasion de Boulogne. Nous nous conserverions toujours maîtres de la Méditerranée, puisque nous y aurions neuf vaisseaux de construction vénitienne.'

It might seem rash to say of anything that Bonaparte wrote

that it is absolute nonsense; but if all this was put in a story-book, it would be paralleled only by Alnaschar's dream, with Alnaschar's foot taking the *rôle* of Nelson in Aboukir Bay. Not the least curious thing about it is that, to the close of his career, Bonaparte preserved the same wild fancy for stationing the English navy, forgetting or ignoring the very simple fact which, time after time, the English Admiralty tried to impress on him, that the stations of the English navy were determined in accordance with their views of the country's needs, and not to suit the fancies or the hopes of an enemy's general. He never understood that, with blockading squadrons at Cadiz, Ferrol, Rochefort, and Brest, the English held the inner lines of communication—a fact which no one would have detected more quickly than himself if only the armed forces had been on shore.

With this, however, we have now no further concern. The main effort was being made in the south, at Toulon and Marseilles, in Italy at Genoa and Civita Vecchia, and in Corsica. Here were fitted out the ships of war; here were collected the transports; here were embarked the troops. The dates which M. de la Jonquière lays down as marking the important stages in the equipment are: March 5—The Directory issues the decrees for making powerful armaments in the Mediterranean; April 12—'The Army of the East' is definitely organised, the name giving precision to the resolution; May 4—Bonaparte quits Paris to put himself at the head of the army and to watch over its final preparations. To these might be added, May 19—The fleet sails from Toulon.

The difficulties in fitting out and manning the fleet, of which we have already spoken, had been very great, but they had been overcome—some of them, perhaps, in a very makeshift manner. The expedition, as it finally put to sea, consisted of 38,000 soldiers of all arms; 13,000 men—sailors with some soldiers—forming the crews of 14 ships of the line, with frigates and smaller vessels; and 3,000 men, the crews of 280 transports varying in size from 400 tons down to 40. Of these transports about half were French; the greater part of the rest were Italian; but there were many Spanish, and a few representing almost every nation in Europe—Danes, Swedes, Turks, Greeks, &c. At the time of leaving there seems to have been no mention of the ships of war being undermanned, though it is repeatedly said that the quality of the men, as sailors, was indifferent. In each ship of war a detachment of soldiers was borne as

part complement, in exactly the same way as in English ships a detachment of marines or soldiers in lieu of marines was borne. The difference—and it was an important one—was that these detachments were furnished by the regiments embarked, and were immediately subject to army control. This proved to be a very serious defect in organisation; but, in fact, the whole fleet—not the soldiers only—was subject to the general commanding, in a way that is difficult for us to understand.

From the time when, in command of the squadron in the Adriatic, Brueys was placed under the orders of Bonaparte he had accepted the *rôle* of a humble dependent; and after he was appointed to the naval command of the expedition to Egypt his letters to Bonaparte are obsequious to an extreme degree. Putting the possession of mere animal courage on one side, he seems to have been a poor creature, and perhaps on that account better suited to the purposes of Bonaparte, who wanted an instrument, not a colleague. But the official documents now before us show clearly that Bonaparte was quite as much commander-in-chief of the fleet as he was of the army, and that he exercised the command in matters of detail, of which he knew nothing. We can understand that in such an expedition the general-in-chief may have a certain control over the movements of the fleet, but we can see no possible result but confusion and disaster when the general undertakes to direct the internal economy of the ships and the details of organisation. And this is exactly what Bonaparte did. He was to order everything—even to the way in which the ships were to be painted; Brueys was to obey orders. Here are some instances of the manner and extent of his command:—

'22 *Avril*.—Il est indispensable, citoyen général, que vous organisiez sur-le-champ l'escadre. Le citoyen Ganteaume, chef de division, remplira les fonctions de chef de l'état-major de l'escadre. Le citoyen Casabianca sera votre commandant de pavillon. . . . Nos treize vaisseaux seront divisés en trois escadres. Celle de droite et de gauche seront composées chacune de quatre vaisseaux, et celle du centre de cinq. Chaque escadre aura une frégate et une corvette. Les contre-amiraux Blanquet et Villeneuve commanderont chacun une escadre. Le général Decrès commandera le convoi. . . . Il aura aussi sous ses ordres immédiats trois frégates armées en guerre et un nombre de bricks bons marcheurs. . . . Avec ces bâtiments il éclairera la marche de l'escadre. . . .

'11 *Mai*.—L'escadre étant composée de 15 vaisseaux, de 12 frégates, de plus de 200 bâtiments de convoi, vous devez prendre le titre et le pavillon d'amiral.

'ORDRE. 15 *Mai.*—1. Les apprentis marins, à bord de chaque vaisseau, frégate ou corvette à trois mâts, seront partagés en escouades de dix. 2. A chaque escouade il sera attaché un officier marinier en qualité d'instructeur. 3. Tous les jours, depuis 9 heures jusqu'à 11 h. ½, et l'après-midi depuis 2 heures jusqu'à 4, chaque escouade fera séparément, à l'heure et au mât qui lui seront indiqués par le capitaine de vaisseau, l'exercice d'apprentissage pour monter sur les vergues et le long des mâts. . . .'

And so on; the point being, of course, not a question of the excellence of the orders, but the anomaly of their being issued in the name and on the sole authority of the general, instead of by the Ministre de la Marine and the admiral in command. It may, perhaps, be largely attributed to this military command of the fleet that the ships of war were lumbered up with soldiers to a most dangerous extent. In addition to their complement of 700 men, the 74-gun ships carried 500 soldiers. The 'Tonnant,' of 80 guns and a complement of 866, had 467 soldiers on board, or, in all, 1,333 men. The flagships were not quite so crowded, and were the least ineffective of the fleet; but if, as was quite within existing chances, it had met the English fleet at sea, it would have been as black a day for France as any in her annals. There were many who could see and shudder at this extreme danger. Bonaparte does not seem to have understood it or believed in it; and some, at least, of the soldiers in high command seem to have thought that the numbers on board would give them a decided advantage. Brigadier-General Laugier, for instance, on board the 'Peuple Souverain,' wrote in his Journal:—

'Chaque jour on fait la manœuvre du canon; les soldats de terre y montrent leur intelligence et surtout leur bonne volonté ordinaire. On s'occupe de régler à l'avance les postes que devront occuper les troupes embarquées dans le cas d'une rencontre avec l'ennemi et d'un combat. Si nous sommes maîtres de nos manœuvres à bord du "Peuple-Souverain," notre dessein est d'approcher les vaisseaux ennemis le plus possible et, quoique nous ne comptions pas absolument sur la possibilité de l'abordage, qui nécessairement nous serait très avantageux, nous espérons qu'au moyen d'un feu de mousqueterie bien dirigé on empêcherait les matelots ennemis de manœuvrer, on les intimiderait au point de n'oser se montrer sur le pont, on jetterait les grappins et tout au moins on entraînerait le vaisseau ennemi.'

Of course there were rumours of an English squadron. These began long before an English ship of war came into the Mediterranean, and continued in an exaggerated form. The first definite news was brought into the fleet on June 1, that three English ships of the line under the command of

Admiral Nelson had put into the roads of Saint-Pierre, and had sailed again on the 28th. Nelson's ship had lost her foremast. After that nothing more was known. The convoy from Civita Vecchia had not joined, and Brueys was anxious about its safety; but Bonaparte refused to sanction his sending away four of the ships of the line to protect it. Brueys seems to have been infected by his confidence, and on June 5 wrote to Blanquet:—

'Lorsque nous serons arrivés à l'île de Malte, vous serez chargé, avec les quatre vaisseaux de votre escadre, de bloquer le port de Malte et, si la division anglaise avait fait la sottise de s'y enfermer, il faudra qu'elle vous parle pour en sortir. Nous ne serons d'ailleurs jamais éloignés pour ne pas venir à vous, au premier coup de canon.'

The orders under which the fleet had sailed, in this respect certainly suggested by Bonaparte himself, were to seize on Malta, for which—it was said—the English were negotiating, though it was more probable that the Grand Master, being an Austrian, would cede it to the Emperor. It does not appear that these suspicions had any foundation in fact, or were anything more than a pretext; but since the day when the wolf objected to the lamb's muddying the water it has not been thought necessary for the suspicions of the aggressor to be based on fact, or even on probability. The detailed plan was therefore arranged beforehand, and when, on June 9, the expedition came off the island, a quarrel was at once made out of the Grand Master's refusal to permit the whole fleet to come in to water. As a neutral, he could only allow a belligerent's ships to water by four at a time. This was exactly the answer on which Bonaparte had counted, and at his dictation the Consul wrote expressing the General's indignation at the refusal, and his determination to take by force that hospitality which the Order was bound by the laws of its foundation to exercise. As if on his own account, he added that the forces at the disposal of the General were so great that resistance was impossible, and therefore he besought him to come to terms at once. Resistance was, in fact, impossible.

It has often been said that the Grand Master was a traitor; that he was bought over by hard cash and promised advantages. This is not exactly correct. He was not a traitor for gain, but one only from incapacity. All through the spring disquieting rumours concerning the armaments in France and Italy had come to Malta, but the Grand Master and his Council had comforted themselves with the

conjecture that they were intended for England. It was much cheaper to think so; and as Brueys, who had touched at Malta on his way from Corfu to Toulon, had departed in peace, they judged that no harm to the Order was intended. But only a week before the French appeared, the Grand Master had received a strong letter from the Minister of the Order at Rastadt:—

'Je vous préviens, Monseigneur, que l'expédition considérable qui se prépare à Toulon regarde Malte et l'Egypte. . . . Vous serez sûrement attaqué. Prenez toutes les mesures pour vous défendre comme il faut. Les ministres de toutes les puissances amies de l'Ordre qui sont ici en sont instruits comme moi; mais ils savent aussi que la place de Malte est inexpugnable, ou du moins en état de résister pendant trois mois. Que Votre Altesse Eminentissime y prenne garde; il y va, Monseigneur, de votre propre honneur et de la conservation de l'Ordre; et si vous cédiez sans vous être défendu, vous seriez déshonoré aux yeux de toute l'Europe.'

Even this had not stirred to energy and to action the miserable imbecile who, at this critical moment, held the once glorious office of Grand Master. The time was certainly short, but the strength of the fortress was so great that little preparation was needed. The very least would have enabled the place to hold out for a few weeks, and Bonaparte could not spare days. But no preparation whatever had been made, and the place surrendered at once on terms which Bonaparte, anxious to avoid delay, made as easy as possible—all the easier, perhaps, as he had no particular intention of giving effect to them. The Grand Master was to have a German principality and a pension of 300,000 francs. He got neither, though a sum of 600,000 'à titre d'indemnité 'pour son mobilier' is said to have been paid. Every knight actually at Malta was to have a pension for life of 700 francs, or, if over sixty, of 1,000. Instead of that each one was paid 250 francs once for all. In return for these agreements Bonaparte, as representing the French Republic, took over the full sovereignty of the island, with the arsenal and stores. A few days were occupied in organising the garrison, and on June 19 the squadron sailed on a course signalled as S.E. ¼E. 'This,' wrote General Belliard in his Journal, 'leads us straight to Alexandria, where it seems we 'are to land. Up to now we have been led blindfold, and 'could only guess whither we were going.' And Kleber wrote: 'Il n'y avait pas 40 personnes de l'expédition qui 'fussent instruites de la route qu'on allait prendre.' 'Blan-'quet,' he says, 'had maintained they were going to the

'Crimea; others had favoured the Morea—Sicily—Portugal. 'Now doubt is ended.'

The course given would have taken the fleet straight to Alexandria, but for some reason not stated, and apparently not known, it was not kept to. The fleet steered more directly east, along the south coast of Crete, and so came to Alexandria on the curve of a bent bow. A note by Sulkowski, an officer on the staff—'bien placé auprès de 'Bonaparte pour connaître ses pensées et ses préoccupations' —gives an interesting summary of the voyage:—

'Les vents furent maniables pour nous jusqu'aux atterrages de Candie. Là ils renforcèrent et, quoique leur direction fût bonne, nous ne tardâmes pas à sentir le danger dans lequel nous mettaient même les chances les plus ordinaires de la navigation. Une seule nuit orageuse dissipa le convoi et fit même perdre le convoi aux vaisseaux de guerre. A la petite pointe du jour nous n'aperçûmes au bout d'un ciel nébuleux que quelques groupes de bâtiments qui luttaient contre les flots. Le reste s'était réfugié sous la terre ou errait sans obéir à nos signaux de ralliement. Heureusement le vent diminua et, soufflant constamment de l'ouest, facilita à tous les vaisseaux de reprendre la route. Cet événement ne nous coûta que vingt-quatre heures de retard; mais il nous prouva ce qu'eût produit une tempête. Deux jours plus tard une galère de Malte nous apprit la rentrée de la "Justice" et nous donna des détails vagues sur l'apparition des Anglais. Dans cette incertitude on se prépara au combat, toujours forçant de voiles. . . . Le 12 [messidor (30 June)] nous reconnûmes terre.'

During the voyage detachments of soldiers were ordered to be furnished to the ships of war as part complement, those which they had at the beginning having gone towards forming the garrison of Malta—presumably because the commanding officers of the demi-brigades and the colonels of the regiments objected, as far as they could, to men being taken from their ranks. Now it was different. They were ordered to furnish 150 men to the 'Orient' and 100 to each of the two-decked ships, with a saving clause that, we may be quite sure, only anticipated their choice—'Les 'hommes seront pris préférablement parmi ceux qui sont 'incapables de marcher par des blessures venues aux jambes et 'aux cuisses.' How well the spirit of this order was carried out is shown by a complaint which, about a fortnight later, Brueys wrote to Bonaparte: 'Les garnisons de nos vaisseaux 'sont très faibles, et composées de soldats valétudinaires, 'jeunes et insubordonnés. Il semble qu'on ait fait un choix 'dans votre armée, pour nous donner ce qu'il y avait de 'plus mauvais.'

As the fleet drew near Alexandria the frigate 'Junon' was sent on ahead to see the French Consul, and bring back any news that he had of the state of the country. She rejoined the fleet on July 1, bringing the Consul himself, with the startling news that only three days before the English squadron of fourteen sail of the line had been off Alexandria. They had sent on shore a messenger for India, and had left the same evening, steering towards Cyprus. Here was something definite and unexpected. There had been the report of fourteen sail having been seen by the 'Justice,' but it was vague, and pointed to their being on the coast of Sicily. Now they seemed waiting for them on the coast of Egypt, and though they had gone towards Cyprus they might reappear at any moment. It became, therefore, necessary to get the troops on shore without a moment's delay.

This caused an important and immediate change in Bonaparte's plans. M. de la Jonquière quotes at length from Sulkowski's notes, which explain how, in order to avoid crossing the desert with infantry, which, when weary and exhausted, might incur great danger from the cavalry of the Mamelukes, and to avoid the Nile, which the Mamelukes commanded with a numerous flotilla, Bonaparte had intended to land at Damietta and march on Cairo by easy stages, through a cultivated country, which afforded little opportunity to the enemy's cavalry. The urgency rendered this impossible. The troops had to be landed where they were, and, to keep up the communication with the fleet, Alexandria had to be taken, though it had nothing to do with the objective of the campaign, which in the first instance was Cairo. Of this change of plan Bonaparte himself has told nothing; it would—he may have thought—be doing too much honour to the English. But in addition to Sulkowski, to whose testimony he attaches great weight, M. de la Jonquière quotes the evidence of other highly placed officers, and amongst them Kleber, who says: 'C'est cette nouvelle qui détermina précipitamment un 'débarquement aux Marabouts; car le projet du général 'avait été d'entrer dans le Delta par les deux bouches du 'Nil.' It is thus fully established that Nelson's first visit to Alexandria had an important effect. He had not succeeded in catching the French fleet on its passage and 'trying Bonaparte on a wind;' but the mere threat of his presence compelled Bonaparte to change his carefully prepared plan, and enormously increased the difficulties of the campaign.

The hurried landing at Alexandria involved an amount of confusion and loss, with some drunkenness, such as we are taught, by our newspapers, to consider peculiarly English; and on the march by Damanhour to El Rahmanieh on the Nile the sufferings of the troops were very great, not only from the heat, which in July is deadly, but from the want of provisions, for which there was no possible transport. The advance on Cairo followed. Into the details of it we do not propose to enter. They have often been related; there is no opposite side to the story, and there are no controverted points of any general interest. We will only say that the battles with the Mamelukes, brilliant as they were, do not seem to us to call for the excessive self-glorification in which French writers have often indulged. We know the bravery of the Mamelukes; we have ourselves often proved it in men of a kindred race; but from the time of Cæsar to that of Kitchener, discipline, skill, and superior arms have triumphed over rude valour and reckless daring. When we read of the battle of the Pyramids that the loss of the Mamelukes was estimated at about 2,000 men, that of the French at 20 killed and 120 wounded, we have a very clear idea of the category to which it belongs.

But for us the principal interest of the whole is in the action of our fleet, which, having failed to intercept and destroy the expedition on its passage, presently returned to imprison it in the land of its choice. The completeness with which it did this is familiar to us all; but there are many interesting questions as to the manner of it, some of which are now cleared up for the first time. In turning to these, it may be as well to refresh the memory of our readers by a brief recapitulation of our side of the story.

On May 8 Nelson, with three ships of the line, four frigates, and a sloop, left Gibraltar to go off Toulon and ascertain, if possible, what was being done there. Although the destination of the armament had been announced in the 'Moniteur' of April 1, and (as we have seen) was known at Rastadt early in May, if not sooner, no whisper of it seems to have reached the English Government, and very certainly had not reached Lord St. Vincent when he sent off Nelson, or when, three weeks later, he sent off Troubridge with ten ships of the line to join him. But the frigates and the sloop which were sent with him in the first instance had parted from him in a gale, and, by some woful misunderstanding, had gone back to Cadiz; and, though again sent into the Mediterranean, they did not fall

in with Nelson until towards the middle of August. It was thus that he was left with thirteen ships of the line, a 50-gun ship, and one little brig, to find out where the enemy had gone to. He had no intelligence, no instructions, no indications, and by this failure of the frigates he had no scouts. If the frigates had been with him, the history of the next fifteen years would probably—we may almost say would certainly—have been very different. As it was, Nelson could not venture to detach ships of the line on scouting duty, and had to do the scouting with the united squadron. At Naples, on June 17, he learned that the French fleet had gone to Malta. As he passed through the straits of Messina he learned that they were in full possession of Malta, and had sailed again, steering east. Contrary to his instructions, Nelson had all along believed that Egypt was the real objective of the expedition. He was now convinced of it; and, understanding that it had more start than it really had, he at once steered a straight course for Alexandria. It has been said that the French went by the bow; Nelson went by the string and sailed faster, so that he arrived at Alexandria twenty-four hours before the 'Junon,' and nearly three days before the French fleet. Of the effect this had on the expedition we have already spoken. But Nelson, on his part, could not understand what had happened. It has been said that he ought to have had confidence in his judgement—to have seen that he must have passed the enemy on the way, and to have waited. But he had not acted on judgement, for he had no intelligence on which to form one; and his instructions named almost every place in the Mediterranean except Egypt. He had acted simply on the intuition of genius, and when it seemed to fail him he was obliged to fall back on the suggestions of his commander-in-chief. And so, quartering over the ground as he went westward, he put into Syracuse for water and fresh beef. After a few days there, he renewed the search, learned that the enemy had indeed gone to Egypt, followed them thither, found their fleet in Aboukir Bay, and destroyed it.

The main incidents of the battle are known to every Englishman; but apart from some problems, peculiarly English, with which we are not now concerned, there are some points of very great interest, the elucidation of which can only be given by French authorities. These M. de la Jonquière now enables us to discuss in a satisfactory manner. All previous works, including even the very able history by

Captain Chevalier,* are imperfect and more or less misleading. The writers had not that opportunity of examining all the existing documents which gives M. de la Jonquière's work its exceptional value.

Captain Chevalier had already told us that three of the French ships—the 'Guerrier,' the 'Peuple Souverain,' and the 'Conquérant'—were worn out and had been condemned a year before. M. de la Jonquière confirms this. The 'Conquérant' was judged to be so feeble that she was allowed only a reduced armament of 18- and 12-pounders instead of 36- and 18-pounders, and therefore also a reduced complement of men—560 instead of 706. She was thus notably weaker than an established 74-gun ship, but remained very much stronger than the English 50-gun ship 'Leander,' with a complement of 343. As to the other two, we have seen that Bonaparte—who had presumably made some inquiries—considered them, with the rest of the fleet, equal to a voyage to Brest and a winter cruise in the Channel. They had their full armament and complement of men, and were quite able to take—and did take—an effective part in the action. It may, of course, be said that, their timbers being unsound, the English broadsides broke through them with a smashing effect, which they would not otherwise have had. But if the 'Guerrier,' for instance, had been newly off the stocks, she could not have been in much better case than she was after three 74-gun ships had made a target of her at thirty or forty yards distance; as had been illustrated a few months earlier by the condition of the 'Hercule,' a brand-new ship, after she had lain for a couple of hours alongside one English seventy-four.

The statement on which French writers have laid more stress is that, on the day of battle, their ships were terribly undermanned. M. de la Jonquière repeats this with emphasis. He says:—

'Les équipages, au complet, auraient dû atteindre 11,168 hommes. Mais ils présentaient, le jour du combat, un déficit de 25 à 30 pour 100, résultant de l'incomplet au départ de Toulon, des pertes subies, des hommes momentanément absents pour raison de service ou de santé. L'effectif réel ne peut donc être évalué qu'à 8000 hommes environ.'

That of the English, whose ships had all their full comple-

* 'Histoire de la Marine Française sous la Première République.' The English and purely naval side of the story has been lately published by the Navy Records Society in 'Logs of the Great Sea Fights,' edited by Rear-Admiral T. Sturges Jackson.

ment and no sick, he estimates at 8,068. It may be flattering to our national vanity to find it implied that 8,000 Frenchmen were no match for 8,000 Englishmen; but this is, perhaps, not quite what M. de la Jonquière meant; and therefore, without contradicting the statement, it is worth examining some of its details. These are:—(1) Numbers incomplete on leaving Toulon. Of this no evidence is adduced; and though Chevalier says the same, he also quotes no authority. Considering, however, the difficulty there certainly was in raising seamen, it is not at all improbable that their numbers were short, and that their place was filled up, for the voyage, with soldiers, who were withdrawn. It was open to the commander-in-chief—that is, Bonaparte—to have left them. (2) Losses sustained. None have been mentioned. There had been no engagement, no epidemic; there cannot have been more deaths than in ordinary course, which would make no inequality with the English. The same may be said of (3) Sickness. No exceptional outbreak is spoken of. If the ships were sickly, it was their own fault for not keeping them clean. But (4) Men temporarily absent on service is surely a most extraordinary way of counting. On August 1, according to the journal of a lieutenant of the 'Franklin'—

'La seconde escadre envoya des corvées à terre pour creuser des puits. Chaque vaisseau de l'armée fournit 25 hommes de sa garnison pour protéger l'aiguade contre les attaques réitérées des Bédouins vagabonds du pays. A 2 heures de l'après-midi, "l'Heureux" signala 12 voiles à l'O.-N.-O. Effectivement, du haut des mâts on les distingua facilement. . . . Tous les vaisseaux firent alors le signal à leurs chaloupes et canots de revenir à bord avec les travailleurs; ce qui ne fut exécuté que par quelques-unes de ces embarcations.'

This statement is corroborated by many others; and besides these boats on shore for well-digging, there were others. Thus Captain Trullet of the 'Guerrier' reports:—

'Le grand canot était allé le matin à Rosette pour y prendre une pièce de mâture, servant à remplacer la corne d'artimon qui était rompue; j'avais sur ce sujet obtenu de l'amiral l'ordre pour expédier le canot et celui au commandant des armes de Rosette pour délivrer la pièce à l'officier du "Guerrier" que j'envoyai avec le canot armé de 22 hommes.'

The 'Conquérant' had also sent her 'grand canot' to Rosetta; possibly some others; other boats were on shore getting firewood, and returned or not as they thought fit. The case of the 'Spartiate' is even more curious:—

'Ce vaisseau reçut, vers 4 heures, l'ordre d'envoyer son capitaine

d'artillerie Blancard pour prendre le commandement de la batterie de mortiers établie dans l'île d'Aboukir. . . . Le capitaine répugnait infiniment à envoyer le capitaine d'artillerie de son bord qui lui devenait de plus en plus nécessaire dans le moment d'une affaire certaine, et à se démunir, pour l'exécution de cet ordre, de l'armement d'un canot dont les hommes diminueraient d'autant l'équipage des canons auxquels ils étaient affectés; mais néanmoins le capitaine n'a pas cru pouvoir se dispenser de l'exécution littérale de l'ordre du général.'

None of these reasons for the absence of men from their ships can be accepted as establishing a deficiency in their numbers. The men were there; it was for the admiral to utilise them as he thought fit. The force of an army is always counted by the number of men actually at the disposal of the general in command; the absence of any of them from the scene of action may be the general's fault, or it may be his misfortune, but it does not alter the number. The absence of these men in boats was as much the fault of Brueys as the absence from the battle of the 'Guillaume 'Tell' or the 'Généreux.' On the side of the English, the absence of the 'Culloden' and her 600 men was an accident and a misfortune; but it has not, we think, entered the head of any French writer—not even of one so scrupulously fair as M. de la Jonquière—to omit either the ship or her men from his estimate of the English force. Nevertheless, it seems established that, by reason of Bonaparte's withdrawing part of the men, and Brueys' employing elsewhere part of those who were left, some of the ships were at a disadvantage in the time of battle. According to a journal quoted by Captain de la Jonquière—

'A bord de "l'Orient," une partie de la batterie de 12' (the main deck), 'les canons de gaillard' (quarter-deck) 'et les obusiers' (carronades) 'de la dunette n'ont point servi, faute de monde; il n'y avait sur le pont que des officiers et quelques timoniers destinés aux signaux. Au lieu d'équipages composés de matelots vigoureux et entendus, nous n'avions presque que des enfants.'

This seems to speak of the bad quality of the ships' companies as having something to do with the apparent deficiency of number. The writer of the Journal goes on:—

'Je me bornerai à remarquer que la discipline était perdue dans l'armée, qu'il y existait des germes d'insurrection contre les généraux, que l'égoïsme et l'insouciance étaient à leur comble. Les subordonnés n'étaient liés à leurs chefs ni par la crainte ni par la confiance; des hommes ambitieux et remplis de vanité croyaient leur mérite lésé parce qu'ils avaient des supérieurs. Je ne parle point de la totalité des officiers. J'en connais qui se sont toujours distingués par leur

activité et leur zèle; mais beaucoup obéissaient à regret, beaucoup suivaient avec froideur la ligne de leurs devoirs, et concouraient dédaigneusement aux mesures que prescrivait l'intérêt général. Ces hommes, redevenus Français le jour du combat, ont presque tous donné des preuves éclatantes de courage et de sang-froid; . . . mais il était trop tard pour sauver l'escadre de sa ruine, que leur insouciance avait préparée.'

There is no doubt that all through the Revolutionary war the discipline of the French navy was extremely bad; and bad discipline is extremely likely to lead to misconduct in the day of battle. The writer from whose journal we have just quoted thinks that instances of that were rare. Trullet, the captain of the 'Guerrier,' says they were common. In a confidential letter to Rear-Admiral Vence, in Paris, he wrote:—

'Il me suffit de vous faire connaître que la lâcheté de plusieurs officiers a entraîné celle d'une grande partie des équipages; car on en a vu qui ont fui avec des embarcations chargées de monde, et d'autres qui, en abandonnant leur poste, ont donné lieu à l'abandon des batteries, outre les rapines qui ont été générales à bord de tous les vaisseaux; ce qui prouve combien nos lois sont insuffisantes pour la répression de ces délits et combien on doit être attentif pour le choix des officiers desquels dépendent l'ordre, la discipline, enfin la bonne composition des équipages et, par conséquent, le salut des forces navales.'

Did the 'Orient' strike her flag before she blew up? Nelson wrote that she did. He was so told by the English officers who were directly engaged with the ship; they declared that she both struck and made distinct signs of surrender. Without any evidence that could counterbalance this, and more as a matter of sentiment, French writers have always maintained that she did nothing of the sort. The journal of Lachadenède, an officer of the 'Orient,' already referred to, seems to explain this contradiction. He says that Ganteaume, finding it impossible to arrest the progress of the fire, gave orders to flood the magazine; but the fire gained so rapidly that it could not be done. He goes on:—

'Dès lors il fut décidé qu'on abandonnerait le vaisseau. L'ordre de cesser le feu fut donné dans la batterie; et chacun, occupé de son propre péril, chercha son salut dans la mer. Une centaine d'hommes s'emparèrent de la chaloupe et s'éloignèrent; plusieurs s'embarquèrent dans un canot à moitié incendié; deux cents environ atteignirent à la nage les bâtiments environnants; tous les blessés devinrent la proie des flammes. Je me jetai à la mer par un sabord; . . . quoique je ne sache pas nager, j'atteignis une vergue de grand hunier, sur

laquelle j'attendis le moment de l'explosion; près de 400 hommes avaient aussi cherché un refuge sur des mâtures qui environnaient le vaisseau. A 10h. ¼ il sauta; nous fûmes tous engloutis et seulement soixante d'entre nous purent revenir sur l'eau et retrouvèrent encore des débris sur lesquels ils cherchèrent un asile. Ces bois tenaient par quelque cordage à la carcasse coulée de l' "Orient;" nous restâmes jusqu'au jour sur ces débris flottants fixés dans le même lieu, et pendant cinq heures nous fûmes exposés à la canonnade de l'arrière-garde française; nous eûmes 8 hommes de tués et plusieurs blessés.'

Though the minute exactness of the numbers and the time cannot but throw a shadow of suspicion on this testimony, it is, we fancy, merely the manner of an unpractised writer, and the story may be taken as accurate in the main. We are thus permitted to suppose that after the order to abandon the ship was given, and what little discipline there had been was relaxed, some poor creatures, half wild with terror, did strike the flag and make the signs of distress and surrender which were seen on board our ships.

Why did the French remain at anchor, instead of meeting the English fleet at sea? M. de la Jonquière says that the Rear-Admirals Blanquet and Villeneuve waited on Brueys on board the 'Orient,' and that, in a sort of informal council of war, Blanquet urged that the fleet should get under way and stand out to meet the English. Ganteaume and Villeneuve objected to this, on the ground that the ships' companies were so weak they could not work the sails and the guns at the same time; they could not manœuvre and fight. Brueys agreed with these, and it was thus determined to fight at anchor. But, in fact, this was determined long before, in accordance with the traditions and experience of the French navy; and though there had been some doubt as to whether the battery on the island of Aboukir was any protection, Brueys evidently did not share it, as is proved by his sending away Captain Blancard at almost the last moment. He had, indeed, such confidence in the support of that battery that he considered the weight of the English attack would fall on the rear, and be met there by the 'Généreux' and 'Guillaume Tell,' two of the most powerful ships in the fleet. As the attack fell on the van, it has often been insisted that Villeneuve, with the rearmost ships, should have weighed, in order to support the ships engaged; but M. de la Jonquière points out that, so far as Villeneuve was concerned, Brueys—living or dead—was the commander-in-chief till about half-past

ten, when the 'Orient' blew up, and that he had no authority to move from his allotted post without orders. Even in the English navy, it took a Nelson to set an example of such glorious disobedience.

But what the French have dwelt on with greatest insistency, as the principal cause of the disaster, is the obstinate disobedience of Brueys in remaining in the Bay of Aboukir after being formally and positively ordered by Bonaparte to take the fleet to Corfu. This was asserted by Bonaparte himself, who wrote to the Directory within a few days of receiving the first news of the disaster:—

'Le 18 messidor' (July 6) 'je suis parti d'Alexandrie. J'écrivis à l'amiral d'entrer, sous 24 heures, dans le port de cette ville, et, si son escadre ne pouvait pas y entrer, de décharger promptement toute l'artillerie et tous les effets appartenant à l'armée de terre, et de se rendre à Corfou. . . . Je suis donc parti d'Alexandrie dans la ferme croyance que, sous trois jours, l'escadre serait entrée dans le port d'Alexandrie ou aurait appareillé pour Corfou. . . . Le 9 thermidor' (July 27) 'le bruit de nos victoires et différentes dispositions rouvrirent nos communications. Je reçus plusieurs lettres de l'amiral, où je vis avec étonnement qu'il se trouvait encore à Aboukir.'

This story, repeated with greater emphasis in 'Les Cam-'pagnes d'Egypte et de Syrie,' has passed into history, and has been very generally accepted. It has even been put forward as an illustration of the universal genius of the man who could see the danger hidden from the sailors, and provide for it. So far as we know, it has never been directly contradicted till now, when, with the clear evidence before us, we recognise it as a base, cowardly lie, framed to lay the blame of his own blunder on the shoulders of his dead colleague. The proofs of this brought forward by M. de la Jonquière are incontrovertible. We have, for instance, the text of the order to go to Corfu, to which Bonaparte refers. It runs:—

'L'amiral Brueys fera entrer, dans la journée de demain, son escadre dans le port vieux d'Alexandrie, si le temps le permet et s'il y a le fond nécessaire. . . . L'amiral fera, dans la journée de demain, connaître au général en chef, par un rapport, si l'escadre peut entrer dans le port d'Alexandrie, ou si elle peut se défendre, embossée dans la rade d'Aboukir, contre une escadre ennemie supérieure; et dans le cas où ni l'un ni l'autre ne pourraient s'exécuter, il devra partir pour Corfou. . . .'

But more than this, M. de la Jonquière shows, by many indications, that Brueys was himself anxious to go to Corfu, but was prevented doing so by Bonaparte, who desired to

have the fleet on the coast in readiness to take him back as soon as the campaign in Egypt was finished, and to make part in the expedition to England. We have already had an early statement* of this intention, and from this he seems never to have departed. It is also clear that for want of provisions the fleet could not go to Corfu, and that Bonaparte, knowing this, made no effort to supply the want. And as a corroboration of all this—the detailed proof of which occupies many pages—we have the late expression of his belief that nothing was to be apprehended from the English. This was written on July 30, two days only before the battle: 'Toute la conduite des Anglais porte à croire 'qu'ils sont inférieurs en nombre, et qu'ils se contentent de 'bloquer Malte et d'empêcher les substances d'y arriver.' And though he did, at this date, add an order to go to Corfu, it was not to guard against any danger from this inferior enemy, but rather because, the enemy being inferior, the fleet might be safely divided. His words, which seem conclusive as to his intention, are:—

'Il faut bien vite entrer dans le port d'Alexandrie, ou vous approvisionner promptement . . . et vous transporter dans le port de Corfou; car il est indispensable que, jusqu'à ce que tout ceci se décide, vous vous trouviez dans une position à portée d'en imposer à la Porte. Dans le second cas vous aurez soin que tous les vaisseaux, frégates vénitiennes et françaises, qui peuvent nous servir restent à Alexandrie.'

And M. de la Jonquière, commenting on this, points out that 'l'ordre de ravitaillement envoyé à Damiette exigeait 'un délai d'exécution d'au moins douze à quinze jours, et 'les quantités prévues étaient loin de suffire pour une 'traversée aussi longue que celle d'Aboukir à Corfou.' There is a vast amount of evidence, direct and indirect, to the same effect, proving that of the many base, black-hearted lies which have been brought home to Bonaparte, this slander of his dead colleague is one of the basest. Clearly if—as Bonaparte believed—there was no danger from the English, or if—as Brueys, supported by the experience of the American war, believed—the anchorage in Aboukir Bay was safe against the attack of even a superior force, there was no reason why the fleet should not lie there. Brueys rightly declined to go into Alexandria, where he could see certain destruction if the least adventurous enemy came on him; but he was willing to accept the compromise

* *Ante*, p. 258.

which Bonaparte offered him, and to wait in Aboukir Bay. The idea of his being wilfully or obstinately disobedient to an order from Bonaparte will seem preposterous to any one who has noticed the obsequious tone of his correspondence.

The total destruction of the French fleet in the battle of the Nile, and the consequent imprisonment of Bonaparte and the French army in Egypt, necessarily led to a modification, if not to an entire change, in the general's views. It has been suggested that the Syrian campaign of the following year was intended as a step towards the foundation of a vast Eastern empire. It seems possible that it was rather an endeavour to open a way of escape by Constantinople and the Adriatic. At present it is impossible to say; but the further volumes of M. de la Jonquière's admirable work will go far to the clearing up of this question, even if the obliquity of Bonaparte's mind prevents our attaining absolute certainty. We hope, and indeed understand, that the publication of these volumes will not be long delayed, and that we shall then have the key to the solution of the various problems rising out of the Syrian campaign, of Bonaparte's escape, of the Convention of El Arish, and of the seemingly unnecessary interference of the English army. Meantime we possess our souls in patience, and express our gratitude to M. de la Jonquière for this instalment of a most interesting and valuable work.

ART. II.—1. *Rome.* By ÉMILE ZOLA. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier, 1900.

2. *Helbeck of Bannisdale.* By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1898.

3. *Eleanor.* By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1900.

4. *One Poor Scruple.* By Mrs. WILFRID WARD. London: Longmans & Co., 1899.

5. *The Undoing of John Brewster.* By Lady MABEL HOWARD. London: Longmans & Co., 1900.

6. *The Casting of Nets.* By RICHARD BAGOT. London: Edward Arnold, 1901.

7. *En Route.* By J. K. HUYSMANS. Paris: Tresse & Stock, 1895.

8. *The Vicar of St. Luke's.* By SIBYL CREED. London: Longmans & Co., 1901.

AT the end of the eighteenth, as in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Roman Catholic Church seemed to be on the verge of utter ruin. Both declines were followed by a return towards Catholicism, and an increase in the radiating, attracting power of the religion. In England, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Catholicism was still dormant, as it had been for the preceding hundred years, a lethargy due not so much to our own penal laws and the exclusion of Roman Catholics from public life, as to the fact that the Catholic post-Reformation movement had everywhere died into torpor and acquiescence in the way of the world. The French Revolution rudely awakened the Church from its sleep, and filled England with good or soul-awakened priests from beyond the sea. For a few abnormal years the enemies of the Roman Church were also the enemies of England, and a common enmity is a seed of reconciliation. At the same time the union with Ireland brought the Catholic question to the front. For thirty years the best Whig orators and writers annually tried to convince an incredulous public that Catholics, though intellectually inferior, were morally and civically little worse than any one else. All this had its effect, and meanwhile Rationalism undermined the infallibility, in the old Protestant sense, of the Bible, while the ideas which foreran the doctrine of evolution modified the basis of

theologic controversy. Then came the Oxford Movement, curiously coinciding in its culmination with the famine-driven migration of Irish Catholics across the Channel, and then the deliberate attempt of the Roman See to reconquer England. But for the first half of the century there was little more Roman Catholic life in England than there had been for a hundred years before. There were the few old Catholic families; there were priests, mostly of the domestic chaplain kind, no hierarchy. The Catholics led a dim life, neither interfering nor interfered with. They were as Crabbe depicts them in his 'Borough'—

> 'Among her sons, with us a quiet few,
> Obscure themselves, her ancient state review,
> And fond and melancholy glances cast
> On power insulted and on triumph past.'

So also appear the Catholics in Scott's novels—isolated and secluded persons or families, remnants of a lost and hopeless cause, condemned by reason but exciting a kind of sympathy in the poetic imagination, like the ruins of Tintern Abbey. In all Scott's novels there is no sign of Catholicism as an advancing and often triumphant spiritual power, dominating the minds of men, thwarting wills, competing with ambition, interfering with the love of men for power, and the love of women for men. Scott makes no more use of this powerful dramatic motive than Shakespeare does. Needless to say that no such storms invade the calm atmosphere of Miss Austen. Nor does the motive enter into the work of the leading mid-century novelists, whose minds had been formed before the full tide of the Catholicising Movement. Books like Newman's 'Loss and Gain' and Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith' were light-armoured controversy, not real novels. 'John Inglesant' was the first novel of importance which mirrored the advance of Catholicism. It is an historical romance, treating of the time of the Civil Wars, but it was evidently written because the author was deeply interested in the religious conflicts of his own age, and saw much in them closely akin to the movements, aspirations, forces, and counter-forces, of the seventeenth century. 'John Inglesant' was skilfully and delicately written, the more so because, without thrusting the religious issues crudely to the front, the author makes his readers feel at every point the working of great forces behind the scenes. Outside this one book Mr. Shorthouse has not shown much creative power; in it he certainly

has. Inglesant is a real living person. The reader moves through life in his company, sees scenes as it were through his eyes, comes into touch with other minds through him, feels with his feelings, and is not left at the close of the book with the impression that he has been listening to an historical, or political, or ecclesiastical lecture, illustrated by a puppet-show.

Now this is rather the impression left by, at any rate, the later works of M. Zola. To say the truth, a novel by M. Zola is heavy though instructive reading. If, like his 'Rome,' his novels count their purchasers by the hundred thousand, this must be due rather to the desire for knowledge than to the desire for gratification of the dramatic sense. One feels that M. Zola has decided that his time has come to write a book on the Roman question, that he has packed several large notebooks into a portmanteau, taken a ticket for Rome, filled his notebooks with careful observations of scenery, sunsets, buildings, historical and statistical information, the gossip of a section of Roman society, and that he has then, like a Royal Commission, reported upon the question which he is investigating under the guise of a novel. M. Zola has the formative power of taking infinite pains, but not in the same measure the masculine creative force of genius. If one reads first M. Zola's 'Rome,' and then, say, Tolstoy's 'Anna Karénina,' one perceives that the one book is an illustrated lecture and the other is life itself. Mrs. Humphry Ward, on her smaller scale, has, we think, the same merit and to some extent the same deficiency, in this respect, as M. Zola. Not from her pen will there ever be born a Consuelo, a Maggie Tulliver, a Beatrix Esmond, or an Anna. Perhaps the highest creative power involves a total absorption in characters, an inhabiting, so to speak, of imaginary beings, which is inconsistent with conscientious study of 'questions,' as it is also with social and family obligations of ordinary life. Art is an exacting and jealous mistress. She will not share her lovers with science or with society. But creative genius in a high degree is ever a rare find, and gratitude is due to a writer like Mrs. Ward, who takes the greatest pains (also a rare merit) to supply her readers with the best which she can give. By strong will, work, and honest purpose, she has raised herself from the lower levels of 'Robert Elsmere' to writing books of merit, like her two last novels. They contain the thoughts of a clear and reflective mind, and, although they will not belong to the small company of the

immortals, they afford material to those who analyse the intellectual movements of the age.

Both M. Zola and Mrs. Humphry Ward have recently made Rome and the Roman country the scene of a novel. L'Abbé Froment, the leading character in M. Zola's 'Rome,' is a French priest who has in his own country gone through the disenchanting experience of a man who visits Lourdes equipped not with faith, but with a liberal mind. Disgusted by what appears to him to be a theatre of low idolatry encouraged by priests for the sake of money, he returned to Paris, and lived for a while amid the miseries of the most wretched quarters, where the Christian religion seems to be of so small effect. The democratic note in some of the utterances of Leo XIII., especially in his 'Labour En-'cyclical,' roused him to hope that a new life and movement may yet be born in and from the ancient church, and to embody this idea he wrote a book to which he gave the fatal title 'La Rome Nouvelle.' The book traced the developement of the religion from its cradle as a communistic association of the poor and humble to its enthronement as the triumph of the rich and powerful; it described the misery of the poor, and pleaded that Catholicism should heal that misery by returning to its origins, and by becoming the bond of union among the people and the protection of the poor. Here was the chance for the one great international religious society if an inspired Pope could turn it into the true road. For, wrote the Abbé, the kings are overthrown and dominations levelled by the work of the French Revolution. The people can give itself to whom it chooses; political liberalism is bankrupt because it has not satisfied the expectations of greater social welfare which it excited. Even science, in its progress, has reopened the unlimited field of the mysterious and the impossible. The time was surely come when the Pope, 'dismissing the great and rich of the world, should 'leave in exile kings driven from the throne, to place himself, 'like Jesus, with labourers without bread, and beggars on 'the roads.' Some more years of misery, perhaps, and the people 'will return to its cradle, to the unified Church of 'Rome.' Christianity would become once more the religion of justice and truth; the poor would reign; the Pope alone would stand at the head of the federation of the peoples, the sovereign of peace; the bond of charity and love would unite all men; civil and religious society would coincide; and the kingdom of God would come to pass. New Rome, at the old world-centre, would give to the world the new religion.

But the Abbé Froment made final surrender of the temporal power part of his dream. Nor could he refrain from a page treating Lourdes as a sign of the spiritual malady of the present distressed time, and, worse still, he used the expression 'new religion.' His book was denounced to Rome, enemies striking through it at the liberal Catholic Movement, and he came to Rome to endeavour to defend his views. M. Zola powerfully describes the hopes and gradual disillusionment of the French priest. The Abbé discovered, or thought that he discovered, that the religion is not at Rome that which it is in the dim-lit aisles of Northern cathedrals, the mysterious refuge of suffering souls, but is rather symbolised by the non-mysterious superb basilica of St. Peter's, is the embodied aspiration towards dominion, conquest, glory, the heir of the eternal craving of Rome for universal empire. The Roman hierarchy, he thought, 'left 'God in the sanctuary and reigned in His name,' inspired by the most undoubting imperialist conviction that they were the legitimate rulers of the world, and that outside their system all was weakness, error, and anarchy. Unchanging dogma, like the old Roman law of their predecessors, was the rock upon which the system rested; the devotions and superstitions, the hopes and fears, natural to man were instruments of their rule; religious orders were their legions. The whole system held together; it was impossible for the hierarchy to retain one dogma and abandon another, to sanction one devotion and condemn another of the same kind. This attitude is finely embodied by M. Zola in his strong and proud Cardinal Boccanera, the Roman aristocrat.

'The truth!—it is in Catholicism, Apostolic and Roman, such as it has been created by a long series of generations. What folly to wish to change it when so many great minds, so many pious souls have made it the instrument of order in this world and of salvation in the next! And if, as its enemies pretend, Catholicism is struck to death, it must die standing, in its glorious integrity. You understand, M. l'Abbé, not one concession, not one abandonment, not one cowardice. It is such as it is and cannot be otherwise. There can be no modification of divine certainty, of entire truth, and the smallest stone, taken from the building, is a cause of collapse.'

The words of Boccanera carry conviction. You cannot convert an old religion into a new one, any more than you can turn an old oak into a young beech; though from a seed sown by an old religion in a favourable moment and soil a new religion may grow.

When, after long delays and diplomacies, the Abbé

Froment at last obtained an interview with Leo XIII., he found final proof that he had steered his airy dream-ship upon a rock. The idealist came into collision with the ecclesiastical statesman, bound by training, and indeed by position and duty in life, to move circumspectly and with regard to settled policy. In England a clergyman who questions almost every dogma in sermons and magazines, and perpetually attacks his own order and chiefs, may possibly, if by a happy accident sympathising secular persons are in power and office, become at least the dean of a cathedral, and on the whole most liberal-minded Englishmen are glad that it is so. The point of view of Rome is to regard the matter as analogous to civil or military service. Even in England a civil servant or soldier who publicly attacked the policy of his office or superiors would stand small chance of promotion. It is understood in our Civil Service that officials shall not write signed articles of party politics. Leo XIII. must regard the exhortations of a French priest somewhat as Lord Salisbury would regard the observations of a second division clerk who should ask an interview in order to remonstrate upon the foreign policy of the Government. 'A priest,' said Cardinal Boccanera, 'has no other duty than humility 'and obedience, the complete annihilation of his being in 'the sovereign will of the Church. And why even write at 'all? For revolt already exists as soon as you express an 'opinion of your own; it is always a temptation by the 'devil which puts a pen into your hand.' But the spirit of Protestantism has sunk too deep into the character of Englishmen to let such views as these prevail to any large extent amongst us.

It may be difficult to combine the professions of priest and prophet—of an official and a denouncer of official abuses—of a public servant and a public adviser or critic of policy. Some may think that division of labour is best. However autocratic, or even corrupt and erroneous the Church, there is always good and true work for a priest to do quietly within it, in satisfying the needs of men for public worship, in visiting the sick, advising the troubled, and consoling the afflicted.

If, indeed, a priest is, like the Abbé Froment, at the end of his visit to Rome, convinced that the Church of Rome is a mere worldly organisation, and a more or less conscious imposture, turning to its own use the religious feelings of mankind and seeking for wealth as a means to a purely

earthly dominion, then it is to him an embodied lie, and he had better leave it. But what if, like the amiable Father Benecke in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel 'Eleanor,' he quarrels with the Church authority upon the statement of morally unimportant matters of fact, biology, and primitive history? Are reasons like these sufficient to justify a pledged priest in withdrawing from the bond of union? Hardly so, although the step may be justified by special circumstances in a case like that invented by Mrs. Ward. As a rule, a step of this kind would show that a man did not see things in the true proportions of their relative importance. A wise priest, like Monsignor Martini in Mr. Bagot's clever novel 'Casting of Nets,' might see clearly every moral and intellectual objection to his Church and yet believe that 'amid all the ambition and worldli-'ness, behind all the symbolism and the superstition, there 'shines the light of a divine truth, which even the theo-'logians have been unable wholly to extinguish.' Mr. Herbert Spencer has somewhere said that if there lives a soul of good in things evil, so also there lives a soul of truth in things untrue. There is much to be said for the practical philosophy of the Vicar of Savoy. A French priest, when pressed in conversation with difficulties in his faith, said simply, 'Monsieur, si je ne croyais pas, je ne serais pas même 'honnête homme.' He meant that, whatever might be the case with others, it was not for him, a sworn servant of the Church, enjoying the benefits of her service, to refuse to accept, or to challenge, her rules and doctrines. This same sentiment lies at the bottom of a common idea that an Englishman ought not publicly to denounce the actions of his country, even if he believes them to be morally wrong. Criticism, it is thought, should be left to foreigners. To admit this to be true without reserve would be most dangerous. Is the feeling a true one that a soldier, for instance, could not honestly kill an enemy whose cause he allowed himself to believe was entirely right? Unless he believes this of his own accord, he has by an effort of will to accept the judgment of his own Government, or, at the very least, say nothing against it. It is for this reason that Army and Church, and even State, are alike intolerable to men like Tolstoy, who place above everything the action of the individual conscience, and condemn all that may restrain or pervert it. While, however, these institutions do exist, those who choose to serve in them must commute part of their liberty, if not of thought, yet

of speech. Thus, from the question of the freedom of the priest one is driven back upon that of the existence of the Church. But the Church exists because it meets elementary needs of men in some degree, and will cease to exist if it ceases altogether to meet them. How far a priest must give up his liberty of expression is, like everything else which relates to the compromise between empire and liberty, a matter of frontier delimitation. There seems to be at present within the Roman Catholic Church, especially in England and North America, some feeling that centralisation of rule should be relaxed, and the limits of provincial, diocesan, and even individual liberty extended. It is a matter of ecclesiastical politics.

Far more within the province of drama or romance, although to many it is a painful and disagreeable motive, is the disturbing influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the relations of private life. The subject may be treated in a superficial and partly comic way, as by Mr. Richard Bagot. He depicts, amusingly enough, the failure of some shallow and intriguing women and priests to capture for the benefit of the Church a wealthy lord by the instrumentality of his Roman Catholic wife. The attempt, as it deserves, not only fails, but leads to the conversion to the Church of England of the disgusted lady. No doubt there is among many Roman Catholics, especially English converts, a standing conspiracy to bring fishes into the net, which may be compared to the standing conspiracy among married women, with exceptions, to get all men married. No doubt, also, a 'great catch,' a man of title, influence, and position, is in both cases attractive to the more vulgar kind of fishers; and it often happens, in both cases, that the excess of the desire defeats its success, since no man likes to be obviously caught. Mr. Bagot sketches with cleverness the irritating air of superior religious gentility which is to be felt in a certain kind of Catholic converts, and has, perhaps, its effect in attracting other shallow minds. The class-feeling which is so strong in the English atmosphere gets into religion. All this, however, is light comedy, and matter for more serious drama lies beneath.

The feud between the Montagues and Capulets was a small hindrance to the course of true love compared with that which lies between ardent and militant Liberalism in thought and equally ardent and militant Catholicism. If the emissary of Friar Laurence had not failed to deliver his

message, Romeo might have carried off Juliet to some remote part of Italy, and lived with her in sweet human union oblivious of the foolish discords of Verona. It is far more difficult for love to bridge, save for a short spell of passion, the gulf which divides extreme Liberalism from extreme Catholicism. Two souls fashioned in these opposing regions are not divided by circumstances only, but by nature. They are so unlike that they can rarely attract one another. Experience shows that the affection of man and woman works within boundaries. It requires a sufficient degree of unlikeness; beyond a certain limit of unlikeness it decreases in power and finally disappears. With love, no doubt, all things are possible. Mrs. Humphry Ward may, we admit, be warranted in imagining so strange an attachment as that between Helbeck of Bannisdale, a middle-aged man whose whole intellect and soul and life have long been surrendered to the service of Catholicism in its most uncompromising form, and Laura Fountain, a young unbred girl of strong character, formed at Cambridge in an academic modern atmosphere of unlimited freedom of thought under the influence of an aggressively agnostic father who allows nothing that is beyond the reach of scientific faculties. No wonder, however, that the attachment never for a moment cast out fear. Mrs. Ward's object is to describe the contest in the heart of such a girl, brought to live in an old romantic Catholic house, and besieged by all the influences of Catholicism reinforced by the love of a man of superior character. At one moment the siege is all but successful.

'The truth was that her will was tired out. Her whole soul thirsted to submit; and yet could not submit. Was it the mere spell of Catholic order and discipline, working upon her own restless and ill-ordered nature? It had so worked indeed from the beginning. She could recall, with trembling, many a strange moment in Helbeck's presence, or in the chapel, when she had seemed to feel her whole self breaking up, dissolving in the grip of a power that was at once her foe and the bearer of infinite seduction. But always the will, the self, had won the victory, had delivered a final "No!" into which had rushed the whole energy of her being.

'And now—if it were only possible to crush back that "No"—to beat down this resistance, which, like an alien garrison, defended, as it were, a town that hated it; if she could only turn and knock—knock humbly—at that closed door in her lover's life and heart. One touch! One step!'

And Laura imagined the bliss of yielding, as many a woman trembling on the verge of surrender to a mortal lover

has imagined the act with terror-inwoven sweetness of feeling.

'To what awful or tender things would it admit her! That ebb and flow of mystical emotion she dimly saw in Helbeck, a life within a life; all that is most intimate and touching in the struggle of the soul—all that strains and pierces the heart—the world to which these belong rose before her, secret, mysterious, "a city not made with hands," now drawing, now repelling. Voices came from it to her that penetrated all the passion and the immaturity of her nature. . . . What stood in the way? Simply a revolt and repulsion that seemed to be more than, and outside herself—something independent and unconquerable, of which she was the mere instrument.'

Laura cannot yield, and, equally unable to live without Helbeck, or with him, and his religion, is driven to the desperate solution of suicide. This issue does not strike us as convincingly inevitable, or even probable. The story does not make us feel that the wound of love has gone sufficiently deep. We humbly submit that this is due either to want of naturalness in the plot or to want of dramatic power in the authoress.

The plot of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's 'One Poor Scruple' is less ambitious and more probable. A worldly and clever woman, superficially seductive, is exposed to a mighty temptation, and saved on the line by the right touching of a spring which brings into action the strong Catholic training of her childhood. The sin, to marry an 'innocent divorcee,' was not much, or, indeed, was nothing at all in the eyes of the society wherein it gave her far most pleasure to live, and in exchange she would have had the kingdom of the world. Within her grasp were wealth, honour, power, a position coveted by all her friends, but her desire could not quite succeed in defeating her trained nature. To win the world she had to break with the Catholic religion, and she had not the strength to do so. From the Catholic point of view, indeed, the obstacle was anything but 'one poor scruple.' The whole allegiance to the Church was involved. The most touching part, however, of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's really charming novel, which combines humour with pathos, is the story of Mary Riversdale's vocation. Here was a girl of strong character and simple intellect, an heiress, the daughter of a simple-minded hunting Catholic squire of old race, herself a good rider to hounds, fond of the country life, of horses and dogs, torn from all this happy, natural, and contented existence, from the affection of parents resigned, but wounded to the heart to let her go, from hope

of home and children of her own, to become a Sister of Charity, to be sent perhaps on an unreturning journey to the interior of China, or to toil in the wretchedest quarters of London. The way to this altar of sacrifice is delicately described. No human agent consciously operates on the will of Mary Riversdale. But because she has been born and bred a Catholic the idea of the higher vocation is always near her, or in her, and she is turned into the path as it were by touches of an invisible finger. Slight things, a word heard in a sermon, a verse of a hymn sung by a hopelessly denaturalised literary man posing for five minutes as a simple character, a favourite dog suddenly killed by a train, are for her signs and indications of the will of the great lover. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward shows religion restraining one woman from unlimited compliance with the way of the world and with the dictates of prudential reason, while compelling another woman to surrender all that the world holds dear. In neither case do the ministers of the Church actually forbid or command, but there is the knowledge in the one case that the Church condemns, in the other that the Church approves the action. Persons like Mary Riversdale are inhabitants of heaven here on earth, haunted by the memory of their home, and longing to anticipate their return. The Church, with its immense experience, knows this, and leaves the gate open. It holds the keys to those abodes of 'solemn troops and sweet societies' to which the young, the beautiful, are sometimes called, it seems, from the joys and sorrows of life by an irresistible voice within them. However much it may have drooped from time to time in practice, the Roman Catholic Church has never abjured or condemned or feared the idea of religious heroism. And, for her reward, this Church has always had within her a fountain of redeeming vitality to save her from the consequences of invading worldlinesses. As in some other histories, the valour and devotion of soldiers has saved situations compromised by the errors of generals.

If one reads a group of novels like those to which we have referred, or if one studies the numerous accounts of the thoughts, feelings, and circumstances which have led real persons to join the Roman Catholic Church, it is impossible to avoid considering the question, What is the secret of the power and attraction of this religious society? It is a question far too wide, of course, to allow the writer of a review to do more than make a few suggestions.

The cosmopolitan, many-nationed Church, which has its

centre at Rome and its circumference everywhere, is regarded by some as the salvation of the world, by others as its disease, by most Englishmen as a great institution of questionable merit. It is certainly a living and not a dead being, because it attracts and repels. It arouses love and hatred with a power possessed by no other international association. It excites every shade of feeling. Of the writers, for instance, mentioned at the head of this article, a chance handful, as it were, of persons, M. Zola and Mr. Richard Bagot are frank and convinced enemies of the Church of Rome, or, at any rate, of its government, hierarchy, tone, and principles; Mrs. Humphry Ward is, we think, more reluctantly brought to a similar condemnation; Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is a friend and adherent, and so is the author of the 'Vicar of St. Luke's;' and so, in a different way, is M. Huysmans; while Lady Mabel Howard in her clever novel skilfully conceals her sympathies or antipathies, or hangs balanced between them. One does not know whether the religious forces which ruin her hero's life meet with her approval or not. It has often been observed that there is a fascination of dislike as well as that of like. The attention is fixed by a hated as well as by a loved person. The Roman Catholic Church, alone among Churches, seems to possess this two-edged fascination in a high degree. Englishmen, by nature and in the absence of theories, look at the Church of England rather as men look at a fine old family house. They regard it with pride, and with often deep affection, and have feelings, keen though discordant, as to the best way of living in it, or as to alterations and restorations. But one does not hear of any Spaniard or Italian or German or Frenchman experiencing either a violent attraction or a strong dislike towards it, nor, for the matter of that, towards the Church ruled by the Holy Synod of Russia, nor that where the Patriarch of Constantinople holds sway. One does, on the other hand, hear from time to time of English Churchmen, or German Lutherans, or even Orthodox Russians being drawn by a singular attraction to join the religious communion which has its head-quarters at Rome. Occasionally a memoir, or a piece of autobiography, or one's private knowledge, supplies some details of the operation of this attractive force. Now and then one has a picture of a person, beginning perhaps with a strong aversion to the Roman Church, even feeling it to be the 'mystery of 'iniquity' and the centre of all that is anti-Christian, long fighting against the drawing power, yet, in spite of all

training and early bias, notwithstanding the disapproval of friends, torn away in mid life, like Newman and Manning, from position and settled career, to become a citizen of this strange city, in whose history there is so much evil, and in whose practices there is so much superstition. How comes it that this Church exercises a power so disturbing throughout the world, so attracts and repels?

One reason is, no doubt, the distinctness of this Church. It is impossible even to argue that the Roman Catholic Church is the religious side or aspect of any one nation, race, or empire. A man who becomes a Roman priest enters into the service of a distinct, concrete, visible, united, self-governing, world-diffused, spiritual State. It is this distinct State which men love or hate, which attracts and repels, which kindles patriotism in its inhabitants and opposing patriotisms outside its borders. A movement in the English Church has in recent times roused kindred feelings. But why? Is it not because this new sacerdotalism is a return towards the spiritual empire centred at Rome, of which the British race formed an integral part for a thousand years? It is, or seems to be, the veiled reappearance in England of the great Church of the West. Eastern Churches we may regard with friendly or antiquarian interest, but they do not affect our practice or stir our emotions. If the sacerdotal movement in the Anglican Church excites among many Englishmen feelings of alarm and repulsion, it is because they believe this movement to be inspired, consciously or not, by the tradition, theory, and practice of the Church centred at Rome. They think, and think truly, that the part of the Anglican Church represented by the 'English Church Union' is a country, to use a diplomatic phrase, within the Roman sphere of influence. Reconquest by Rome, that is the thing always, consciously or unconsciously, dreaded by a nation far more Protestant, on the whole, than its clergy. Most Englishmen have towards the Roman Catholic Church feelings of a complex kind. They admire it in a way, because it is ancient, consistent, strong, great, a conservative force; they have no objection to its existence in other countries; they feel rather proud that a certain number of old English families should openly belong to it, but they have no desire to see this Church successful in England, and they are extremely adverse to the introduction of a decided sacramental and sacerdotal character into their own Church. If Parliament is unwilling to give to the Church of England the power of

legislation in matters of ceremony and doctrine, it is in part because there is apprehension that this power would be used to convert the English Church, its doctrines, discipline, and rites into a closer likeness of the Roman.

The Church of Rome, then, is a spiritual country inhabited by men of almost every race, held together by a unity of allegiance to a government which possesses a *summum imperium*, legislative, judicial, and administrative. This State claims the spiritual submission of the whole Christian world, and does not conceal its constant endeavour to achieve the conquest. This high claim repels most outsiders, but attracts a minority. The Roman Church presents the nearest present approach in an imperfect world to the idea of those who believe that the Catholic Church should be one in body as well as in spirit, visible, indivisible, self-governing, and coterminous with the human race. For a certain kind of mind the Roman Church has the attraction which a great capital has for the provincial. The provincial is not attracted to London *by* the fogs, and bad air, and noise, and high rents, and many unpleasing people who live there, but *in spite of* all this. So it is quite possible to imagine a man who dislikes much of the practice and can hardly believe in much of the doctrine of the Roman Church, yet is drawn to that spiritual city by its antiquity, and magnitude, and varied interest. That it is a non-national society is precisely its attraction to many minds. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's excellent life of his father, Dr. W. G. Ward, shows the process of a logical and mathematical intellect building up an ideal of a great spiritual State, and soon discovering that only in the Roman Church was there to be found an at all adequate minor premiss to that (perhaps erroneous) major. Dr. Ward would not probably have chosen to speak of the Roman Church, in the words used by Newman on his 'con-'version,' as 'the one fold of Christ.' To him this Church rather presented itself as the solid centre of Christendom, as a strong, organised, militant State, waging constant war against opposing powers, the antagonist of the Revolution under its different forms and guises. 'An internecine con-'flict,' he once wrote, 'is at hand between the army of 'dogma and the united hosts of indifferentism, heresy, 'atheism. . . . Looking at things practically, the one 'solid and inexpugnable fortress of truth is the Catholic 'Church built on the Rock of Peter.' Ward cared little for the argument from history, which so powerfully affected Newman, and he did not find in pure reason a secure

foundation for the Christian edifice. By the light of reason equally honest thinkers are led to diametrically opposite opinions. Ward was the type of those natures, at once emotional and intellectual, who find it necessary to build a house of reason for the instincts of the heart, and are driven step by step to found it upon a reasoned acceptance of Authority. Of these men some find it sufficient to ascertain, to their own satisfaction, upon any question, the dictates of Authority by a perusal of books, study of the opinions of the learned, comparison of existing customs. Others require that the final decision, however arrived at, should be pronounced by a recognised and binding organ of authority, analogous to a Supreme Court of Appeal. Men of this last stamp, intellectual men of action (or men of intellectual action), naturally gravitate towards Rome, the one spiritual power which makes this claim to be the Supreme Spiritual Court of Christendom, and is recognised to be such by half of the whole Christian world.

The ideal of visible unity, authority, discipline, and desire to approach it, led also into the Roman road the strong-willed and logical-minded Manning. 'If I stay in the 'Church of England,' he wrote a few months before his change, 'I shall end a simple mystic like Leighton. God 'is a spirit, and has no visible kingdom, church, or sacra-'ments. But that is to reject Christendom—its history 'and its witness for God.' Manning had the mind of a practical statesman; to him the Catholic Church was one that decided and ruled. He was no more able to convince himself that the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the Eastern Churches are one Church because they all have episcopacies of apostolic descent, than he could have convinced himself that the British Empire and the United States of America are one State because they have a common origin, or that Sweden and Italy are one State because they both are monarchies. Men like Dr. Pusey and Mr. Gladstone and a great host of English Churchmen attached a super-terrestrial meaning to the word 'church,' or at least detached from the idea, not indeed the desirability, but the necessity of visible and organic unity. The Puritan dissenter uses the word 'church,' when he does use it, in a sense more vague, and, as Anglicans refuse to accept as essential the central Pontificate, so he refuses to accept as essential the historic episcopacy. To most Protestants against Rome *the* Church is a noble ideal city in the air, a poetic theme, a ravishing subject of contemplation for

religious philosophers. Most men, wisely perhaps, satisfy themselves in this short life by making the best of the particular organic churches to which they belong. They close their minds and dismiss the larger question, or hand it over for solution to posterity.

Newman, in his lectures on 'Romanism and Protestantism,' published in 1837, after long and eloquent description of the Catholic Church, comes suddenly face to face with a great difficulty. It may be urged against him, he says, that—

'You speak of the Church Catholic, of the Church's teaching, and of obedience to the Church. What is meant by the Church Catholic at this day? Where is she? What are her local instruments and organs? How does she speak? How can she be said to utter one and the same doctrine everywhere, when we are at war with all the rest of Christendom, and not at peace at home? In the Primitive Church there was no difficulty, and no mistaking; then all Christians everywhere spoke one and the same doctrine, and, if any novelty arose, it was at once denounced and stifled. The case is the same, indeed, with the Roman Church now; but for Anglicans so to speak, is to use words without meaning, to dream of a state of things long passed away from this Protestant land. The Church is now but a mere abstract word; it stands for a generalised idea, not the name of any one thing really existing, which, if it ever was, yet ceased to be when Christians divided from each other centuries upon centuries ago.'

In one of the novels before us, the 'Vicar of St. Luke's,' the author makes the turn of the tide which carries the hero from the Anglican to the Roman Church begin at the same question. An ardent vicar, who has thrown himself into the van of the 'Anglo-Catholic' Movement, comes into collision with his more prudent bishop. Anglican episcopal authority is to him merely provincial, and he determines to challenge it in the name of the higher authority of the Catholic Church. But his mind has been for a time thrown off the old track by other forces, and to it suddenly presents itself the question, What is this higher authority? 'Authority,' he reflects, 'we have the name; we should be 'lost without the name. Where is the thing? Where in 'the final resort do we locate it?'

The unsparing voice within him went on—

'Where and what (it said) is the Church to which you, Victorian Goring, inwardly submit, as you profess to do, your individual reason? Where and what is the Church which teaches you the truth you confidently and with an exclusive claim offer to others as yourself being taught? Define, define. Come, let us put the thing more exactly to the test. You decry private judgement. In what conjuncture of circumstances, at what moment, obedient to what rule, venerating what supremacy, do you ever humbly forego the use of your own?'

Newman could give in 1837 no strong answer to his own statement of objections to the correspondence with realities of certain unnecessary forms of speech. He could only advise patient abiding. Already, as he says in his 'Apologia,' in spite of his 'ingrained fears of Rome' and of the decision of his 'reason and conscience against her 'usages,' and of his affection for Oxford and Oriel, he had a 'secret longing love of Rome.' Even then he felt that this Church 'alone, amid all the errors and evils of her practi-'cal system, has given free scope to the feelings of awe, 'mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness, and other 'feelings which may especially be called Catholic.' Eight years later he made his surrender to Rome, convinced that in matters of faith it was impossible to show why some doctrines should be accepted and others rejected, and that the choice lay between all and nothing. Perhaps, after all, the reasoning of the 'Essay on Developement,' powerful as it is, may be but the outer sheath of the real process. Newman, perhaps, worn out by endless questionings and discussions, fled to Rome as to a city of refuge from intellectual doubts. Weariness of toiling through vague and uncertain oceans of thought brings many spirits to Rome. They are like the Trojan women, who looked weeping upon the deep sea:—

> 'Heu! tot vada fessis
> Et tantum superesse maris! vox omnibus una;
> *Urbem orant*; tædet pelagi perferre laborem.'

To these storm-tossed and weary souls the Roman Church seems to say, like the Oracle of Apollo, once more to quote the poet so deep with universal meanings:—

> 'Dardanidæ duri, quæ vos a stirpe parentum
> Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere læto,
> Accipiet reduces; antiquam exquirite matrem.'

It is an impressive call, and it appeals to, and in some cases almost satisfies, that mysterious home-sickness which is for ever at the bottom of man's heart. Newman may have been a prey to a strong illusion, but no man ever more ardently sought for truth and reality. Nor, when he became a Roman Catholic, although he had admirable opportunities for seeing the drawbacks to that Church, did he perceive anything existing which was more near to his ideal.

To arrive at a final conviction, or choice, after wandering through a multitude of opinions, is, in one sphere of things,

that which marriage, after a series of tentative love affairs, is in another. The heart of man is constantly drawn towards marriage. Too often the vision of peace is a mirage in the wilderness, yet in the direction where it seems to be man will go. Newman's 'conversion' was the marriage of a restless heart. The same course of study led Newman to Rome and kept Pusey an Anglican, because Newman had and Pusey had not strong elective affinity to the Roman Church. Dr. Pusey, who was above all a man of learning and research, akin by his genius to the Caroline divines, calm and solid by nature, with ancestral roots deep in the most English of English soil, found the Church of England, considered as a branch of the Church Catholic, spacious enough for his desires. The passionate spirit of Newman craved for communion with a society more definite and concrete; making a more absolute claim upon intellect, emotions, and acts.

The Roman Catholic Church, an ancient and constantly militant spiritual State, has acquired a tone of conviction impressive even to its enemies. The dogmatic style of the Vatican is unrivalled in its note of calm and sovereign certainty. The art of this Church in its public services and devotions is characterised by the same uniform tone of decisive action. Even the humblest Roman Catholics feel that they are citizens of no mean city. They have the conviction which makes the Eton boy ('too calmly proud for a look of pride') conscious, beyond all necessity of proof, that his school is above or beyond every school. On one side of his school, the boy feels, there are lesser schools; upon the other side, nothing but infinity. M. Zola, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Richard Bagot, in describing great ceremonies at Rome, all note the profound belief of the Pope in his office, the profound belief of the faithful in the Pope. Mr. Bagot, describing the impressions made upon the mind of a woman tending towards Rome, says:—

'Nothing in Catholicism impressed her so much as the strong undoubting faith which its members displayed in their Church, and the calm, tranquil conviction with which they regarded that Church as the sole exponent upon earth of the Divine will and authority. She felt that if she were once persuaded of the truth of the claim of Rome to be the one and only legitimate repository of that authority she would be able to accept all the doctrines of the Roman Church which had formerly appeared to her to be so anti-spiritual and superstitious.'

An Irish gardener, comparing his former mistress with his present, said, 'The old lady was a real lady; she had

'no misgivings about herself.' The Church of Rome has the air of calm self-recognition which marks an ancient aristocracy.

The power claimed by this Church, and derived, it asserts, not from the people but from God, descends into its humblest priest, as the power of the State descends into every policeman. Assertion of power repels bold, masculine, free, cool, and self-confident spirits, unless they wish to share in it, but attracts the humble and diffident—and the passionate.

> 'Woman, born to be controlled,
> Stoops to the forward and the bold.'

She stoops also to the calmly strong. Mrs. Humphry Ward's fine-strung heroine 'Eleanor,' not at all a Catholic, divined in an old priest the director:—

> 'She felt towards him as the woman so often feels towards that sexless mystery, the priest. Other men are the potential lovers of herself or other women; she knows herself their match. But in this man set apart she recognises the embodied conscience, the moral judge, who is indifferent to her as a woman, observant of her as a soul. Round this attraction she flutters, and has always fluttered since the beginning of things. It is partly a yearning for guidance and submission; partly also it is a secret pride, that she who, for other men, is mere woman, is, for the priest, spirit and immortal. She prostrates herself; but at the same time she seems to herself to enter through her submission upon a region of spiritual independence, where she is the slave, not of man, but of God.'

Eleanor felt also, 'tortured as she was by jealousy and 'angry will, the sheer longing for human help that must 'always be felt by the lonely and the weak.' The Roman Catholic Church has been called 'a hospital for sick souls,' and certainly it is the torment of spiritual disease which has driven many a nature in this direction, strong natures among them. It is not that all Churches do not profess, and in some degree practise, the art of spiritual medical treatment. But the tendency of the Reformation was to confine it within limits. It was as though a nation, indignant at routine and corruption which had crept into the practice of doctors, were to take steps which had the result of restricting them for the most part to lectures on hygiene, and of preventing examination and special treatment of patients. It is possible that the health of such a nation, looked at as a whole, might not suffer in the end, because every man would become more or less of a doctor for himself and some ideas of medicine would be handed down in

families, but there would always be many individuals in it who would cross the sea to find treatment which they could not obtain freely at home. Some cases of disease require strong treatment; the solitary consciousness of a guilty secret, for instance, may drive some natures to the verge of insanity.

> 'My aching heart is breaking;
> My burning brain is reeling;
> My very soul is riven;
> I feel myself forsaken;
> And phantom forms of horror,
> And shapeless dreams of terror,
> And mocking tones of laughter
> About me seem to gather;
> And death, and hell, and darkness
> Are driving me to madness.'

Lines, these, which Lady Georgiana Fullerton long ago wrote in her powerful novel, 'Ellen Middleton,' based upon the working of the secret of a crime upon the soul of a woman. M. Huysmans, in his painfully pathological novel, 'En Route,' describes the beginning of the slow and difficult cleansing in an austere Catholic monastery of an imagination stained with the almost indelible hauntings left by a profligate life, and the partial rectification of a will that has lost its spring of self-recovery. The spiritual director, when he has made a diagnosis of the case, recommends to the patient this cure, after certain preparatory treatment, just as a doctor might recommend a diet and a course of waters. The cure lies in the anti-carnal atmosphere of the religious house, the immersion of the stained soul in the waters of penitence and asceticism, the example to the man who has drunk too deep of the cup of pleasure of men who are able to refrain from drinking it at all, a mental and sentimental surrounding wholly contrasted with that of the previous life in the world. It is as though a man, poisoned by the corrupt air of a great city, were sent to live for a time in a tent amid high cold Alps, at the foot of the glaciers, and just beneath the eternal snows. Now, the Church of Rome has the authority of a great physician in long-established and continuous practice to make those who wish to be healed take the necessary steps. Men too much relaxed to act upon their own knowledge of what is best for them can so act under the moral force and supervision of an unquestioned Authority. The foundation of the Roman

Church's successful treatment of spiritual disease is its unbroken and unvarying claim to the power of absolution —in other words, of magic healing; but to the actual task it brings the continuous practice of centuries, handed down, like law or medicine, in a strong profession. Mrs. Humphry Ward's melancholy devotee, Helbeck of Bannisdale, founds the whole religion upon the two facts of Sin and the Crucifixion. Accept these two facts, he said, and nothing else is really difficult.

'Miracles, the protection of the saints, the mysteries of the sacraments, the place that Catholics give to Our Lady, the support of an infallible Church—what so easy and natural if these be true? Sin and its Divine victim, penance, regulation of life, death, judgement—Catholic thought moves perpetually from one of these ideas to another. As to many other thoughts and beliefs, it is free to us, as to other men, to take or leave, to think or not to think. The Church, like a tender mother, offers to her children an innumerable variety of holy aids, consolations, encouragements. These may or may not be of faith. The Crucifix *is* the Catholic Faith. In that the Catholic sees the love that brought a God to die, the sin that infects his own soul. To requite that love, to purge that sin—there lies the whole task of the Catholic life.'

It has been said by another writer that any one who has a deep sense of sin gravitates towards the Catholic Church; yet the sense of sin and the idea of the remedy through the application of the suffering of a Redeemer, so far from being a specially Catholic idea, is, we think, even more strikingly manifested in those Puritan Churches which have rejected so much else of Catholic doctrine and practice. The central height of the religion stands out more boldly and nakedly on these level plains. What is peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church is that, more and more continuously than any other, it has studied and made definite the technical process of healing of sin, not finding from experience of human nature that, as a rule, a conversion from a lower life to a higher one can be at once sudden, true, and lasting. The old priest in M. Huysmans's novel bids the would-be penitent remember that the troubles which tormented him were well known, that there was no blind procedure in the matter, and that the mystic is an absolutely exact science, studied for centuries and enshrined in many text-books. It can foretell in advance most of the phenomena which take place in a soul which the Lord destines to perfect life; it follows spiritual operations as precisely as physiology observes the different

'states of the body.' The *via purgativa* must be trodden before the patient can enter upon the *via illuminativa*, and then he is only halfway to the highest possible life.

But many are called and few are chosen. Some are born saints, as St. Paul was born a Roman citizen; others, like St. Augustine, are mostly ardent-natured sinners to begin with, and acquire their heavenly citizenship at a severe cost; the vast majority are neither saints nor great sinners, nor ever stray far in either direction beyond the palings of the ordinary decencies and moralities. To this multitude, which includes the masses who lead a laborious life, who rise early and come wearied home in the evening, who marry young and bring up children—to this toiling multitude the Roman Catholic Church has much to give in the countries where it prevails. The merits of Papal policy or diplomacy, the casuistry and logical excesses of theologians, matter little to the men and women who strengthen their spirit by an early Mass, or find solace after toil at nightfall by kneeling awhile before some altar in a church dimly lit by votive tapers. Some may even think that the labouring poor in England were in some respects losers by the sweeping character of Tudor revolution. They lost one source of consolation and gentle manners. The very number of sects which arose shows that the Church of England, as rebuilt, was not many-roomed enough to serve as a hostelry for widely varying conditions and temperaments. It was too much of an artificial, symmetrical creation, inspired by the academic mind of Cranmer, whose famous answer to the Devonshire insurgents shows how little a learned Cambridge tutor suddenly turned into an archbishop could understand the hearts and needs of the people. But, assuming it to be desirable, would it be possible to restore an *ethos* once lost, the inner spirit of traditions and customs long disused? It is doubtful, and the best of the English and Scottish race have found elsewhere religious compensations, adequate if not complete, for the lost religion of their forefathers.

Every observant traveller in India and China has been struck by many and close analogies to the rites and practices of the Roman and Eastern Churches. Monks, ascetics, hermits, penitents, priests, altars, sacrifices, incense, lights, processions, pilgrimages, rosaries, chants, wayside shrines, acts for the benefit of departed souls—all these are branches of that tree of universal religion which has its roots deep in the heart of man. The Christian religion, vitalised by the

primary ideas of the Incarnation, retributive immortality of the soul, and charity, and nerved by a great ecclesiastical organisation, took over from the ancient world and from the East the inheritance of these universal forms. The sixteenth-century reformers cut away all this natural outgrowth, and left almost bare the stem of the tree. By force of will and reason some races, Arabs and Teutons, have been able to dispense with most of the Nature religion; but it is by an effort, and in all effort there is pain. The return to the natural universal religion is thus for so many people the return to repose. This religion was not made by the will and reason of man, but was born of the needs of his heart, and therefore appeals strongly to his affections. The Church of Rome attracts the ecclesiastical statesman, because it is in the spiritual sphere a great imperial system; it attracts strong men of priestly disposition, because it gives a wide scope to their profession; it even attracts some thinkers, because, given certain assumptions, it presents a consistent and logical intellectual whole; it attracts sick souls, because it claims to offer definite remedies; but it attracts the ordinary man or woman because it has preserved much of that universal religion which is the outward and visible form of desire.

> 'Our towns are copied fragments from our breast,
> And all man's Babylons strive but to impart
> The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.'

In this sense the heart of man is naturally Catholic, because it finds in this religion the embodiment of its own desires. An eighteenth-century critic said rather deeply of Metastasio's plays that they would always be popular with women, because they depicted things not as they are, nor as they ought to be, but as women would like them to be. Who would not desire to have intercessors in heaven, or to look to maternal tenderness and pity as well as to paternal power and justice, or to aid by acts the happiness of the loved and lost? But to say that these beliefs are false, because natural, is an argument which goes far, and threatens the existence of more beliefs than those which were condemned by the Reformation. It is safer to hold that all beliefs natural to the heart of man, all instinctive desires that this thing or that should be true, even the desire of women that love might be more free, are not without relation to realities, and may be viewed without too severe condemnation by a philosopher conscious of the

limitations of reason. Few can attain to that high region of peace where rare mystics dwell, and most men must drink of the torrent by the way.

A believing Roman Catholic would of course go much beyond this. He would say that the attraction of his Church to minds which came within its sway was due to a divine magnetism inspiring it. So, for instance, the author of the 'Vicar of St. Luke's' says that his 'Anglican 'convert'

'could not fail to be aware that this lofty uniformity, abounding freedom, unearthly flexibility, benign fertility, strange strength, winning beauty, world-wide coherence, and perfect lastingness are due to a single prerogative, the possession and recognition of a deathless voice, which, according to a law strictly definite and mysteriously simple, speaks through the heirs of the Galilean fisherman, chosen personally, named significantly, endowed royally, by his Divine Lord and ours, and the voice asks for faith from men.'

The person who thought this would also think that the equally undoubted repulsion inspired by his Church is due in some cases to ignorance of its real nature, in others to the eternal hatred of the world for a religion which holds up an ideal adverse to its pleasures and desires, its ambitions and patriotisms. He would ascribe the latest attack upon religious associations in France to the same spirit as that which prompted the earliest persecutions of the Christians, and would maintain that hostile writers of the day were long ago anticipated by Celsus and Julian the Apostate. This was the line taken by Newman in his 'Essay on 'Developement.'

On the other hand, it appears to most English and other Protestants that the attraction exercised by this Church is by no means of a divine, but of a very human, origin. They believe it to be the result of an art, perfected by centuries of experience and skilfully wielded, the art of hypnotising the minds of weak men and women. It is, they think, the art of a skilled seducer, exercised in another sphere. A like art was perhaps practised by the Judaisers of old, who compassed earth and sea to make one proselyte. It is the art of numbing the senses, throwing the mind into a kind of waking dream, and leading it through powerful suggestion. The practice of converging prayer for the 'conversion' of an individual may be, they think, the scientific concentration of many wills upon one will for a party purpose. To those who take this view, the repulsion inspired by the Roman Church appears to be even more

natural. History and experience, they say, amply justify the fear of the intrusion of priestly power into the affairs of private and civic life. They think that the instinct of national self-preservation rightly makes itself felt in the presence of a non-national, or even anti-national, society, and that history since the Reformation shows that nations which broke with Rome chose the wiser part. The Roman Church, they think, arrests intellectual and economic progress, encourages doubtful virtues, and saps those which are essential to the growth of the life of the human race. That Church requires the unconditional surrender of the individual in all matters of faith and morals, the abnegation of that free will and responsibility which is the great gift entrusted by God to man. Possibly this was less so in earlier ages, but since the Reformation, they apprehend, the Roman Church has adopted the avowed Jesuit principle of absolute surrender of will and intellect. In short, they hold, the issue between Protestantism and Catholicism is that between the freedom of man and the despotism of a profession, and they believe that priests, like soldiers, should be servants, not rulers; and on a wider and more philosophic view they consider that the conflict is one between the principle of free growth and stagnation or decay, between the future and the past. They do not accept the view of some apologists that the Roman Church also moves forward in the true direction, though with prudence and caution. It seems to them rather that this Church developes the tares which the adversary mingled with the wheat in the very earliest days of the Christian religion. And who is this adversary? It is, in their opinion, the Spirit of bondage to men, and rules, and forms, and ceremonies, against whom St. Paul strove with but partial success, since he still holds most of the Christian and all the heathen world under his magic spell.

ART. III.—1. *The Natives of South Africa.* By the SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE RACES COMMITTEE. London: John Murray, 1901.

2. *Report and Proceedings of the Cape Government Commission on Native Laws and Customs,* 1883.

3. *Report and Proceedings of the Transvaal Industrial Commission of Enquiry,* 1897.

4. *The Glen Grey Act,* 1894.

5. *Articles reprinted from 'The Bulawayo Chronicle' during* 1901, entitled '*The Labour Problem in Rhodesia.*'

I.

AT an immense cost, both of lives of men and of money, we are endeavouring to build up in South Africa a great inheritance. The principles involved in the struggle are so large and so closely knit up with the conception of the British Empire, that we do not pause to think who will reap the harvest which is being so laboriously sown. It may be said that we are paying the usual price often paid before in the acquisition of our colonies, the price that must be paid by a growing nation forced by pressure of increasing population to lay strong hands on new territories for its maintenance. But this is not the case; and the facts will show themselves more and more emphatically when the clouds of the present struggle have passed away.

South Africa will never be a field for the superfluous unskilled manual labour of Great Britain. The large and growing population of native origin, which already numbers 4,000,000, is firmly established on the soil, and provides an inexhaustible, though yet undeveloped, source of unskilled labour. There is, therefore, no place for the white immigrant of this class. Not only is he shut out from possible openings by race feeling—no white workman will work as mate with a black—but by stress of sheer competition. The Kafir is his equal, if not his superior, physically; is intelligent and capable of easily acquiring a certain degree of manual dexterity; his standard of life is low in comparison. He can live cheerfully on mealie rations, at say 1*s.* a day, while the lowest wage paid to a white miner seems to be about 7*l.* 10*s.* per month, and on this he would find it hard to live. For these reasons the two races cannot be considered independently of one another. The whites are

entirely dependent on the blacks for the developement of their interests in the country, not only for the means of exploiting its wealth, but even for the ordinary manual services of every-day life. In this position of dependence, from which they cannot escape, motives of self-interest, if not even of self-preservation, impel them to forge links binding the natives to their service until they in their turn shall feel a corresponding dependence upon the whites for the fulfilment of economic requirements hitherto undreamt of. For this purpose new needs must be created among the natives which can only be satisfied by working for the whites. The difficulty is that this process must necessarily be a slow one, as gradual as the social developement of the natives.

The greater the stake of the whites becomes in the country, the more imperative will be their demands upon the blacks. These demands have been for some time in advance of the response to them made by the natives, and are likely yet further to outrun it. Before the war complaints of scarcity of labour came from the Rand, from Rhodesia, and elsewhere; and the determination to reap to the full the advantages of the removal of Boer rule from the Transvaal will make the competition many times keener.

The supply of native labour, in spite of good wages from which the native can save an amount out of all proportion to the savings of a European in a similar situation, is checked by substantial causes. The native is an agriculturist at heart, and mining is a disagreeable type of employment to him; there are difficulties and dangers in his journeys to and from the mines, which are sometimes over a thousand miles from his home; proper shelter and means of transport are often lacking; he is deterred by the want of faith of some of the employers, by the frauds of labour agents, and by bad treatment at some of the mines. But the greatest difficulty lies in his point of view. He wishes to marry, to have land and cattle like his fathers with the rest of his tribesmen, and he regards work at the mines away from home and wage-earning in general as a temporary opportunity for acquiring capital for these purposes. The custom of lobola—*i.e.* the marriage gift of cattle by the bridegroom to the bride's father—stands in the way of many Kafir marriages. The practice is condemned by some missionaries and others, who mistake its nature and ignore its good features, but it certainly brings the young Kafir early face to face with the need of capital, and sends him perhaps

hundreds of miles to the mines in search of it. In Rhodesia the value of the custom as an incentive to work is so much appreciated that it is proposed to make it essential to the legality of native marriages. Owing to the high wages paid at the mines the native can usually earn sufficient to satisfy his needs in a few months. He thus attains to the realisation of his desire just as he has become sufficiently experienced to be of real value to his employer, who is in this way constantly losing his best hands. The point of view of the white employer is of course diametrically opposed to this. In his eyes the native is an individual to be trained to be of use as a permanent portion of the industrial machinery, which must be kept going, full steam ahead, at the cost and sacrifice of ideals, black or white. But the native, if his mealies are ripe for harvest or his lands to sow, cares nothing if the industrial machine is stopped till his return.

The two points of view are not easily reconciled. Either the white must be content with a succession of temporary and intermittent labourers, or the native's tribal and agricultural life must go. In the meanwhile it is evident that much may be done by better organisation of the intermittent labour at present obtainable. Its efficiency could, at any rate, be greatly increased by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. The native reserves are limited, and the pressure of increasing population is in some districts making itself felt. Education and substantial additions to the standard of living are important incentives to work. The desire for a looking-glass will impel the native to set about earning something. In Basutoland, out of an adult male population of perhaps 60,000, passes were issued to as many as 38,000* in one year (1898–99) to go out of the country to work. But racial feeling is strong against the education of natives, as the first stage on the road to political privileges and in the idea that it may possibly prepare them ultimately for competition with the whites in other than manual employments. Nevertheless, education on practical lines is necessary both to provide a stimulus to the formation of habits of industry and to increase the efficiency of native labour. The missionaries who are engaged in this work are rendering a service to the community which is at present inadequately appreciated. It is to be hoped that

* This includes those who may have gone and returned more than once in the year.

in the future their labours will receive more generous support both from the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

We have described the *natural* obstacles to the rapid fulfilment of the white man's purpose. They are deeply rooted in the habits of the South African races, and progress where racial habits are concerned is naturally slow. The white, therefore, presses for Government assistance and *artificial* measures to increase his labour supply. These measures may be divided under three main heads: (1) Importation of foreign labour, (2) Taxation as an incentive to work and stringent laws to enforce contracts of employment, (3) Legislation to hasten the removal of tribal institutions and to enforce individualism.

(1) The importation of foreign labour is defended on two grounds—viz. the unsuitability of native labour, and the scarcity of labour owing to the unwillingness of the natives in some districts to work. For the sugar plantations of Natal, where the Kafir shows himself unfitted for the particular work required, coolies indentured for five years have been imported from India. The result of this immigration has its special importance in the particular localities concerned, and does not immediately affect the rest of the colonies to any serious extent. The importation of Chinese into Rhodesia to supplement temporarily the inadequate supply of natives in the Rhodesian mines is quite a separate question, and is being earnestly debated now in Bulawayo and elsewhere. It is represented by the mine-owners that the Chinaman will only be admitted into the country under the most stringent conditions; that, if he comes, to quote an expression of local opinion, he 'must come as a hewer 'of wood and drawer of water—as nearly a beast of burden 'as it is possible to make the human animal into—and 'when his task is done he must go.'* But, even so, the proposal seems to be extremely distasteful to the general white community, who dread the advent of this perverse element in the country, and are disposed to be sceptical as to the possibility of preventing the Chinaman from ultimately competing with and supplanting white labour in Rhodesia as elsewhere. In the meanwhile it appears that steps are being taken by the Administration of Southern Rhodesia to engage Arab labourers, and the Aden authorities have been 'authorised to give such facilities to the com-

* See 'The Labour Problem in Rhodesia;' letter from Major Heany in 'The Bulawayo Chronicle,' March 1901.

'pany's official as may be proper. They will also see that 'the labourers fully understand the terms of their engage-'ment, and are under no compulsion to accept them.' They will watch the experiment carefully, and stipulations have been made for the enactment by the Administration of Southern Rhodesia of legislation for the protection of the labourers 'which shall satisfy the requirements of His 'Majesty's Government,' and which shall be in force by the time the labourers arrive.*

(2) The most powerful incentive to the native to work is acknowledged to be the desire for comforts or accessories which he is unable to acquire without money to pay for them; and it is obvious that taxation has a direct effect upon his spending capacity. Many employers, therefore, advocate further taxation by way of an increase of the hut-tax already levied. Others support the arbitrary imposition of a special tax on all non-workers, such as the labour-tax imposed by the Glen Grey Act. The annual hut-tax is now 14*s.* a hut in Natal, 10*s.* in Cape Colony, and 20*s.* in Basutoland; the labour-tax of the Glen Grey Act is 10*s.*, imposed upon natives who have not been in employment *outside* their districts for three months in the year, unless the magistrates grant exemption on the ground of inability to leave their locations or of work within the locations for the prescribed period. Speaking generally, in the present method of taxation there does not seem to be any serious practical hardship involved. Nor does it give rise to much active opposition or resentment on the part of the natives. Except perhaps in the Transvaal, the taxes in force are probably not seriously out of proportion to the earning capacity of the natives, or an unfair contribution to the expense of administration. Even the much criticised 'labour-tax' of the Glen Grey Act works, so far as it operates at all, without excessive friction. Nevertheless, the tax is already quoted as a precedent, and represents the thin end of the wedge, which there is a strong desire to drive further home. A measure on similar lines is actually being drafted for Southern Rhodesia,† and a hut- or poll-tax of 5*l.* or 6*l.*, with exemptions for natives working for six months or more, has been publicly advocated. Whether the Imperial Government or the other Governments of South Africa would encourage

* See report in the 'Times,' August 9, 1901, of answers given by Lord G. Hamilton to questions in the House of Commons.

† B. S. A. C. Report, 1898–1900, p. 12.

such measures may be more than doubtful, but it is clear that the imposition even of moderate taxation for such purposes is the first step on a dangerous path. From the evidence given on behalf of the mine-owners before the Transvaal Industrial Commission in 1897, there is little doubt that pressure will be brought to bear on the Government, with a view to legislation of this kind for the purpose of providing cheap labour for the Rand. That Commission declined to recommend 'any measure that would be equivalent to forced 'labour,' or 'the imposition of a higher tax upon the Kaffirs.' Forced labour in the sense of direct compulsion is not likely to be seriously advocated, but the demand for labour taxation is almost certain to be revived wherever the demand for cheap labour outruns the supply. To impose taxation, however, for the purpose, not of raising revenue for the benefit of those who pay, but of forcibly increasing the supply and cheapening the cost of manual labour, can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a perversion of the functions of the State. It is only natural that it should tend to cause a feeling of irritation among the natives, and, unless continuously maintained at an oppressive level, it is not likely to be effective. It is surely worthy of consideration whether less questionable methods of promoting the industrial developement of the country are not available. The South African Native Races Committee have drawn attention to the obstacles that at present hinder the free flow of native labour to the centres of employment, and until these obstacles have been removed and the Governments of South Africa have given due attention to the task of efficiently organising the labour supply, it is impossible to say how far that supply is inadequate to the industrial needs of the country. There is every reason to believe that a much larger number of natives would be induced to seek employment than do so at present. This conclusion is further supported by statements of responsible officials contained in the recently published Report of the British South Africa Company. Speaking of the Batoka country of North-Western Rhodesia the acting Administrator reports as follows:—

'The men, even at this distance, find their way to Bulawayo and Salisbury for work. I was constantly meeting boys who had just returned from Southern Rhodesia or were going down, but they object to be taken down in a mob by an agent. Being improperly fed on the journey, some of them run away, some die *en route*, and only a certain percentage arrive at Bulawayo, where, so I am informed,

they often wait a month to recruit their health before they are fit for work. Those who desert return to their kraals, and prejudice their brothers and friends against going down. One or two do such harm in this way that it takes months to eradicate it. Those who arrive safely work well, earn good money, buy hoes, etc., then return to their homes, and after a few months of idleness they leave again for the mines. . . . I am of opinion that a far greater number travel south of the Zambesi than is generally imagined, and it only requires an organised bureau to enable the Barotse country to play a great part in the supply of native labour for Southern Rhodesia.' (P. 98.)

Mr. Coryndon, the Administrator and H.M. British Resident of the same country, states that he is 'of opinion that 'with a more intelligent and energetic system of labour 'agency the supply [of labour from that district for the 'Matabeleland mines] might be trebled.' (P. 94.) At the same time, the term of service is usually very short, varying from one to four months, sometimes to six months, and the general feeling is expressed that, were the mines all working full time, the labour supply of the country is not equal to the demand. If the developement of the gold mines continues to outstrip the growth of industry among the natives, we are left face to face with the fundamental question whether the white man is justly entitled to press forward his enterprises without reference to the effect it will have upon the future condition of the natives.

To protect employers the Master and Servant Laws of Cape Colony and Natal and the Transvaal Gold Law provide criminal remedies for breaches of contracts of employment. Even such offences as the refusal or neglect to perform stipulated work, or insolence to a master, are treated as criminal, and under the Transvaal Gold Law they are punishable by flogging. The singularly elaborate and stringent provisions of the Pass Laws on the Transvaal goldfields were framed for a similar purpose—the prevention of desertion from the mines. Employers of native labour, no doubt, have serious difficulties to contend with, and there seems to be a considerable consensus of opinion that they would not be sufficiently protected by purely civil remedies. Natives are often brought from great distances at their employer's expense. If they break their contracts and desert, it is exceedingly difficult to trace them, and even if they could be found it would often be impossible to recover damages from them. In such cases a civil action would probably fail to give the employer any adequate redress. At the same time the infliction of lashes for mere breaches

of contract or other delinquencies involving no grave offence against morality is difficult to justify. Apart from any ethical consideration, it may be questioned whether legislation of this kind is calculated to attain the object in view. The vexatious provisions and drastic penalties of the Transvaal Pass Laws cannot but have had a deterrent effect on natives proposing to seek employment on the Rand. It is satisfactory to note that these enactments have already been modified by the Imperial Government. By recent proclamations all sentences of more than twelve lashes must be confirmed by the High Commissioner, and the penalty of flogging under the Pass Law of 1899 has been abolished except for certain serious offences.

(3) The policy of supplanting tribal institutions by the individualism of European civilisation entails legislation of a very far-reaching kind, and means a social and economic revolution for the natives. It begins with attempts to weaken the power of the chiefs, followed by their removal altogether. When once the chief is removed and replaced by the resident magistrate, the tribe loses its cohesion, and the step to local self-government is rendered necessary. This is followed by the survey of the land occupied by the disintegrated tribe, and the substitution of individual titles in lieu of tribal methods of land occupation. Any one who considers the history of native administration in South Africa during the last fifty years cannot fail to be impressed with the readiness shown by the natives to adapt themselves within certain lines to the requirements of colonial government. At the same time, misunderstandings on both sides have occurred, and where undue haste has been exercised disaster and reaction have been the result. The whole course of these changes is so beset with dangers, and has so great importance for the community at large, that we cannot afford to overlook the smallest points which may assist or retard the absorption of the mass of the native population into the general scheme of South African developement.

II.

The labour question and the problem involved in the break-up of the tribal system meet most conspicuously in the Glen Grey Act. The labour clauses of this Act have founded a definite precedent, which is not likely to be allowed to drop out of sight by those who advocate measures for compelling the native to work. The treatment of those who go out to

work is a sufficiently important matter in itself. But these at present bear a small though increasing proportion to the native population living permanently in the reserves or locations. The majority will for a long time live by the land, and it is the effect upon them of the individualistic legislation now being introduced that is liable to be overlooked. The natives of South Africa are prevented by these outside influences from working out their own civilisation in their own time. The process would in the natural course of events be a slow one, and past experience does not seem to provide us with a method of breaking up tribal institutions which shall be at once rapid and prosperous. The cases arising in India are not exactly analogous. It is true that in India each year brings up some instance of the attempted disintegration of a communal unit, either in the subdivision of village lands or in the secession of individuals from some coparcenary or brotherhood. But in none of these cases does the change take place with so complete a tribal condition for a starting-point as is the case in South Africa. The step which the Kafirs are required to take is to span the whole distance at once, to do in a couple of generations what it has taken other races many centuries to accomplish.

The change in view is not merely a subdivision of land in which a number of natives have jointly had rights of occupation. For the native himself much more than this is involved. Hitherto the native's claim to his land has been partly a right and partly a privilege shared with every member of the tribe, and granted by his chief in return for everything that constitutes him a member of his tribe—that is to say, in return for his personal relation of obedience to his chief, of submission to any demands from him, whether for service in war or for contributions of work or cattle. This relation would continue on whatever land his tribe was settled, and controls his whole behaviour and moral attitude. Hereafter, on the other hand, he is to prepare himself to become an inhabitant of a geographical area, owing his rent, taxes, rates, and so forth, as long as, and only as long as, he chooses to reside in the district. He is left to evolve the moral obligations of his new environment as well as he can. The tribal cohesion and mutual responsibility within which everything was straightforward to him, however onerous, are no longer there to support him.

Where there is a chief it is obvious that the permanent allotment of the land in private lots is a serious shock to his power. The granting of lands to his men, their ejection

if his displeasure is incurred, the feeling that all receive their lands from his fatherly hands, and owe him filial duties in return, must have constituted the most powerful bond between the chief and his people.

With regard to this matter, in the administration of native territories two opposite policies have hitherto been pursued. In some territories—*e.g.* in Basutoland and in German South-West Africa—support is given to the chiefs, and their rule is encouraged and protected. Recently (1896), in the German territory,* the proposals of some tribes to divide up their lands among their members was rejected by the authorities on the main ground that it would do much to weaken the very power of the chiefs which they were anxious to preserve.

In Cape Colony, on the other hand, partly owing to the course which events have taken and partly in fulfilment of a definite policy, many chiefs have been deposed or altogether removed, and their jurisdiction, where they have remained over their tribes, has been as much as possible transferred to resident magistrates. It is in these districts especially that experiments in individual land tenure are being pressed forward. It is not proposed here to discuss the merits of these policies, but merely to consider their relation to the land tenure in the native districts. For the chief is the symbol of tribal unity, and with his removal disappears the mainstay of tribal cohesion.

Under tribal custom, the position of a landholder is simply that of a member of the tribe. If for any reason his membership of the tribe is terminated, either by his own misdemeanour or by the will of the chief, he ceases at once to have any rights in his land, which reverts to the chief. The chief is guardian of the land of his district to allot it to his tribesmen. He exacts no rent, but the members of the tribe are indefinitely obliged to render him personally whatever services he may require, to go out and plough, sow and reap for him, and to contribute cattle or money whenever either is demanded. If a man wishes to leave his land, he cannot pledge or sell his interest in it. The land reverts to the chief, who may then and there reallot it to whomever he will.

Furthermore, by land and cattle he is able to support, besides his immediate family, his father's widows, his

* Since 1888 chiefs have been prohibited from selling land or giving pledges or concessions without Government sanction.

unmarried or orphan collateral relations. He divides his property prospectively among his heirs during his lifetime, and, though he may cancel any such allotment in case of need, any injustice he may commit may come up before his kinsmen for reconsideration after his death. The poor or infirm members of the tribe are thus provided for.

In those tribes *where land is plentiful* a man will let his wives dig as much of the bush round his kraal as they can cultivate, pasturing his cattle on the remaining commonages. When a plot is exhausted by continuous crops or bad seasons, it is left to rest while some new land is brought under the hoe. In this condition of affairs his sons will very likely marry and build kraals of their own, being free to break land, with the leave of their chief, wherever there is room for them.

In Basutoland, on the other hand, a stage has now been reached where the agricultural land is already fully occupied. The soil is rich and greater economy is practised. If a man asks the chief for more land, when he has an average-sized allowance already, his greedy request will be received with laughter. Here the eldest son takes the land of his father, and the younger sons must either ignominiously live on his charity or go out and work, either at the quarries, &c., within the country, or further afield. It would be possible, no doubt, to get a hut and keep cattle on the common pastures, but in order to make a start it would be necessary to earn some money somewhere. It has been the custom of the chief in Basutoland to allot enough for two small fields (one for mealies, the other for Kafir corn) to each wife his tribesman marries. He would perhaps also give the man a cow. But, as these more prosperous families are likely to have numerous children, this apparent accumulation of land in one family is counteracted and equalised in the next generation by subdivision among heirs—the eldest son of each wife probably inheriting the gardens allotted at his mother's marriage with the cattle set aside for the maintenance of her 'house.'

In tribal communities, therefore, disparity in wealth in land between tribesman and tribesman does not seem to arise. In one case each takes as much land as he likes, the amount being naturally proportioned to the size of his family and his powers of cultivation. In the other case additional land is deliberately so allotted to increasing families, equality being re-established in the next generation. Another element leading to equality is the moral obligation

inherent to the tribesman's position, and great generosity is often voluntarily shown by individuals in giving up pieces of land to neighbours in need. No doubt this generosity is encouraged by the fact that each man holds his land at the pleasure of the chief, and justice would dictate that the chief should treat all his tribesmen to an equal share in the tribal privileges.

Between the tribesman and his own family, as has already been said, the individual is debarred by his kinsmen from doing injustice with his own property, and this complex relation between a tribesman and his property is felt in regard to his cattle as much as to his land. His cattle are severally allotted and publicly known to be so allotted by him to the maintenance of his respective wives and their families. They are also liable not only for fines incurred by himself, but for the misdemeanour of his village and, in case of intertribal wrong-doing, of his tribe. This constitutes a very complete system of mutual responsibility, which is binding on the community until the crime has been traced to one particular individual, who is competent to relieve his neighbours by payment of the fine inflicted. Finally, it is his cattle which enable him to procure a wife, and which are thus the symbol of his status and of his very manhood.*

It is unnecessary to contrast this picture with modern ideas of the freedom of the individual, with his definite liabilities to the public for rent, rates or taxes, &c., with his walled plot of ground over which he alone has exclusive rights whether the soil is rich or exhausted, and the value of which he can, by sale or mortgage, take with him, should he wish to move away from the district.

But it is for two reasons important to appreciate the vastness of the gulf to be bridged: first, because of the attempts which are being made to hasten the process; secondly, because earlier attempts to pass the whole distance in one stride have proved conspicuous failures.

It is true that in some districts in Cape Colony the native communities themselves are becoming, under the influence of colonial government, ripe for some further step along the road to individualism, and it will be to their own disadvantage if progress on right lines is forbidden them. These are, in particular, those districts where the chief's power has

* Native tribal custom is recognised and native law is administered not only in native territories like Basutoland, but also in the reserves and locations in Cape Colony and Natal.

for some little time given way before the control of the magistrate, or where the chief has been removed altogether, and has been replaced by an appointed headman to whom the members of the community are not attached by the same tribal bonds as to their hereditary chief, and under whose rule, therefore, injustices occur and the old complete restraints of tribal usage no longer prevail. For these communities release from the oppression of tribal tenure, now become inconvenient, and the establishment of some form of local self-government are called for; and for the latter the inhabitants are found to be not altogether unprepared by their tribal methods of joint responsibility.

Under the local government clauses of the Glen Grey Act each location is placed under the control of a Location Board of three persons appointed by the Governor from among the resident holders of land in the location, after the consideration of their wishes and recommendations. Further, a District Council may be established, half the members of which are elected by the Location Boards out of their own members, the other half being appointed by the Governor. Resident magistrates and others report very favourably of the effect upon the natives of the local self-government thus granted.*

But with respect to land tenure, too rapid changes in the past have nearly always met with failure, and have resulted in a set-back. It has been shown over and over again that time is required for the Kafir to acquire the self-reliance needful to the individual landowner.† He has never yet known what it is to have absolutely exclusive rights to and power to dispose of his land; it has hitherto had no realisable capital value for him. The temptation, therefore, to mortgage or sell his land comes upon him irresistibly in many ways before he has got rid of the restless semi-migratory instincts of his tribal ancestors.

It is not needful to multiply instances from the history of other countries of the necessity to proceed by stages. They are evident wherever one examines the history of land tenure. But it is important to realise that legislation limiting the power of the landholder in the disposal of his allotments would be found, if considered by historical examples, to be not in any way contrary to precedent, and

* The Natives of South Africa, p. 66, and Appendix A, pp. 289–294.

† Ibid. pp. 76ff.

that rather the absence of special measures in this direction must be considered as exceptional, and might well be regarded as an inconsiderate neglect of the duties of a paternal Government.

Granting, then, that for the time being some halfway stage must be provided in South Africa for the native landholder, it may be convenient to consider what sort of encouragement and assistance is afforded him by the special legislation on the subject already in force in Cape Colony.

There are, of course, natives who have left their tribes, who have been educated, and who perhaps have obtained the parliamentary franchise in the Colony. Some of these have bought land in freehold, in the same manner as whites, and are able to hold their own in the commercial world. But during the last fifty years a great many attempts have been made and experiments tried in the survey and subdivision of tribal land, and in its allotment to individual owners in freehold or quit-rent tenure. In most districts there have been many such holders who have shown themselves quite unable to stand under the weight of their new independence; and almost invariably, where a free hand has been given, a tendency has been shown to revert to a system (practically a return to tribal ways) under which the land belongs to one individual, who allows the rest to squat or settle on portions of it with rather indefinite rights of cultivation and pasture in return for rent or labour.

Attention is now concentrated on the working of the latest legislation on this subject. In 1894 the Glen Grey Act was passed, and since then has gradually been adopted by several districts in the Transkeian territories of Cape Colony. Under this Act the land may be definitely surveyed, and to each householder there would be secured a building site, with an allotment containing, as a rule, 4 morgen (say 8 acres) of agricultural land. He also obtains grazing rights over the reserved commonages. If the conditions of his title-deed, to which we shall refer again, are duly fulfilled by him, his holding belongs to him and his heirs in perpetuity; but if his heir has already received an allotment under the Act, he must choose between his former holding and the land in question, as no one may hold two lots at once.* A landholder has no power of sale or mortgage, and

* This restriction must be viewed in special reference to the landholder's former responsibilities towards perhaps an exceptionally large or incapable group of kinsmen.

his land is inalienable from his heir male, except with leave from the magistrate for reasons assigned.

But besides this restriction placed upon his power of disposal, which has been very generally approved of, the conditions of his tenure are remarkable. The cost of survey and allotment is charged on the land, and his lot is also subject to a small quit-rent. If he gets into arrear in payment of the annual instalments, the land is liable to complete confiscation. Forfeiture is also incurred by failure for twelve months in beneficial occupation and proper cultivation, or by conviction of the holder of the crime of theft with sentence of imprisonment for not less than twelve months. It is left to the magistrate to determine whether the land has been beneficially occupied and properly cultivated.

Against the payment of a small quit-rent, and against the *amount* of the other taxes levied on the holder under the Act, not much objection can be raised. Under tribal custom, the services and property of each family, being indefinitely at the call of the chief, it may be understood that the taxation under the new *régime* is not likely to be felt otherwise than as a proportionate relief. Beneficent despotism having died with the disappearance of the hereditary chief and his councillors, the substitution made by this Act of a representative District Council for the distrusted rule of a headman must be considered good. Any rates which such a Council may levy should be fully compensated for in increased advantages secured by the public expenditure. But the points that challenge criticism are those relating to the possible confiscation of the allotments. Complaints are brought against the tribal system of land occupation in general on the ground that the real improvement of the plots is discouraged by the insecurity of the tribal tenure. And though perhaps the discretion of the magistrate may be considered by the native holder to be a firmer basis of tenure than the pleasure of a chief, yet it may be questioned whether some similar discouragement may not eventually be felt under the new conditions. In any case it is difficult to see how a feeling of true ownership can grow up under these circumstances—an appreciation of the full value of past labour and expenditure on the plot—without which it seems impossible for the native landowner to hold his own against the temptations to sacrifice his position and 'clear out' in times of difficulty.

The Glen Grey Act is a notable measure, but it implies

that those who are to prosper under its application must have previously attained a considerable degree of developement. Not only must they have become accustomed to the disappearance of their chief's power, with all the dissolution of the larger solidarity which that disappearance implies, but also they must be ready to face the limitations of their resources by the restriction of the size of their holdings within surveyed boundaries, and the effect of that restriction upon the elasticity of their own family groups.

The Act may be welcomed in some cases as a relief from the doubtful influence of a headman, appointed by the Government to replace the chief, in whose rule the community have perhaps little confidence; it may do much to kill the instinct to 'trek' in the face of difficulties which is an inheritance from their tribal past; it may militate against loafers and other encumbrances accompanying the growth of population. Will it, in the teeth of the insecurity of its land-tenure system, foster a feeling of ownership in the lot, a feeling of home in the house, which is the first need of the black inhabitant on the break-up of his tribal traditions?

Moreover, the penalty of confiscation seems somewhat ill proportioned to the crimes or misdemeanours specified in the title-deed under the Act, and would probably be felt by other members of the family, quite as much as, if not more than, by the delinquent himself. This is an injustice it would be well to provide against by a fuller recognition of the rights of a family in the land of its head. The doctrine of education by experience must not be pressed too far. In early classical times the head of a household, though endowed with the complete enjoyment during his life of the estate of his fathers, was guilty of gross impiety if he did not hand it down intact to his heirs. Even later, when the power of sale and mortgage was admitted among the Athenians, State interference was insisted upon to prevent the existing holder from squandering his estate at the expense of future generations. In the event of a landholder being convicted of heinous crime, justifying the extinction of his rights as a citizen, his name was simply erased from his house and the property passed at once to his heirs. The rule of Kentish gavelkind, that the crime which sent the father to the gaol or the gallows sent the son to his place at the family plough, passed into a proverb in Kent—'The 'fader to the bonde, the son to the londe,' or in another form, 'The father to the bough, the son to the plough.'

Though limitations are not set in the Glen Grey Act to the discretion of the magistrate and Governor in the reallotment of the confiscated lot, there is nothing in the Act giving the kindred of the delinquent a prior claim over other deserving applicants. The course of historical precedents suggests that the confirmation of the family unit as replacing the larger tribal unit would be a safe and advantageous step in the dissolution of tribal solidarity. It would surely do much to strengthen the sense of responsibility of the individual in the management of the property entrusted to him, and would help to stiffen his back against the temptation to short-sighted or reckless dealing.

The real danger ahead seems to be for those tribes who are not far enough advanced for local self-government, and who still cling to their tribal usages and their personal dependence as members of their tribes.

The next few years in Basutoland promise some interesting light on this side of the subject. It is understood that all available agricultural land is fully occupied there, so that the tribesmen are already face to face with their limitations in this respect. It will be a new thing for a tribe to have a large section of its people detached from the land and yet perhaps commanding greater resources and comfort by reason of the wages they are able to earn outside. It is probable that for those members of the tribe who earn money thus outside the territory, and are not dependent on the chief for land—more than just for a building site—who are, in fact, excluded altogether from holding agricultural land, quite new relations will arise with the rest of the community, whereby the power of the chief and the solidarity of the tribe itself may be affected. As has been said, it is the declared policy of the Government in Basutoland to maintain the tribal organisation and to continue unimpaired as far as is practicable the power of the chiefs during good behaviour. On tribal custom rests the sum total of the morality of members of the tribe, and if the tribal bond is removed it is vital that something equally strong and equally sufficing shall take its place.

The quality of the rule of the existing resident commissioners and magistrates promises well that as long as the tribal feeling lasts the natives under them will not lose that respect for justice which seems to grow up among them under tribal rule, or become, if their traditional restraints are not removed, less law-abiding in the future. Undue haste, therefore, in breaking down tribal restrictions is

greatly to be deprecated, and there appears to be need of some universal and far-sighted policy in the various methods of treating the South African natives. In view of the continuous flow of natives from territory to territory in search of work, the native problem in each colony does not seem to be confined within its own boundaries, but affects also the other colonies in South Africa. In the Transvaal, therefore, where the need of native labour is most pressing, and where the supply of labour is drawn from all the neighbouring territories, the problem can hardly be considered a local one. The importance of a strong central guiding hand on the spot seems obvious. It is of good omen for the natives that the first Commissioner of Native Affairs in the new territories is to be one who has had so much experience and success in the control of natives as Sir Godfrey Lagden. It is to be hoped that full opportunity will be given him for the application of his experience to the problems before us. It is not merely a question of how to provide government for the natives residing in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. The great difficulty lies in how to deal with the vast crowds of native labourers of all conditions who will come from other territories to work at the mines. These are for the time being removed from ties of tribe or kindred, and in many cases are quite unable to understand the conditions of the struggle around them. It is in their interest that their home life should not be broken up, that its influence should be maintained, if possible, in spite of their absence. It is in the interest of the whole of South Africa to secure good management for them during the time of their contracts, and to prevent them from carrying degrading influences on their return home across the breadth of the land.

Many will yet voluntarily come for longer or shorter terms with the sole intent of supplementing their tribal life with what the additional capital thus earned will put within their reach. These will have also gained some knowledge of the ways of white and black in the great mining centres. But others, set loose perhaps, not to say driven out, by the Glen Grey Act or by the pressure of over-population, may not feel the call to return home quite so strongly as their tribal neighbours. Cannot some way be found for these, by which they may be saved the long and often troublesome journey to and from their homes, and at the same time the awkward gaps in their intermittent labour be shortened for their employers? Out of the best of these natives it would seem as

if some sort of industrial population must eventually be formed, and experiments are already being tried by some of the outlying mines in creating native quarters or locations a mile or two away from the mines for the residence of native families. These locations are specially watched, and provided with police; schools are established; and natives in these circumstances have been known to work for eight years continuously for one mine. But often only a few members of a family are fit for employment in mines. Population in the Transvaal is exceedingly sparse, and a good deal of labour of a simpler sort and naturally more congenial to the native will be required for the farms. Is it impossible to establish groups of native families in farming districts in such situations that the most enterprising members may have comparatively easy access to the mines, while the weaker members of the family and some of the women can find employment on the land? If this could be combined with a small grant of land to the head of the family in which the rest could have a real interest and definite rights of control or succession, some of the dangers which beset the emancipated Kafir might be avoided. His moral instincts would not be robbed altogether of their traditional foundations, and at the same time a fair chance would be afforded him to cope with the economic revolution which now threatens to sweep him off his feet.

ART. IV.—*Life in Poetry and Law in Taste.* Two series of Lectures delivered in Oxford, 1895–1900. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, C.B., M.A. Oxon., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

A MAN who upon assumption of an office deprecates comparison with his predecessors is generally one who might well face the ordeal; and it may be doubted whether, in spite of Professor Courthope's modest exordium, a more thoughtful or profitable course of lectures than his own has ever been delivered from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. It would be possible to urge that his canons of judgment are too strict, his limits of acceptance too narrow, his tests of excellence too exclusive; but, in following him, the bounds of his subject must be constantly borne in mind. He has not set out upon a quest of collection; nor is he bent upon enumerating all the forms and degrees of metrical composition that have given, or may fairly hope to give, temporary pleasure to society; but his object—no small or unworthy one—is merely to state the qualities which seem to have brought immortality to the masterpieces of various countries and ages. Minor poetry, as the term is commonly understood, he leaves out of account; and rightly, for

> 'mediocribus esse poetis
> Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ'

is a dictum as true as it was when Horace penned the lines that laid it down. But in another sense of the words nearly all poetry is minor; for the great masters may be counted upon the fingers, and the work of all other men falls below theirs; indeed, all their own smaller work is minor, for quality may be expressed for this purpose in terms of quantity. 'Hamlet' is a greater work than any group of the 'Sonnets,' 'The Commedia' than the 'Vita Nuova,' and so on. But the same qualities that have made the larger products of the same genius immortal are to be found in the smaller pieces wherever they too are of the highest order, and they accordingly live side by side with their more commanding and colossal brethren.

There is another class of poetry which is also outside the Professor's range of view. It is that which is content with a lower motive, but, being such, is or may be of consummate workmanship; 'the idle singing of an empty day,' as it was called by one of its most accomplished producers. Eminently

graceful, but which fails, if tested for the noblest. There is, too, such a thing as frailty in poetry, as there is in human beings, which does not prevent it from being charming. The Chloes of life and their adorers may be admitted to be mutually seductive, but they are not of the true type; they may have a thousand pretty qualities, but they lack the highest, and are marred too often by the lowest. So with many an attractive poem: it seduces, but it is not true; it has perhaps a false melancholy, or sickly passion, or pessimistic views of life, or a despairing contemplation of death—a thousand errors, what you will. Its origin was not in the higher levels of the creator's soul, though it may have been dressed in the fairest flowers of his fancy. It tends therefore to debase the reader, or at all events not to gratify the highest that is in him. Still it must be a pleasure to compose such things at whiles, as it is a pleasure at whiles to read them; 'Dulce est desipere in loco;' but they ought not to live, and they will not. But poetry with an element of falseness in it must not be confounded with that which is only light and slight, thrown off with ease by the composer, to be read and enjoyed with equal ease by the reader. Such things have a value in their gracefulness, and fulfil a destiny by no means to be despised. Such are some, but far from all, of the little poems in the Greek Anthologia. They survive too, though after a time their form and flavour become antiquated, and they take their place among the mere curiosities of literature.

Mr. Courthope could not, of course, concern himself with all these things. In fact he would have derogated from the dignity of the chair if he had dealt with anything below the highest ranges of epic, dramatic, and lyric poetry. He accordingly considers them alone, while he sets himself to answer the two main questions which he propounds: first, Is there a law of life in poetry, to which the creator of work which is to live consciously or unconsciously subscribes? and, second, Is there a corresponding law in taste, by which the reader, not unconsciously, but consciously, should form his judgement? Few persons upon reflexion would hesitate to answer both these questions in the affirmative. For, although the possibilities of mistake in the statement of law are obvious, they can be rectified from time to time; whereas the denial of its existence would be an error beyond reprieve. We admit cause and effect in all other phenomena; why not, then, in the success or failure, enduring or transient influence, of poetical creations? It is surely not more difficult

to imagine a law in poems than in sunsets. But to state the law which involves one fate or the other is not to lay down rules by which one may be achieved and the other avoided. There is a danger in overlooking this distinction, for while on the one hand creators must not claim anarchy, on the other critics must not intervene to teach creation. Professor Courthope is quite right to lay stress upon the natural and perpetual conflict between liberty and authority, for in art, as elsewhere, the adjustment of the balance between them is a matter of the utmost nicety. The determination of moderns to be original, the craving of the public for novelty and variety, and the anarchical tendency coincident with these, are inseparable from a democratic age. But they are no answer to the question put upon behalf of authority, 'Are there not tests by which production and taste can alike 'be judged?' But while it is true that there is or are a law or laws by subscription to which poems are immortal, and through infringement of which they wane and die, and laws, again, by which alone mankind can arrive at a correct judgement of the art set before it, it is by means so sure where the enunciating authority should reside, or how it should be established and recognised.

The Professor discusses in turn the claims of academies, coteries, and public opinion to be the seat of such authority, and the conclusion would seem to admit of being put summarily, that academies must be inadequate, even if they were possible, that coteries are manifestly unsafe, and contemporary public opinion is apt to be unsound. The French Academy, to take the most famous specimen of its class, was founded by autocratic nomination at a time which for that purpose may be well called the most powerful period of the French monarchy. The 'Forty' were named, and the subsequent principle and machinery of co-optation adopted, in an epoch when the aspirants to the honour were, at the most, few enough to be easily handled. Even then Cardinal Richelieu saw that the success of the institution must depend upon the narrowness of its scope, and he accordingly announced its object to be the maintenance of the purity of the language of France. It exists now, a time-honoured corporation, and probably escapes serious ridicule or attack mainly because it does so little. Its dictionary has been its chief work; it has corrected a language, but it has not coerced a literature; the rigidity with which it has endeavoured to enforce style and limit the national vocabulary has failed, and the leading-strings which it has striven to keep taut have always been

snapped by any child of genius who felt himself hampered by them. Beyond co-optation, the occasions of which do not, even as it is, escape dispute within its walls or criticism outside them, its action is mainly confined to the 'crowning' every now and then of some work, not as being supreme of its class, but simply by way of compliment to some author of already well-established reputation, who has not upon the occasion selected, or possibly on any other, fallen short of the academic standard of style. Not that we would be thought to undervalue style, or to belittle any process by which it could be saved from perverting or polluting influences. But, we ask, what fountain of honour would in these democratic days be accepted for consecration? Who would be allowed to nominate? An unassisted monarch? And who could save a monarch, if disposed to take counsel, from the influence of a clique? If a charter were to be asked for from without, how many hundred candidates would rise up and claim original membership? And how would the lists be kept out of the fingers of some 'mutual admiration 'society'? Or, given honesty of intent and freedom from social pressure, who would be competent to name not merely a fit, but the fittest 'forty'? And when named, what would their office be, and what its sanction? As to style, the voice of democracy would probably be loud in behalf of its own right to coin words and phrases according to its needs, without reference to beauty; in other words, to foul and debase the national tongue very much as a manufacturer claims the right to pollute a stream. As to coteries, of course they are far worse. We have only to think of that which called Mr. Congreve 'divine,' and which would have undoubtedly made him poet laureate as against Shakespeare, had the two men been contemporaries. As things now stand, public opinion, to a certain extent led by, and to a greater degree, be it remembered, suspicious of, professional criticism, is the final court of appeal in literature. But public opinion is no more certain of being right in letters than the House of Lords upon points of law. And, after all, the public is but an enlarged coterie, with a weakness special to itself. For as a small coterie is likely to go wrong from affectation, pedantry, and leaning too much upon the past, so public opinion would err from ignorance and the *brusquerie* which ignorance engenders.

But there is another matter that cannot be neglected while we are considering, not so much law in taste as the possible enunciation of it. It is not so much to criticism in

the abstract as to the concrete critic that poet and public alike object. They are ready to admit the existence of the law, but they demur to the title of the lawyer. 'The critics 'are the men who have failed,' quotes Mr. Courthope from Lord Beaconsfield. If this dictum be not exactly true, nobody could well quarrel with one very like it, that 'critics 'are mostly the men who have become conscious that they 'cannot create.' Either form of the aphorism points to the seat of dislike. It is to a priesthood with its claim to wield unentrusted power and to make cathedral utterances that an Englishman objects. But for this feeling more than one dogma might attain acceptance; and so it is with criticism. If a critic were to explain to a poet how he came to design an epic or a tragedy, and how his process of execution had developed, down to the construction of a scene, or a paragraph, or a choric stanza, the writer might presumably say to him, in all good humour, 'Sir, you are most interesting.' But if the same critic were to begin to warn him that here he had transgressed a law, or that this and that ought to have been otherwise conceived or executed, he would probably be stopped with some such expletives as Beethoven is said to have employed to the gentleman who ventured to rebuke him for having used 'consecutive fifths.' But, on the other hand, a critic is quite entitled to recommend his own readers to seek or avoid certain books. With this no writer has a right to quarrel. But then he, again, is within his own right if he says both to critic and public, as Byron did so often in his letters to Murray and others, 'Take me as I am, or not 'at all.' And this more especially if he have deliberately, and not flippantly, worked for a certain result by a certain method. Of course, if he be unconscientious or capricious, he must know it, and he ought not to publish. There are acts which a man may commit with impunity till he obtrudes them upon the public sight. When he does that he *must* expect public castigation.

Aristotle himself began to show weakness when he proposed limitations to the tragic poet. To do so was to trench upon the Creator's own province. There is scarcely an extant tragedy, ancient or modern, which does not violate some one of the canons or overstep some one or more of the boundaries prescribed by Aristotle. In 'Pro- 'metheus' a perfect character is brought from prosperity to adversity. The monarch's fate in 'Agamemnon' leaves the false wife and traitorous friend triumphant. In 'Hippolytus,' a youth of spotless and ideal purity is slain upon a false

accusation of the very foulest of all domestic crimes. Even 'Œdipus Rex' does not fulfil the condition of the only subject which Aristotle considered admissible—namely, that of a moderately good and just man, to whom misfortunes come through error or frailty. For Œdipus was the sport of fate from the day on which he was exposed upon Mount Cithæron until that on which he married Jocasta. Of course for the infinite variety of modern works the code of Aristotle could not be expected to find room. They and their topics 'overbear the continents' of Greek life, and deal with situations into which human motive and conduct had not then ramified. But the great philosopher's failure shows the absolute necessity which criticism lies under of distinguishing between the enunciation of the factors of success and failure on the one hand, and the imposition of hard and fast rules for composition on the other.

Not the less, however, is anarchy of taste deplorable both among poets and their readers. For the former it involves treason to their art and peril to their own immortality; to the latter it brings a self-inflicted intellectual ostracism, banishing them from the realms of true beauty. 'De 'gustibus non est disputandum' may be a half-comic vulgarism, but it is underlain by a sad seriousness. If it mean in the public mouth, 'I shall bestow my liking as I 'choose,' the best answer is still, 'Your duty is to bestow it 'as you ought.' But there is a retort, less direct, but hardly less condemnatory. 'By all means do so, but do not 'claim for its object equality with the best things. If you 'choose to play the part of the dunghill cock in the fable, 'play it; you are entitled to crow with him, "Your pearl '"may be all very well, but I prefer a barleycorn." But 'both he and you would deserve a decisive tap over the 'wattle were you to propose to reverse objectively the 'relative values of the two articles.'

Both for conception and treatment the poet must to a great extent be a law to himself. Even the great masters of art cannot be to their successors the sole fountain of authority. Their own sudden and sporadic appearance is proof positive the other way. In each case theirs was an obviously new departure. Who taught them this, and what was their sanction for what was new in them? The Greek tragedians may have owed much to Homer, and something to their predecessors in the lyric and satiric dramas; but their own genius, both in invention and taste, made them largely their own lawgivers. And what did Shakespeare

know of Homer, Virgil, Æschylus, and Sophocles? What even of Dante, or Petrarch, or Tasso? His own immediate predecessors had, indeed, taught him largely what to avoid, but not very much else. It is not unnatural that to the critic antecedent masters should seem to be the only authorities. He has to judge, and comparison goes for much in judgement. Besides, it is the duty of the critic to be timid. But even for him, and especially in dealing with new artistic departures, his own genius for taste—and there is such a thing—ought to do as much as genius in creation does for the poet.

The Professor devotes some little space to the discussion as to whether metre—verse in fact—is essential to poetry. We hope that he will forgive us if we suggest that the question is somewhat over-academic and out of date. It was not inapt in the days of Aristotle, when prose was still a new and half-tried medium for imaginative composition. It is true that poetry only means creation, and that you can create both in prose and verse; but long use has now limited the word 'poetry' to composition in verse, and it would be pedantry not to accept the consecration. We may admit that many of the best qualities of the poet are to be found in many writers of imaginative prose. Let us take Burke as an instance, with his essay 'On the Sublime and Beautiful.' But such writers have elected not to be poets, and there is an end of it. Shelley's eloquent words upon the subject, quoted by the Professor, have only the air of a generous paradox. Speaking generally, poetry should appeal to man through his imagination, prose through his reason. But because occasionally writers of one or the other, and rightly, overstep the bounds of their respective domains, let us not refuse to concede that the latter exist; rather let us admit and forgive the trespass, when the trespassers are worth it. Wordsworth, Milton, and Browning cross the boundary too often, and stay too long; we pardon them. Plato, Lyly, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Humphry Davy, Burke, and the great novelists make corresponding excursions; them too, if the need were, we should pardon. We do not pardon many others, whom it would not be generous to name, because they are not worth it. Among the works which one is specially tempted to describe as prose poems are George Sand's rustic novels, such as 'La Petite Fadette,' Le Meunier d'Angibaut,' and 'François le Champi,' and Lamartine's 'Raphael,' but we will not yield to the temptation. Tourgeneff's 'Senilia' are really rough notes for

poems; but that is just why they are not poems. The quotation which Mr. Courthope gives from Walt Whitman is neither prose nor verse, and would pass muster as an indelicate attempt to describe the ravings of a Browning in a madhouse. It is not irrelevant at this point to add one to the Professor's reasons why prose came to supplant poetry. The preservation and distribution of written thought made memory less essential, and so poetry, which had been the chief handmaid to memory, less essential too. Thus men came to save themselves, by writing prose, the extra labour involved in writing verse.

And now, what is the law to which the poetical masterpieces of the world, or the makers of them, seem to have subscribed? Professor Courthope states it several times through the course of his lectures, but nowhere more clearly than when discussing Milton and the claims of 'Paradise 'Lost.' He says there:—

'Taking, then, the fundamental reasoning upon which Aristotle's philosophical ideas of poetry are based, every great poem ought to fulfil three conditions: (1) It must be an imitation of the universal in nature; (2) The conception of the universal in it must possess an individual character; and (3) The opposite qualities which go to make up this individual character must be combined in complete harmony of expression.'

With this declaration of the elements which are to be found invariably in the greatest poems no thoughtful and loving reader of them, and—could they be brought from the Castello in Limbo to be arraigned for the purpose—probably no creators of such work, would be found to quarrel. And this although, perhaps, while writing not one of them, except Dante, ever thought for a moment about immortality or the way to achieve it. Inspiration, along with that instinct for self-discipline which is usually allied with the highest genius, ensures the best work of the poet. As to rules of composition, he has probably known either of none, or of very few indeed. But if we are to have a terminology of qualities, this phrase, which names the test element in poetry the 'universal,' suffices. It means the power of appreciating, seizing, and reproducing what is not only universally present, but would be recognised universally as being representative of the particular department of nature to be dealt with; the reproduction to be made in a manner special alike to the artist's own genius and to the society among which he lives and works. There must, further, be the harmonious combination of the various, and

very often conflicting, factors of which the whole picture to be presented has to be composed. Before the question arises whether a man's poetry will live or die, he must be assumed to be dowered with a stock of artistic qualifications, in spite of the possession of which he may come to be set aside and forgotten. He must start with the gift of versification; he must be such a master of metre that his blank verse, like Shakespeare's, will fit epic, drama, and lyric equally well. Like Tennyson's, it must be able to ring the funeral knell of Arthur, as in the original fragment, and to carry the message of 'O swallow, swallow, flying, flying 'south,' so lightly as not to shake a sleeping maiden's window-pane. As to more purely lyric measures, his power of treatment over them must enable him to make the liveliest, and apparently most comic, subserve the purpose of an epic march or a tragic lament. In short, he must have all the weapons and harness of his art. Then, if he be to live, we must find in him, over and above all these things, the crowning gift which alone involves greatness—the power of seizing those particular phases of every emotion, those qualities in every situation, which make the subject which he has chosen, and the art by which he has illustrated it, appeal to his own generation and to posterity—to mankind, in fact, 'semper, ubique, omnibus.' If he have this gift, he takes his seat in that rank of the immortals to which the extent of his endowment entitles him. Let us test this theory by a few applications of it. In Homer we find that his principal characters, Achilles, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Thersites, Hector, Glaucus, Sarpedon, act and speak under circumstances which might arise in, and in a manner that would appeal to, any age. Even now elders are apt to bore younger men with sermons upon the superiority of past times and personages, and the famous retort of the son of Capaneus, 'We boast to be better than 'our fathers,' is as handy now as it was when it was first made. The conviction of a lost cause is as present now to the heroes of it as ever it was to Hector when he sighed, 'The day shall come when sacred Troy shall fall, and Priam 'and the stout-speared Priam's people.' Shakespeare's contempt for a mob is still keenly felt by many, who would express it, if they could, as he does in the first scene of 'Julius Cæsar,' or in the later account which he makes Casca in the same play give his brother-conspirators of the proceedings at the Lupercal. Of like class is his immortal appreciation of the lean and hungry—that is, of the envious

and splenetic man: 'Such men as he be never at heart's 'ease whiles they behold a greater than themselves.' Many a vexed and weary statesman could still fit that cap to a hundred heads.

The 'Æneid' battles with a difficulty inseparable from its origin. It is derivative, and that not merely in form, in that it is epic, but in substance also. 'Write me an epic for 'Rome such as Homer wrote for Greece,' said Augustus to Virgil. If all poetry be imitation, this makes the 'Æneid' an imitation of an imitation. And so in a great measure it was. Yet Virgil's genius endowed it with a concurrent originality. Take the sixth book, which is the culmination of its beauty, for it is superior in motive to the fourth book, and its equal in treatment. Its weakness is that you feel that Æneas would never have gone down to hell if Ulysses had not made the excursion before him. Its strength is that its glorious vision of Rome and the Romans that were to be is all Virgil's own. To the Romans, and even to the mediæval Italians, such as Dante, this panorama gave it the element of universality. So it does even to us, to whom the Roman Empire is yet one of the great ancestral facts of our European world. Still, the imperialism of Rome is not a religion to us, as it was to the Augustan society; nor is it a passion or a topic to which the term 'universal' may be applied, as it may to love, hate, pride, the fear of death, the melancholy of twilight, ambition, content, speculations on time and eternity, jealousy, fatuous trust, or the responsibility of the suicide. For these and their due exhibition we must look elsewhere, and, happily, not in vain to Virgil himself.

What, then, does this universality mean, and whence comes it? It means that quality, both of subject and treatment, in what men write which makes their writings appeal to large audiences in all times; and it comes of the genius and self-discipline which enable the writer to express that quality.

As the elements of longevity vary in intensity in the works of different poets of the same epoch, and again in the individual works of the same man, so there is a like variation of such elements in the poetry generally of the same people at different stages of its developement. This variation depends upon two causes. First, that the highest and most potent impulse of art is religion, and religion is most powerful in the earlier ages of a nation. Secondly, that in such early times imagination is strong and conception fresh, while per-

formance is likely to be crude and imperfect; style is of later growth, and as it progresses its tendency is to supplant imagination, to interfere with the abnegation of self in the universal treatment of life and nature, and to substitute its own technical predominance, with a coincident exhibition of the individual character of the poet himself. There can be no doubt of the strong religious element in Homer. It permeates the 'Iliad,' and even the later 'Odyssey.' The fall of Troy and the home-coming of Ulysses are all along attributed to divine intent. Again, the growth of Greek tragedy was undoubtedly coincident with that of the sway of religion at Athens during the period succeeding the great deliverance of the Persian War. Nor can there be any doubt that the decay of tragedy was coincident, again, with that philosophical and cynical neglect of the gods of which Alcibiades was so fashionable an exponent. The same process is observable in the devotional painting of Italy, which rose, grew, and culminated alongside of Catholicism, but declined rapidly when the foundations of the olden orthodoxy were once sapped. Probably most people would agree that the two conflicting characteristics of imaginative conception and technical excellence never reached so perfect an equilibrium as in Sophocles, and that in Euripides, who was of a less grand, though perhaps more graceful, order than his two predecessors, the predominance of the second and lower element had begun its work. Still, to take one instance alone, he rises to the full height of universality in his 'Hippolytus,' where he deals with the unending problem of misdirected love, and that at once with a purity of purpose and a plenitude of passion which silence question. The lying accusation made by Phædra upon the eve of an otherwise noble death is the one blot upon the drama. It was worthy of a woman who, like Potiphar's wife, would have sinned if she could, but utterly below one who committed suicide rather than succumb.

As to decadence in poetry, a subject to which, not unnaturally, Professor Courthope devotes much consideration, it may be that we are too willing to associate it with tendencies acting upon poets from without. It is commonly taken for granted that there have been certain ages in which it was impossible that a great poet could be born, or, if born, that he should write up to the level of his powers. At first sight there would seem to be room for the surmise that genius may spring up singly or in groups of men at haphazard, that it may grow like fruit in clusters, and that

you must not expect to find a bunch upon every bough. But then, again, it is not easy to refuse to admit that certain conditions of social and political life have a tendency to excite, even if they cannot evoke, genius, and others to discourage and cramp it, even if it were spontaneously to appear. It is clear that Æschylus and Sophocles did find the religion of Greece an active force in Attic society, and teeming with unworked themes as material for their art. They were also stirred by the fervid political enthusiasm around them. So Dante roused himself 'nel mezzo del 'cammin di nostra vita' to find unoccupied and to take up the grand post of the Apostleship of Catholicism; and so Milton found and assumed that of English Protestantism. And here one is tempted, somewhat digressively, to suggest that the 'grand style' is never achieved in any art without the spur of religious feeling. Without it we should surely have never had the splendour of the finest passages in the 'Prometheus,' the unsurpassed and possibly unapproachable 'kommos' which closes the 'Œdipus Coloneus,' the inscription over the gate of hell in the 'Inferno,' or the dialogue between Adam and Eve in the fourth book of 'Paradise 'Lost.' The same cause of the 'grand style' is also illustrated in the Greek temples, the Gothic cathedrals, and even in the best churches of the Byzantine Order. It is equally present in the sculptures of the Phidian period, although destruction and mutilation force us to take this almost upon trust. The work of the best Italian devotional painters, from Giotto and the Gaddi to Perugino and Raphael, happily survives to form another great and confirmatory series. The temptation to assert this belief is heightened by the difficulty of finding in Shakespeare anything which exactly fulfils what we mean by the 'grand style.' The religion of Shakespeare is generally in the background. His lot was cast in the interval lying between the decay of Catholicism and the fervour of the Puritanism which inspired Milton. There is no doubt that he was religious, as all the greatest men are. But his creed was in abeyance, and his is before all things a moral and mundane philosophy. He represented his epoch, which was, though pious withal, essentially busied with the secular side of man's nature—war, commerce, ambition, statecraft, consolidation of dynasties, patriotism, national rights. These were the subjects which he was called forth to treat, and we know how he assimilated them. We call him 'divine,' but only in the sense that his 'ingenium' was 'præhumanum,'

had come to him 'divinitus.' The majesty of the destinies of Rome was a religion to Virgil, and his 'Georgics' and 'Æneid' are kept at the high level of his national faith. But Shakespeare had no one overmastering cult to raise his style to a pitch of habitual solemnity. Perhaps in him religion, tradition, patriotism, and every other source and factor of literary aspiration, were so happily and equably compounded that they gave to him, and to us, something better and more longlived even than the 'grand style.'

But to return to the matter from which we have digressed. It is most difficult to make up one's mind as to the connexion between the conditions of social life and individual genius. If it be true that society influences the form in which genius robes itself, does it therefore follow that decay or abeyance of national spirit and civic impulse determine its measure? One can easily see that the simplicity of the Homeric epic matched that of early Greek life; that the lyric passion and lightness of Alcæus, Sappho, and Anacreon were adapted to or evoked by the limited civic area and social levity of life in the Ionian Islands and on the Asiatic seaboard. We further see that the tragedians seized on the rudimentary dramatic form, and expanded and perfected it, so as to make it 'a mirror for all the changes of 'moral and religious feeling that transformed the Athenian 'mind between the battle of Marathon and the Sicilian Expe-'dition.' So one can understand how Shakespeare, and in a very minor degree Marlowe and Webster, enlarged again the skirts of drama, and accommodated in them all the various motives and memories with which English minds teemed in the days of Elizabeth. But it is not quite so easy to attribute to anything but accident the birth of an Æschylus or a Shakespeare just when he was wanted, just when the life of his country was about to be intense enough to afford material for him to work upon. Æschylus was born thirty-five years before Marathon, at a time when there was nothing particularly complex or stirring in Attic life. So Shakespeare was born in 1564, before the stress of the Elizabethan times had set in. He was twenty-four years old at the date of the repulse of the Armada; and oddly enough, if our memory be not at fault, he never alludes to it, even as he does, incidentally and under a veil of allegory, to the plots of the Catholic nobles in the 'Midsummer 'Night's Dream.' His humble parentage and quiet inland birthplace alike point to fortuity in his appearance, and mp his production as pre-eminently a freak of nature.

How much did such a man owe to his environment? As to form, much. But as to intensity, what? Could he and Æschylus have been born in the fifth century A.D.? What would they have achieved if they had been? One is tempted to think that the appearances of such men should be traced to some recondite physiological law, and not to social conditions, and that their genius is the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind. Still, it is certain that history affords no known instance of great genius born out of due time. Great literary epochs have been coincident with great civic upheavals. On the other hand, the statical condition of Greece, during the Macedonian period and later, produced no poetic creations of any magnitude or serious worth to the world. So scanty are the fragments of Menander that what he may have been we can only guess from the echoes of Terence, the 'dimidiate 'Menander' of Julius Cæsar, and the praises of Quintilian and the grammarian Aristophanes. During the long and languorous decay of Roman society there is a correspondingly gradual decadence of poetry from Virgil to Claudian and below him. Probably the truth is that in wealthy and quiescent epochs a repressive and widespread dilettantism holds sway, and that cultivated gracefulness is encouraged to supersede the burlier literary growths proper to more stirring and turbulent days. It may be that, just as in the vegetable world shoots arrested lose the dignity of branches and become but mere bloom buds, so men of genius who do not catch the contagion of a great time of civil movement are dwarfed into a low literary content analogous to the life around them.

French poetry, perhaps, contains less universality than any other school. Molière is a satirist, at times a *farceur* —a great one, doubtless—but the forms that he made ridiculous were themselves highly special. The *Précieuses* had no ancestresses, and, thank Heaven! have left no issue. The like may be said of the effete types of the male *noblesse*, from whom he loved to draw his specimens. Still, in M. Jourdain, George Dandin, Tartufe, he has produced inevitable forms, indelible and widely human, whereby he is bound to live. This, although we look in vain in him for the many-sidedness, the magnificent exuberance, the masterly rollick, the large and kindly wisdom and tenderness of our own matchless playwright. We should agree with Professor Courthope, if we interpret him aright, in ascribing the sectional character of much of French poetry, in the

days of the Provençals and the Trouvères, to the accidents of French politics. Even since those days it has usually taken side with some one faction or another; it has seldom sought to embody national character as a whole, and it lacks the element of universal application. Its interest is almost purely literary, and is such as rather to bespeak the attention of the critic than the sympathy of mankind. Even Victor Hugo's 'Légende des Siècles,' perhaps its most ambitious challenge, can hardly be called an addition to the masterpieces of the world.

But of German poetry it is true to say that it flashes its light not only over the prevailing qualities of German character, but over humanity at large. The Germans have hitherto been a race, a people, rather than a nation. The Holy Roman Empire was never a religion to its population. It was an exotic idea, translated to them as the result of military achievement by their rulers. It is doubtful how far it ever really touched the German heart. If it had struck deeply, we should surely have had while it flourished something analogous to what arose, as we have seen, in England under Elizabeth, in Rome under Augustus, at Athens after the repulse of the Persians, and during the growth of Athenian ascendency. But it was not so; the Empire rather left the German mind free to pursue that very bent which perhaps prevented the imperial idea from taking root—namely, the half-lazy contemplation, the patient thought, the affectionate and effusive domesticity, which turned to poetry as the comforter of weary hours, accepting legend and love-story, natural and supernatural, alike; and even to this simple and sedative mental relaxation preferring the less definite and more dreamy self-indulgence which elaborate music supplies. There can be no question as to the superiority of Goethe to the rest of his countrymen, nor any as to his claim to a place among the great universal poets of the world. He must have heard

'Onorate l' altissimo poeta'

as soon as he showed himself in the shades. 'Faust' is enough. Even to those who can only read it in translations universality gleams from it, like light from a star. Its subject is the clash of great passions and principles. Love, innocence, piety, frailty, guilt, repentance, justice, atonement, redemption, are all shown on the most magnificent scale, with absolute fidelity, and yet with abundant reserve. The whole is illustrated by the most varied scenes of

ancillary life and character, always subordinated to the developement of the main conception. So varied are its metres, so graceful its lyrics, and so essentially does music steep its composition, that to those who are sufficiently familiar with the great language which it has consecrated to its uses it must exhibit an almost unrivalled combination of lyric and dramatic elements. So overtowering is it that even a foreigner who had to confess but slight familiarity with Schiller, Uhland, and Heine, might still venture to assert, with well-assured positiveness, that it rears itself alone among the literary highlands of Germany, as Byron would phrase it, like a chief,

> 'Whose castled crags
> Look o'er the lower valleys;'

or perhaps we might say, by way of conceding greatness to the other names just mentioned, it

> 'Beholds the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
> In dizziness of distance.'

Nowhere does Professor Courthope command fuller assent than where, in his lecture upon 'The Idea of Law in Eng-'lish Poetry,' he lays it down that, while conforming to the grand principle of imitating the universal in nature, a poet is quite right to imitate it according to the law imposed upon him by the character and history of his own people. In the first instance he appeals to his own countrymen; his mission to foreign society is secondary. If he appeals more than any one else to his own people, he becomes the greatest, say, of English poets. It is from the added sway that he eventually obtains over foreigners that his claim is derived to be classed among cosmopolitan masters. The latter title is of course the higher, and it is clearly a tribute to the universality in his work. But his first destiny is to represent his own people to themselves, to approve himself universal to them. If he succeed, and if they have a corresponding universality to his own, the larger immortality is assured to him. For there is a universal element in nations as in individuals. The Greek and Italian poets have become immortal, not only through their own but through their country's genius. Doubtless Greece and Italy were favoured by that priority which enabled them to lay a first hold upon the general stock of 'communia.' Moreover, the multiplicity of modern languages has tended to keep the poetry of each nation somewhat municipal, and to retard the cosmopolitan influence of poets. Greek was the one

language of literary Europe till its domain came to be shared by Latin; and for more than a thousand years after he wrote Virgil could be read untranslated from the shores of the German Ocean to the Asiatic seaboard. Still, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, have become European in spite of the confusion of tongues, and we hear that there are symptoms that Tennyson is beginning to follow in their wake. The same cannot be said of any French poet other than Molière, and probably he, and Corneille, and Racine, owe much of such foreign recognition as they have obtained to their interpretation by the great school of actors who have been their evangelists in the capital for which they originally wrote.

In his last four lectures the Professor leaves the general subject, and devotes himself to a consideration of the work of five of our own great poets—Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Byron, and Tennyson. The keynote to the immortality of the 'Canterbury Tales' is well struck in the last few paragraphs of the lecture on Chaucer. Though the group of pilgrims is now five hundred years old, they are all alive and human; save for their clothes, and that they are a company riding post, it would not be strange to meet them to-day. In fact they are a group of 'Universals,' of evergreen types, whose sayings and doings fulfil the substance of Aristotle's 'dictum' as to the difference between history and poetry. History notes what did occur upon one occasion; poetry, what might occur upon any. In discussing Milton the Professor alludes to the difficulty which an unnamed prelate told him that he had experienced in persuading the young men and women of his acquaintance to read 'Paradise Lost.' Fortunately, we need not fear that the bishop's difficulty points to any organic decay in the vitality of Milton. But to our thinking the explanation of the reluctance, which is itself interesting, is at once simple and twofold. It illustrates, first, a widespread disinclination in this generation to have anything to do with times other than its own. This has been expressed to the present writer by persons whose opinions were otherwise respectable. A close and valued friend of his once confessed to him that he could hardly away even with Shakespeare, while his adoration for Wordsworth and Tennyson was absolute. After much exhortation the good man repented somewhat before he died. But, to illustrate this feeling from music, how large is the tribe of concert-goers to whom Mozart 'no longer says anything,' to whom Beethoven is already somewhat antiquated, and who

openly say that they regard the tendency towards the older forms of melody as a snare! Is there not a similar craze for 'modernité' in painting? And need we wonder that the same narrow feeling extends to poetry, which is, after all, the least popular of the arts? It is a form of self-satisfaction. The epoch is heartily pleased with itself, and, self-contained and self-supplying, yawns over what is offered to it by its predecessors. The second head of explanation is more special to Milton; it is that 'Paradise Lost' is still among the suspected category of 'good' or 'Sunday' books. 'Prometheus' is equally religious, but it is of a religion that is supposed to have passed away. Even Dante's Catholicism is remote enough to be 'put up with.' Of course, this is no apology; it is only an explanation of the working of poverty of wits and vanity of spirit. That 'Paradise Lost,' like its three great congeners, the 'Iliad,' the 'Æneid,' and the 'Commedia,' fulfils the conditions of the highest poetry on a grand scale is undoubted. It is an imitation of the universal in nature, it possesses an individual character, and the various elements that inform it are harmoniously combined and expressed. Mr. Courthope places it on an equal height with the 'Commedia,' and above the other two. Ought we not to demur to this classification of merit? He pleads that both of the Christian epics deal with the relation between God and man, whereas the Greek poet's theme is only the wrath of Achilles, and the Roman's only the supremacy of Rome. It would be easy to show that the religion of Homer and Virgil interpenetrates their respective work. But surely the main insistence should be that each poet in his turn and time took the best medium to his hand for the imitation of the universal in nature, and wielded it with consummate power. It has been justly said that morality is relative, and that you must not test the prominent individuals of any age by laws of life that have been slowly evolved since they ceased to live. Is this not true in the field of intellect? Mr. Courthope seems to think so when he himself makes the apology of Dante for having adopted the scholastic philosophy, the Ptolemaic astronomy, and the joint rule of pope and emperor, as parts of the divine order of this planet and of the universe. Why not justify Homer and Virgil in the same fashion? So great does he think the need of apology in the case of the 'Commedia' that he says (page 338): 'When Dante with his clear vision 'looked abroad upon the world, he must have seen how ill 'the existing facts of society fitted in with his theory of

'universal authority.' Not to mention the scholastic philosophy and the Ptolemaic system, which Dante was not in a position to challenge! The Professor goes on to say that 'in the three hundred and fifty years that intervened 'between the writing of "The Divine Comedy" and the 'publication of "Paradise Lost" the entire conception of 'nature and society had altered.' True, the basis of authority had been undermined; the Reformation had shattered spiritual unity and scholastic logic; Copernicus and Galileo had dethroned Ptolemy; America had risen from out the deep, a vast and hooded form, fraught with new messages, but whose visage had not yet been disclosed; and, lastly, the democracy of metaphysics had begun. After such an agglomeration of change, with all such advantage as those results of time afforded it, 'Paradise Lost' was written. Of course, the outlook upon nature possible to it was larger, higher, grander, than in the case of any of its earlier kindred. So did the possibilities open to the 'Iliad,' 'Æneid,' and 'Commedia' successively expand. And yet Mr. Courthope considers the 'Commedia' the equal of 'Paradise Lost.' We agree with him, but we urge that a similar plea for equality, taking account of the advantage of starting-point, must hold good for the 'Iliad' and 'Æneid' too. We suppose, of course, that the writer of each of the four poems made an equally full use of the materials that existed for him; and this they all four surely did. Let us take an analogy from external nature. Mount Pilatus is between 6,000 feet and 7,000 feet high, but its base rests on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, which is 1,500 feet above the sea. Ben Nevis is only between 4,000 feet and 5,000 feet high, but it rises from the sea-level. Who, then, shall say that relative height alone makes one a finer mountain than the other?

It is more difficult at first sight to vindicate for Byron a title to universality than for any other great poet. He seems of all others the apostle of self-consciousness. But it must be remembered that though the first inspiration of subject comes from without, we must all of us work upon it from materials existing within us. This might even be said, with the fullest reverence, of the Creator of the universe. Infinity in range and nature is the characteristic of His creation, because infinity is the only measure of Himself. A thought which would tend towards a creed for which pantheism, in a new sense of the word, would be no misnomer. But may it not be said of Byron that he does

select his subjects from without, but because they each reflect something within him? It is in this way that Lara, Manfred, Conrad, Don Juan, have come to be called modes of himself. So far he is individual rather than universal. But, happily for himself and the world, he treated these modes in universal fashion. Take, for instance, his half-affected loneliness and self-loathing, and his yet more affected detestation of his kind. He knew how to make these the vehicle for magnificent tirades against the undoubtedly universal disorder, foulness, tumult, conflict, pride, meanness, self-degradation, of man in society, too often in contrast with the orderly beauty and untainted grandeur of external nature. We hear him exclaiming:—

> 'How beautiful is all this visible world,
> How glorious in its action and itself!
> But we who name ourselves its sovereigns, we
> Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
> To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
> A conflict of its elements, and breathe
> The breath of degradation and of pride,
> Contending with low wants and lofty will,
> Till our mortality predominates
> And men are—what they name not to themselves
> And trust not to each other.'

This may be Byron, but it is also Man. And we may set against it the fact that he could recognise and depict, from the universal standpoint, and with a universally recognisable perfection all his own, the sweetness of the simple, unstained, strenuous, and unambitious life. We may listen with him and to him again:—

> 'Hark, the note,
> The natural music of the mountain reed—
> For here the patriarchal days are not
> A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
> Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
> My soul would drink those echoes!'

And on the same topic, and in a like strain, in answer to the question, appropriately enough, made in its place—

> 'What is it
> That dost thou see or think thou look'st upon?'

he can answer, or make his 'Mode' answer:—

> 'Myself and thee, a peasant of the Alps,
> Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
> And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;
> Thy self-respect grafted on innocent thoughts,

Thy days of health and nights of sleep; thy toils
By danger dignified yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph.'

Is there not universality in such an outburst, albeit it is imbedded, or springs from, a hotbed of self-portrayal? It is half of Gray's 'Elegy' in nine lines! Again, how universal is the thought which we have italicised below:—

'Deem'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but *actions are our epochs.*'

How many thousands of spirits, really choice, have felt with him the temptation to seek solitude because they have esteemed themselves already to be alone—solitude not merely in but with external nature; to become, as he himself puts it, 'a part of that around them'! In such a mood, and to such a mood, he cries:—

'My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine.
. . . . . .
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone.'

These last may not express human nature in the healthiest mood, but it is common human nature all the same.

It would not be applicable to the purpose of this article to do more than touch a few of the points at which Byron has treated in universal fashion, and with individual character, external nature and the mind and heart of man. But has any poet, we may ask, portrayed the agony and despair of love after long loss in manner more supreme than in Manfred's appeal to the spirit of Astarte? Or can dignity, simplicity, charity, and earnestness go beyond his portraiture of the Abbot of St. Maurice? Once more, are not the following lines the very last words to be written of self-condemnation?—

'There is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, ...

> Nor, greater than all these,
> The innate tortures of that deep despair,
> Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
> But, all in all sufficient to itself,
> Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
> From out th' unbounded spirit the quick sense
> Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
> Upon itself; there is no future pang
> Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
> He deals on his own soul.'

And, if we may allow ourselves one last quotation, how could the dread of self-debasement, which has kept many a fine nature out of action, be more universally put than here?—

> 'I could not tame my nature down; for he
> Must serve, who fain would sway; and soothe and sue,
> And watch all time, and pry into all place,
> And be a living lie, who would become
> A mighty thing amongst the mean.'

Has he not, too, saluted for us all the sun as possibly nobody else ever has or will? And the night, too, and 'her 'starry shade of dim and solitary loveliness,' in that passage where he uses the Coliseum to hymn not only night and moonlight, but change, ruin, and the beautifying fingers of Time, and the worship of the dreamer in the present for the stupendous, sovereign influence of the past?

These passages and instances have all been advisedly taken from one drama, first, because 'Manfred' is that one among Byron's chief efforts which is supposed to be more full of himself and his theatrical affectation than any other; secondly, perhaps we have done this with a touch of malice, because, so far as we remember, our Professor has only mentioned it to say that its plot is absurd. Of course this is true; the supernatural story, undated as it is, and conceived in the nineteenth century, may be called absurd; but its treatment is surely its redemption. We ourselves should be tempted to say that the lack of universality, from which Byron does undoubtedly suffer, and suffer much, and which is the consequence of the unquestionable strain of perversity in him, appears principally in his lyrics. These—such, for instance, beautiful as it is, as that beginning

> 'When we two parted in silence and tears,'

and dozens of others of like quality—refer only to incidents in an immoral career, altogether peculiar to the actors in them, and are, happily, not at all of universal appeal.

We part reluctantly with a volume which deals with perhaps the most interesting of all literary speculations, and which we have treated perforce somewhat in episodic fashion. The book and its subject appeal to readers of poetry and to poets alike. To the former its message is, 'Covet earnestly the best things, and, in order that your 'appetite may be according to knowledge, accept, to start 'with, the verdict of time. The ages cannot have conspired 'to keep alive the memory and to heap the renown of 'unworthiness, or to fill the niches in the Temple of Fame 'with other than their fittest occupants. Longevity itself is 'after all its own best title-deed. Take counsel, too, but not 'slavishly, with those whose earnest desire to come forward 'and advise is no poor certificate of their qualification for the 'office.' To poets themselves what more could it say than this: 'Preserve your freedom, your individuality, but 'remember the difference between liberty and license; 'indulge the impulse of your souls, but not perversely, or at 'the expense of your immortality, if indeed you care that 'your work should live? To ensure this, so far as your 'mental stamina and stature, your genius in fact, can reach 'and endure, you must cherish and adopt the maxim which 'a philosophic historian puts into the mouth of an emperor: '"Atqui legibus soluti, legibus vivimus."'

ART. V.—1. *The Golden Bough.* By J. G. FRAZER. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

2. *Magic and Religion.* By ANDREW LANG. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1901.

THE science of religion, if there be such a science, seems to have started the twentieth century somewhat unfortunately. Other sciences pursue their allotted path, and daily add accessions to the sum of human knowledge, without so much as caring to inquire whether there be such a thing as metaphysics. Whether Nature really is uniform, whether the same cause ever happens twice, in what sense space and time can be said to exist, and whether matter really is, are questions which metaphysicians may be pleased to discuss, but which for science and for common sense admit of no discussion. No science undertakes to demonstrate the existence of matter, and no theory of metaphysics will undertake to correct the deductions of astronomy or the inductions of chemistry. The physical sciences have withdrawn themselves from metaphysics, and by their withdrawal have been enabled to occupy a position which cannot be invaded by metaphysics. Until the uniformity of Nature and the universality of causation are impeached, the physical sciences reasonably consider themselves safe; but whether belief in those laws has anything upon which to ground itself is a metaphysical question, with which science justifiably declines to concern itself.

A similar attitude will doubtless be eventually taken up by the nascent science of religion with regard to the metaphysical problems which underlie it; but as yet it has not learnt to assume the distinctively scientific attitude. There is a temptation, still too strong to be universally resisted, to use some of the facts established by the science of religion for the purpose of confirming or disproving the truth of religion itself. That involves exactly the same fallacy as using some experiment in physical science to demonstrate the reality of matter or the truth of the law of causation. Or, to use an example which will serve to illustrate both sides of the case, a botanist who should appeal to his system of classification as proof of the real existence of plants, would be using exactly the same fallacy as one who should point to some exploded system of classification as proof that the plants classified by it never existed. The business of

the science of religion is to classify religions, above all to classify them genetically, and to establish the laws of their developement and evolution. But it has no more concern with the truth of religion than physical science has with the reality of physical objects. The practical man of science conducts his investigations and experiments quite undisturbed by any reflexion that a metaphysician may doubt whether matter exists, or whether what has happened in the past is any guarantee of what will happen in the future. With such questions the man of science has nothing to do; and with similar metaphysical questions as to the truth of religion the historian of religion is similarly unconcerned. Whether there be any or no truth in religious beliefs, they have had their history and their evolution, and that evolution has to be traced and recorded by the historian of religion.

The division of labour, which places the work of tracing the evolution of religion in the hands of one set of workers and the task of evaluating religious truth in the care of another class, not only has obvious practical advantages, but must eventually be recognised as absolutely necessary. The materials for a history of religion are accumulating in such large quantities, that any satisfactory treatment of them will be only possible for the man who devotes his life to the one task of eliciting that history. He will be fully engaged with the work of discovering and demonstrating the actual filiation of religious beliefs, without attempting to determine what, if any, validity they possess. Eventually, the science of religion will exorcise metaphysics from its domain as effectually as other sciences have already done, and will be as little concerned with the question whether there is any truth in religion as a history of science need be with the question whether science is ultimately true; true or false it has a history, and the history is worth recording.

But we can scarcely be said to have yet reached this consummation. Both fears and hopes are entertained of the consequences which the science of religion may entail for religious belief; and both are based upon the fallacy that the validity of the belief will in some way be affected by the theory which is entertained of its origin. This fallacy has played its part also in moral philosophy, but is, it may be hoped, exploded there; whatever may be the way in which our morality has been evolved, and whatever it may have been evolved from, its binding force upon us, here and now, is unaffected. If there have been stages in its

developement, at every stage its demands have been absolute; and if its demands are now absolute, it may yet have stages of future developement. The fallacy is equally applicable to the history of science; it is so obvious that it would be wonderful if no one had fallen into it. Science has had its evolution, has been developed from the humblest origins, from guesses and conceptions for which there was no sufficient evidence, or which now are quite abandoned. In the face of such an unbroken continuity between the surmises of the savage and the modern speculations of science, what is more natural than to infer that there is really no more truth in the one than in the other? Doubtless the beliefs and morality of the savage are as binding upon him as ours upon us. But that fact cannot prove that ours are right and his are wrong, any more than that his are right and ours are wrong. If then we apply the theory of evolution and the continuity of developement to religion, we must inevitably find ourselves confronted by the same fallacy; the religion of the savage is at least as imperative upon him as that of civilised man is on him who believes it; and exactly the same difficulties lie in the way of proving the superiority of the more developed religion as in proving the superiority of the more evolved science or morality.

If we accept, as practically we must, the view that everything has been evolved, we cannot tell from that one single premiss whether an evolved belief is true or false. We may admit that morality, science, and religion have been evolved, without committing ourselves to any view as to their truth or want of truth. A man might even undertake the business of tracing their evolution who had no conception whatever whether they were true or not, and who simply ascertained that certain forms did as a matter of fact evolve out of other forms. When at last he had got all their forms, in their proper order of historic developement, before him, he might proceed to inquire what, if any, truth there was in these beliefs. But, obviously, this inquiry would be of a totally different kind from the former; it is one thing to ascertain what beliefs have actually been held in succession, and a different thing to inquire whether those beliefs have any truth in them or not. An agnostic, in the proper sense of the word, might well be employed in endeavouring to determine the order in which beliefs were developed from one another; the fact that he did not know whether the beliefs had any foundation or not might not militate against the successful discharge of his task. But

the moment inquiry turns from the very important business of determining the order and nature of beliefs which, whether true or not, have been held, to the equally or more important task of inquiring what, if any, truth there may be in those beliefs, it is obvious that an agnostic—that is to say, one who does not profess to be able to say whether there is, or is not, any truth in the facts—must decline the inquiry. The only person who can undertake it is one who professes to have some knowledge of the truth, or some touchstone whereby to test the value of the various beliefs which have been or are held by men. Fortunately each one of us has his own private touchstone, and must and will use it; every one puts his own value on science, morality, and religion. But it is very much to be desired that we should not go about brandishing our touchstones at inopportune moments, and that we should not after the fashion of primitive man convert them into arrow-heads. They may safely, and indeed with advantage, be laid aside so long as we are engaged in tracing the evolution, say, of religion.

Mr. Frazer, however, in the second edition of his 'Golden Bough,' has intimated pretty plainly that in his opinion the science of religion has, or will have, before he has done with it, something decisive to say on the metaphysics of the question. His position is that the religious period in the history of mankind was preceded, and will be followed, by a period from which religion is entirely absent. Christianity, as a religion, not as a moral system, is but one modulation of a theme which has run through various religions in various keys, and which Mr. Frazer reduces to its simplest notes. Before the melody began there was silence; when it has ceased there will be silence; while it is playing there are certain vibrations going on, of which acoustics can render a scientific account; but any further meaning for the soul, of which science can give no account, is, of course, valueless and unmeaning for every scientific, that is every rational, person. Mr. Andrew Lang, severely abstaining as always, from metaphysics in his 'Magic and 'Religion,' raises the question of fact, and seeks to show that religion was actually existent in the period which Mr. Frazer regards as non-religious, and that the theme of Christianity cannot be reduced to Mr. Frazer's few and simple notes.

Obviously, the question of fact must be settled first, before we can proceed to draw from it any metaphysical inferences; and the business of the science of religion is precisely to

settle such questions. But the average man is more interested, unfortunately, in the inferences which can be drawn, than in the difficult and delicate work of getting the facts right. That it is possible to get the facts right and to draw justifiable inferences from them he takes for granted. What he does not see is that in making this assumption he has settled the metaphysical question; he has assumed that all things are fundamentally and ultimately intelligible, however long the process of getting them right may be, and however many corrections we must make before we get them right. He has taken it for granted that the world is run on rational principles, and that its course is the visible expression of an invisible intelligence. Unless this assumption is granted, the whole of science goes by the board; until it is granted science cannot begin; and only so long as it is granted can science continue.

It is, therefore, impossible that science, how far soever it may be carried, should prove the assumption on which it is based. It is also equally impossible that science should eventually prove its initial assumption of the intelligibility of the universe to be false; problems which for the time being do not admit of a satisfactory solution may prove that for the time being they are beyond our means of intelligence; they do not show that they are, nor are they believed to be, unintelligible. The scientific ideal of the ultimate intelligibility of all things may, like all ideals, be beyond our reach, but of its reality no man of science has any doubt. That, with the progress of science, much of our science may have to be reconstructed, may be freely admitted; but the admission casts no doubt on the original assumption of the rationality of the construction of the universe. It simply claims that our attempts to render it intelligible to us progressively improve. Even if, to carry out these improvements, we have to pull down whole blocks of scientific buildings, and eventually are led to replace the whole of the old structures by new, we shall be acting throughout on the original assumption that there is an intelligence in things which it is in our power in some degree to comprehend.

Mr. Frazer, however, looks forward to a period in which, as religion has superseded magic, and religion has been exploded by science, so science 'may hereafter be itself superseded by some more perfect hypothesis.' Now, the hypothesis on which science is built is that the universe is rational and intelligible; and the hypothesis will be perfect when everything in the universe is shown to come under it.

It is imperfect so long as there are facts not yet brought under it. But it is difficult, indeed impossible, to imagine its being superseded. The only alternative to it is some hypothesis on which the universe is neither rational nor intelligible. The only conclusion, therefore, to which it seems possible on Mr. Frazer's principles to come, is that as 'science has superseded its predecessors,' *i.e.* religion, so science will be superseded by the more perfect hypothesis that the universe is not intelligible. Indeed, it is only on the strength of that more perfect hypothesis that we can understand that 'the earth and the sun themselves are only 'parts of that unsubstantial world which thought has con-'jured up out of the void, and that the phantoms which 'the subtle enchantress has evoked to-day, she may ban 'to-morrow.' On these principles, science, having exploded religion, as Mr. Frazer says, 'like so much that to common 'eyes seems solid, may melt into air, into thin air.'

In the history of metaphysics scepticism as to the ultimate intelligibility of the universe is a recurring phenomenon. By any one who holds it consistently it must be regarded as fatal to any scientific view of the universe and to any science of religion. If, nevertheless, it is held by a student of science, it can only be because he fails to see the discrepancy between his science and his metaphysics; his science is built on the very postulate which his metaphysics refuses to concede. Doubtless, it appears to him that his science leads to the very conclusion that his metaphysic requires, viz. that thought is a subtle enchantress, and that science will melt into thin air. But his science can only do so by renouncing its fundamental postulate of the rationality and intelligibility of the universe. If that renunciation were made at the beginning, there would be no science. If it is made at the end, science collapses; and thus in neither case is there any support for the metaphysical theory to be gained from science.

Mr. Frazer's position, however, is that the science of religion will prove that religion 'rests on the sands of superstition 'rather than on the rock of Nature.' Without for a moment undertaking to pronounce on the quality of the foundations on which religion is built, we must point out, in the interests of the science itself, that the science is not concerned with the nature of the foundation. That religious beliefs of various kinds are, and have been, held, and that their evolution can be traced, is all that the science of religion requires us to concede. Whether they are built

on sands or on rock is a question with which science declines to concern itself; whatever their substructure, certain structures have been built upon it, and with them and their succession alone does science undertake to deal. The moment we desert the beliefs men have held in order to inquire into the question whether religion is really true, we abandon science for metaphysics, or pull back the science of religion into the slough from which we ought to help her to emerge. It is essential to have scientific freedom to deal with the evolution of religion; and that freedom can be had on the simple understanding that science has no more to do with discussing the truth of religion than with discussing the reality of matter, or the validity of the laws of thought.

Abandoning then such discussions as these, with which the science of religion has not to do, important though they be, we find ourselves concerned with the evolution of religious beliefs. Mr. Frazer holds that there was a period in the evolution of man when such beliefs were absolutely wanting. They were as entirely absent from the mind and consciousness of man, as man himself was wanting from the earth in its earliest geologic stages, or as morality and moral systems are from the lowest living creatures. In itself this seems to be a perfectly legitimate speculation; it has no more bearing on the totally different question of the value of religion, than any theory of the origin and evolution of knowledge or morality has on the questions of the value of knowledge or the binding force of morals. However humble the origin of science or of morality may have been, their value for us in their present state, here and now, cannot be decided by that consideration; it belongs to another inquiry. Whether there was ever a period in which religion or morals or science was absent, even to the very rudiments, from the consciousness of man, is a question of fact. Whether the facts which will decide the question can ever be recovered, remains to be seen. Mr. Frazer is of opinion that, as regards religion, the facts proving its absence are recoverable and recovered. Mr. Lang, on the other hand, maintains that so far back as we have knowledge of man—and beyond that point he is not concerned to go—we find him in possession of religion and believing in a high God or gods.

In the issue thus raised, Mr. Frazer, from the nature of the case, occupies a position easily assailed and hard to defend; he has taken upon himself to maintain a universal

negative, and to demonstrate in the earliest period of human evolution the total absence of even the most rudimentary elements of religion. But Mr. Lang's position too is not without its difficulties; his point of view is one which had once been common, but which has been given up tacitly or avowedly by most students of the science of religion. They have generally taken it for granted that monotheism must be a late stage in the evolution of religious belief, and that it was preceded, even in the case of the Hebrews, by polytheism and other more rudimentary forms. They will, therefore, consistently with their premisses, be inclined to regard Mr. Lang as erring in one direction and Mr. Frazer as erring in the other: Mr. Frazer may be wrong in asserting the original absence of the very germs of religion, Mr. Lang may be wrong in asserting the original presence of a high God.

Mr. Frazer proceeds in the establishment of his universal negative partly by *a priori* argument, partly by an appeal to facts. Beginning with the former, we have no difficulty in admitting that there are two fallacies which have played, and do still play, a large part in determining the actions of men: one is the belief that like produces like, the other that control over one of two associated things involves control over the other. These fallacious beliefs flourish amongst low races and amongst low members of higher races of men. We have only to assume, what is highly probable, that these fallacies were universal and dominant amongst primitive men, and in that assumption we have Mr. Frazer's *a priori* argument to show that the original state of man was a non-religious state. The argument, however, scarcely seems sufficient to demonstrate the conclusion. The fallacies in question are widespread at the present day; and in the vast majority of cases the people who fall victims to them have some sort of undoubted religion. Primitive man also may have held both the fallacies and some form of religious belief. If these fallacious beliefs were by their very nature such as could not be held simultaneously with any form of religion, Mr. Frazer's *a priori* argument would have been conclusive. But there is obviously nothing in them of such nature: most people who hold them also hold some form of religion; and so may primitive man have done from the first. Mr. Frazer, of course, does not argue that belief in these fallacies is incompatible with belief in religion. What he suggests is that these fallacies are easier to fall into than is the fallacy that rivers and trees, stars and sun are alive,

or are worked by living things inside them. They may be easier, but the other also is very easy. The savage who saw a locomotive move promptly said there must be a man inside.

Mr. Frazer's *a priori* argument cannot be held to be decisive. We must turn, therefore, to his appeal to facts. This appeal resolves itself into a citation of the aborigines of Australia, who are summoned to show that they do believe in magic and that religion they have none. To prove a universal negative, and show that no primitive men had any, even rudimentary, form of religious belief, it is obviously desirable not to rely on a particular example. It would be easy for an opponent to argue that this is only one instance, and is not enough to prove the whole case. Or it might be maintained that behind the Australian aborigines of the present day lies a long and unrecorded history; their totemism, in its purely social and non-religious aspect, has certainly gone through many and probably slow changes. They may once have had religious beliefs, of which scarcely an etiolation now survives. But Mr. Lang adopts none of these courses. Mr. Frazer has quoted the Australian aborigines as having no religion. Mr. Lang undertakes to prove that they have religion. But, inasmuch as Mr. Lang, to prove his case, draws upon authorities whose works are well known to Mr. Frazer, though the passages on which Mr. Lang relies are not cited by Mr. Frazer, the question is at once raised why Mr. Frazer pays no attention to those passages. The presumption is that they are quoted by Mr. Lang because they testify to the existence of religion in his sense of the word, and that they are neglected by Mr. Frazer because they have no reference to religion as he understands it. This presumption seems to be confirmed by the fact that the word is differently used and differently understood by the two writers. Mr. Frazer formally defines his sense of the word: 'A propitiation or conciliation of powers 'superior to man, which are believed to direct and control 'the course of nature.' Thus, if this definition be correct, the object which man strives to attain by means of religion is exactly the same as that at which he was aiming in Mr. Frazer's supposed pre-religious period. In that pre-religious period man's sole object, according to Mr. Frazer, was to direct and control the course of nature, and he believed that he could, and to some extent actually did, control it by acting on the principles that like is produced by like, and that control over one of two associated things gives control

over the other. Then, according to Mr. Frazer, when these two fallacious principles were found by experience to be failures, man set about finding some other and more successful means for directing and controlling the course of nature. He resorted, for some reason or other not stated by Mr. Frazer, to the idea that the course of nature was controlled by some power or powers superior to man; and he set about the task of getting those powers to work the way he wanted them. He endeavoured to propitiate and conciliate them, and his endeavours constitute religion; and thus the object of man in his religious period is exactly the same as it was in his pre-religious period—viz. to direct and control the course of nature for his own ends. The sole difference between the two periods is in the means adopted: in the first period the means was the fallacy that like produces like; in the second period the hypothesis that nature is controlled by powers superior to man.

Thus, on Mr. Frazer's definition of religion, the object of religion is the purely practical purpose of controlling nature. If then the Australian aborigines practise ceremonies or entertain beliefs which avowedly have no connexion with any such practical purpose, we can understand that the evidence for such ceremonies and beliefs would be registered by Mr. Frazer under some other head than that of religion. Mr. Lang however inclines to a wider definition of the word: he would not deny 'the name of religion to the speculative 'belief in a power superior to man, and to the moral belief 'that he lends a supernormal sanction to conduct, and to 'the emotional belief that he loves his children.' We may now perhaps understand why Mr. Frazer, defining religion in one way, says there is no religion amongst the Australian aborigines, whilst Mr. Lang, understanding the word in another sense, maintains that there is. Amongst the Australian aborigines there is practically no attempt to manipulate the course of nature to their own ends by propitiating superior powers: there is therefore no religion as Mr. Frazer understands the word. On the other hand, there is, on the testimony of Mr. Howitt, who has been initiated by the Murrings and the Kurnai, a belief in a great Father of the tribe, who was once on the earth, and now lives in the sky, a beneficent father and kindly though severe head-man of the whole tribe. There is therefore religion in Mr. Lang's sense of the word.

There is of course the possibility that the beliefs on which Mr. Lang relies are not part of the original and

native equipment of the Australian aborigines, but have been borrowed by them from other and more advanced peoples. This view has been advanced by Mr. E. B. Tylor. It is carefully examined by Mr. Lang, and at the present stage of the controversy the evidence seems to be in favour of Mr. Lang, and against the borrowing theory. The dates, so far as they can be fixed, indicate the presence of the beliefs before they could be borrowed. Prayer, which is an invariable concomitant of the higher religions, and would be inevitably taken over with them, is characteristically wanting amongst the aborigines. Above all, the beliefs are confined to the men, who have been duly initiated, and are unknown to the women and children; whereas, if the beliefs had been communicated by Europeans, they would have been communicated to women as freely as to men.

The definitions of religion are so numerous, we might almost say so innumerable, that it is vain to expect that either the definition given by Mr. Frazer, or the one suggested by Mr. Lang, will command universal or even general consent. The most that can be expected is that a majority of students will incline to one in preference to the other. But it is clear that Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion will only act so long as his definition of religion is accepted. That definition is that religion does not embrace the speculative, moral, and emotional elements enumerated by Mr. Lang, but has the purely practical object of enabling man to control nature to his own ends by propitiating or conciliating the superior powers which regulate it. We must therefore accept Mr. Frazer's definition to begin with, if we are to follow him in his sketch of the evolution of religion.

He begins with incarnate gods, that is to say, with men in whom a god has either temporarily or, it may be, permanently taken up his abode. Mr. Frazer does not make it quite clear how the idea originated that a god might become incarnate in a man. He has, in his second edition, if not changed his views on the subject of magic and religion, at any rate, in his own words, come 'to see clearly now what 'before was hazy;' and there are passages still standing (*e.g.* i. 129, 130) which we think belong rather to the hazy than to the clear vision. They made it fairly plain how in the first edition a man-god might originate; but in the second they make his origin to be one which it is difficult to reconcile with Mr. Frazer's now clearer views. Suffice it, however, that it is essential to Mr. Frazer's present theory

to start from the fact that gods are supposed by the savage to take up occasionally their abode in man. So long as they do so, the savage has no difficulty in propitiating or conciliating them, and so controlling nature to his private ends. The danger is that when the man dies in whom the god is resident, the god will depart and escape from the hands of the savage. Mr. Frazer therefore surmises that the savage anticipated this danger, and provided against the loss by taking care to have another human being ready into whom the god might migrate when the first ceased to be tenantable by a god. The savage had only to do this regularly, every year, to provide a fresh receptacle for the god, and the god would never escape from the savage; the savage would always be able, through the god, to regulate nature as he liked. If the savage behaved in this way, then Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion can begin to work, and he is in a position to suggest an explanation of the Christian religion.

It is, however, to be noted that Mr. Frazer himself calls attention to the fact that for the present one link in the chain of his argument is purely conjectural, and that he freely admits he cannot substantiate it, at present, by facts. No instance is known or can be produced in which a savage endeavours to make the god, resident in one human body, migrate into another. 'Of this transmission I have no 'direct proof; and so far a link in the chain of evidence is 'wanting.' So long as the link is missing, Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion cannot, of course, be regarded as proved. But it may be regarded as probable, nevertheless, if the rest of the chain can be produced. If the divine king or incarnate god, the man in whose body the god is temporarily resident, is put to death by his worshippers, then we are bound to ask ourselves what is the motive and object of such a strange proceeding; and we are not likely to hit upon a better conjecture than Mr. Frazer's, that the object is to shift the god out of that body. We may in that case, as Mr. Frazer says, fairly suppose that 'when the divine king or priest is put to death his spirit is 'believed to pass into his successor.' But it is precisely here that Mr. Lang meets Mr. Frazer, examines in detail all the instances he gives, and comes, justifiably in our opinion, to the conclusion: 'So recalcitrant is the evidence, that of 'all Mr. Frazer's kings who are here said to be gods, or 'to incarnate gods, not one is here said to be put to death 'by his worshippers. And of all his kings who are here said

'to be put to death, not one is here said to incarnate a god' (p. 100).

At present, therefore, we must clearly wait for more evidence in support of Mr. Frazer's theory, before we can accept it. We want evidence to show that men who are worshipped as gods are killed by their worshippers, and that they are killed for the purpose of driving the god out of one human body into another. In the meantime, as Mr. Lang says, 'we know scores of cases of god-possessed men, 'but none are killed because they are god-possessed.' In the absence, however, of any direct evidence to show that gods were transferred from one human body to another by their worshippers, in order that their worshippers might keep the god, and therefore the world which he regulated, under their own control, it is possible that there may be indirect evidence, in the shape of 'survivals,' to support Mr. Frazer's position. Such indirect evidence he does indeed produce. It has, of course, the inherent weakness of that kind of evidence: what is regarded by one student as a survival from one kind of custom may be regarded by another as the survival from a wholly different custom. And it has the special weakness that the original custom itself of transferring a god from one body to another has not yet been proved.

The first survival which we will take is alleged to be contained in the proceedings at a Persian festival named the Sacæa. At this festival the custom was for the slaves in all households to take the place of their masters and be waited on by them. In the royal household at the end of the feast the slave is said to have been executed. This execution seems to be sufficiently explained by the fact that the slave chosen to act in the royal household was a criminal, and was bound to be executed, festival or no festival. In other households the slave is not represented to have been put to death. Mr. Frazer, however, detects in the slave executed the survival he is in search of, and conjectures that originally in Babylon the king was executed every year, as Mr. Frazer's theory requires; that then the king may have substituted his son for himself, when the annual time of execution came round; and that finally a condemned slave was executed instead of the king's son. This chain of reasoning is highly hypothetical, and scarcely seems, even if we admit it, to serve Mr. Frazer's purpose. The essence of Mr. Frazer's theory is that the god in the divine king would escape from the control of his worshippers, if the

divine king died unexpectedly; whereas if another human tenement is provided, and the divine king is executed in time, the god is transferred and preserved to his worshippers. But if the divine king is not slain, even though his son or his slave be executed, the god remains in the old king, and is not transferred. The execution of son or slave is useless for the purpose: it effects no transference. Possibly, however, Mr. Frazer does not feel this to be a real difficulty in his way: the original object of executing the divine king may in course of time have come to be forgotten. In that case the custom, if it survived, would have become a genuine 'survival:' it would continue to be maintained religiously, though no one had an idea what its original object was; and so it would be easy for a substitute to be provided and accepted. This is quite a plausible line, but it scarcely seems to be the one to be adopted or intended by Mr. Frazer, because later in his argument it becomes essential, when he is dealing with Christianity, to maintain that the meaning and object of the custom had never been forgotten, but was always the transference of a god from the body of one human being to that of another.

In any case we are left with the initial difficulty of the theory, on which Mr. Lang insists. Mr. Frazer requires us to believe that in Babylon, which seems to have been in a civilised condition at least six thousand years ago, the king was killed every year. The royal family would soon be exhausted if they were sacrificed annually; and how many men would volunteer for the post? 'No individual king,' as Mr. Lang says, 'would ever accept the crown.' Strong evidence would be required to demonstrate the existence of such a practice; and Mr. Frazer produces none. His position simply is that if we assume this custom to have existed at Babylon, and if we further assume that son or slave came to be executed in place of the king, then the execution of a slave after the Sacæa may be regarded as a survival of that original custom. On the whole, we cannot help feeling that it is easier to make no assumption and consider that the Sacæan slave was executed, because he was, as we are told by the only authority who mentions the execution, 'one of 'the prisoners condemned to death.'

In the form, however, which Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion finally adopts, his explanation of the Sacæa becomes indispensable; it explains the Jewish feast of Purim; and Purim explains the origin of Christianity as a religion. There are, however, indications that this line

of filiation was only adopted by Mr. Frazer after some hesitation; and Mr. Lang emphasises the fact that this hesitation manifests itself in some self-contradiction. Mr. Frazer puts the origin of Purim at one time before, at another during, and again after the Captivity. If it originated during or after the Captivity of the Jews, it may have been simply the Sacæa borrowed from Babylon. If it is prior to the Captivity, it cannot have been. Mr. Frazer finally adopts the former view and its consequences. One of those consequences is that we are left in the dark, as far as Mr. Frazer's theory of the evolution of religion is concerned, as to the nature of the religious history of the Jews before they were brought in captivity to Babylon. Perhaps we are to assume that, before they were brought to Babylon, they were in the pre-religious stage of evolution; and that there they learnt what, on Mr. Frazer's theory, is the central feature of religion—viz. the annual transference of a god from one human body to another. The only alternative to this assumption seems to be, on Mr. Frazer's theory of religion, that the Jews when brought to Babylon were already in possession of this central mystery. But if they had been, for generations and centuries before the Captivity, in the habit of annually sacrificing their kings or their king's eldest and other sons, they would have nothing to learn from the Sacæa when they became acquainted with it, and nothing to borrow from it.

But Mr. Frazer prefers to assume that the Jews had everything to learn, and that they did borrow the Sacæa, and called it Purim. What, if any, religion they had before the Captivity, therefore, remains undetermined by Mr. Frazer's theory. The religion they had after the Captivity is revealed by Mr. Frazer's reconstruction of the Feast of Purim and his reinterpretation of the book of Esther. The work of reconstruction starts from the Persian feast of the Sacæa, or rather from one of Mr. Frazer's interpretations of the meaning of the feast. We have already said that the central feature of religion, on Mr. Frazer's theory, is the transference of a god from one human body to another, which transference is effected by killing the first human being. We have also said that the transference cannot be effected if the first human being is not killed, but is supposed to get a substitute killed in his place. But Mr. Frazer, in showing how the Sacæa originated, did not seem to feel this as a difficulty. That it is a difficulty, however, becomes apparent when Mr. Frazer proceeds to evolve

Purim out of Sacæa. For that evolution the first thing that has to be postulated is that at the Sacæa there were two human beings, one in whom the god was resident, and one into whom he was induced to migrate when the first was killed. There is, of course, no evidence to show that two slaves were employed in any such way at the Sacæa. Nor does Mr. Frazer's former view contemplate or provide for their employment. But Mr. Frazer must assume their employment if he is to explain Purim. He has also to assume, what our authorities on the Sacæa do not state or intimate, that each of these slaves had a female consort. It is only by thus exceeding the evidence, on the one hand, by the introduction of three supposititious characters, and, on the other hand, by assuming that transference of a god from one human body to another at the Sacæa, which he had previously appeared to reject, that Mr. Frazer can begin to reinterpret the book of Esther, reconstruct the Feast of Purim, and explain the religion of Christianity. It would seem that Mr. Frazer's work at this period is somewhat hypothetical and not entirely free from internal inconsistencies.

The book of Esther gives an account of the origin of Purim. It was a festival to commemorate the escape of Mordecai, by the assistance of Esther and the hanging of Haman. In the book of Esther these characters, together with Vashti, the wife of Xerxes, do not figure as gods and goddesses. But on Mr. Frazer's theory they were all originally divine figures, and in the book of Esther we have but a piece of folklore (dating, according to Mr. Frazer, from the fourth or third century B.C.), in which they are represented as human, simply because the folk had ceased to conceive them as divine. Originally, however, they were divine. Mordecai was the Babylonian god Marduk; Haman was Hummun, an Elamite god; Esther was the goddess Ishtar; and Vashti was probably an Elamite goddess. The way for Mr. Frazer's theory is now fairly clear. The central rite of religion is the transference of a god from one human body to another, in order that the god may always remain in the hands of his worshippers and be amenable to their wishes. If the human body in which he was resident died unexpectedly, the god would disappear; consequently a young and healthy body was chosen for his residence, and at the end of every year he was transferred from that residence to another human body. The god was resident in the human body named Haman; that body was killed at

the end of a year; and the god was transferred to the other body, called Mordecai. One function of the god was to promote the growth of vegetation and the increase of the flocks; for the performance of that function he was united to a consort; and by the operation of that sympathetic magic which, on Mr. Frazer's own theory, had to be discredited and cast aside for gods to be invented at all, the union of the god and his consort, the King and Queen of the May, secured the fertility of domestic plants and animals.

Of all this there is, of course, no trace in the book of Esther. As early as the date of its composition the folk had lapsed into utter oblivion of the fact that any of the characters were divine, that there was any sympathetic magic in the proceedings, and that there was any transference of a god from one body to another. Neither is any such transference or sympathetic magic alleged by Mr. Frazer to be recorded in connexion with the worship of Marduk or Hummun, or with the festival of the Sacæa. The suggestion simply is that if we suppose it to have constituted the central feature of their worship, and to be at the bottom of the story recorded in the book of Esther, then we have a direct line of filiation between Babylonian, Persian, and Jewish rites and beliefs. There is, as Mr. Frazer has warned us from the beginning, no instance known to anthropology, from any quarter of the globe, or from any age of man, in which a god is believed to be transferred from one human body to another. But if we suppose that belief to have been active and operative throughout historic time, we have the clue, in Mr. Frazer's opinion, to the evolution of religion.

We have, therefore, to follow that clue, under Mr. Frazer's guidance, until it explains Christianity as a religion. Mr. Frazer's explanation of that religion simply is that the Crucifixion was effected in order to transfer a god from the body of Christ to the body of Barabbas. Mr. Lang contests that explanation at every step. He calls attention to the fact that every year at Purim there must have been, on Mr. Frazer's hypothesis, a Haman slain; and that the one single instance, exclusive of the Crucifixion, which Mr. Frazer produces of such slaughter, is not alleged, but is conjecturally supposed by Mr. Frazer, to have happened at Purim, and to have represented the death of Haman. He demonstrates that the feasts of Sacæa, Zakmuk, Tammuz, and Purim, which Mr. Frazer regards as but different names

for the same festival, took place at different dates of the year, and that none of them coincides with Easter. And he concludes by emphasising what he considers to be a fundamental and fatal inconsistency of Mr. Frazer's argument: it is that, whereas in the Sacæan festival at Babylon the killing of the god had come, according to Mr. Frazer, to be confounded with the execution of a criminal, in the Jewish Purim, which was borrowed from the Sacæa, the godhead of the criminal was so universally recognised by the Jews and throughout Asia Minor that the recognition 'shed 'round the cross on Calvary a halo of divinity.'

That this inconsistency is inherent in Mr. Frazer's argument seems manifest. His interpretation of the original meaning of the book of Esther is only possible on the assumption that the divinity of Haman, Mordecai, Vashti, and Esther had come to be entirely unknown to the Jews at the time when the book was composed, and in after ages when it was accepted as giving the real explanation of the feast of Purim. Yet at the same time we are required by Mr. Frazer's theory to believe the Jews firmly held that Haman and Mordecai were gods. If they did hold them to be gods, the book of Esther could never have been written. If they did not, Mr. Frazer's theory of the Christian religion breaks down; Haman and Mordecai had no divinity to transmit to Christ and Barabbas.

As we have already said, Mr. Frazer warns us that his theory of the evolution of religion rests on an hypothesis. He has been led by a study of the facts to surmise that the central feature of religion is the transference of a god, resident in one human body, to another more vigorous body, in order that he may remain permanently accessible and amenable to the wishes of his worshippers. Mr. Frazer is unable at present to produce any example in which such transference is desired or supposed to take place. But the facts seem to him to point steadily to the hypothesis that such transference was always the central feature of religion, though no clear or unmistakeable example of such supposed transference is known to us. The facts on which he relies are the Babylonian feast of Zakmuk, the Persian Sacæa, the Jewish Purim, and the Crucifixion; and the question is whether the facts recorded in connexion with them do point so unmistakeably to Mr. Frazer's hypothesis as to make it, if not a necessary, at any rate the most plausible explanation, and a serviceable working hypothesis. The facts actually recorded do not seem to us at present to point

definitely in that direction. It is not recorded that any person was killed, for any purpose whatever, either at the feast of Zakmuk or at the festival of Purim; and if a human sacrifice took place annually at Purim or any other Jewish feast for centuries, we should have some evidence on the point. The slave executed after the Sacæa was a condemned criminal, and there is nothing to show that his execution was part of the Sacæa. It is not recorded that Barabbas was regarded as a risen god. In fine, the facts which are recorded seem to be those which do not support Mr. Frazer's hypothesis; and the facts which point steadily in favour of the hypothesis are precisely those which are missing from the evidence. When evidence shall have been brought to show that a person was annually killed as part of the proceedings of Zakmuk, Sacæa, and Purim, it will then be time to consider whether Mr. Frazer's theory or some rival explanation is the more probable. But until that evidence is produced it seems premature to proceed further.

There remains the question whether Mr. Frazer's definition of religion is affected by the fact that his conjecture remains a pure conjecture to the end. We cannot see that it is in the least affected. His definition is that religion is 'a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man, 'which are believed to direct and control the course of 'nature and of human life.' His conjecture is that when a god is supposed to be resident in one human body men seek to transfer him annually to another, lest by the unexpected death of his temporary body he should escape. Even though the conjecture be unproved, as Mr. Frazer admits, and improbable, Mr. Frazer's definition is not impeached. Powers superior to man may be propitiated or conciliated, even if man never attempts to transfer them from one human body to another. Indeed, it may be suggested that, as such transference is neither a process of propitiation nor a process of conciliation, it is not a part of religion as defined by Mr. Frazer. It seems rather analogous to the transmission of energy, and to belong to that circle of ideas which is characteristic, according to Mr. Frazer, of the non-religious periods of man's evolution: superhuman energy, when divine, can be stored and transferred like electricity, at man's will, no propitiation or conciliation of the divine, or of the electric, current being necessary. Thus Mr. Frazer's conjecture, if proved, might be difficult to harmonise with his definition of religion. But, proved or unproved, it

leaves untouched and unmentioned large fields in the area of religion marked out by Mr. Frazer's definition—*e.g.* all the gods who are not supposed to have migrated from one body to another or to have taken human form at all. 'Should I live,' says Mr. Frazer, 'to complete the works for 'which I have collected and am collecting materials, I 'dare to think that they [critics] will clear me of any sus- 'picion of treating the early history of religion from a 'single narrow point of view.' In the 'Golden Bough' he has but been working on one single problem, that of

> 'The priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain.'

Whether his solution of that one particular problem in the science of religion be or be not finally accepted, the 'Golden Bough' will remain, until Mr. Frazer himself surpasses it, in this department of knowledge the greatest work produced in this generation. The 'Golden Bough' is, in Mr. Lang's words, 'an extraordinary mass of erudition.'

ART. VI.—1. *Borodin and Liszt.* By ALFRED HABETS. Translated with a Preface by ROSA NEWMARCH. London: W. Reeves.

2. *Tschaikowsky: his Life and Works, with Extracts from his Writings, and the Diary of his Tour Abroad in* 1888. By ROSA NEWMARCH. London: Grant Richards. 1900.

3. *Histoire de la Musique en Russie.* By CÉSAR CUI. Paris.

4. *Histoire de la Musique en Russie.* By ALBERT SOUBIES. Paris: 1898.

THAT during the last five or six years there has been an extraordinary 'boom' of Russian music in London, especially at the Queen's Hall, cannot be contested. To account for this sudden move with any certainty seems quite impossible. It may have come about in the natural course of events, as prompted by the fashion set by France and Belgium. In France M. M. P. Bélaïeff, a rich Russian musical enthusiast, instituted Russian concerts at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and in 1885 opened a music-publishing business in Leipzig for the benefit of his musical compatriots. In Belgium, especially at Antwerp, Brussels, and Liège, the Countess Mercy-Argenteau made successful propaganda for Russian music. On the other hand, it is possible that M. Bélaïeff, as a music-publisher, may have brought his influence to bear in extending a knowledge of Russian music in England; and perhaps the fact of Mr. H. G. Wood, the conductor of the Queen's Hall orchestra, having married a Russian lady, a very competent vocalist, and full of enthusiasm for her musical compatriots, may have had something to do with this unexpected move. For many years previously the admission of Russian works into our concert-programmes had been few and far between. On looking through the programmes of the Philharmonic Society's concerts from 1813 to the present date, and those of the Crystal Palace, founded in 1855, which, taken together, seem to furnish a thermometer of musical doings in England during the respective periods of their overlapping existence, we have the following results. At the Philharmonic Society the first appearance of a Russian composer was that of Anton Rubinstein in 1857; Tschaikowsky followed in 1888, Borodin in 1896, Glazounoff in 1897, and Rachmanioff in 1898. Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky figured repeatedly, Borodin twice, and each of the others above named but once.

At the Crystal Palace Glinka's overture to 'Life for the 'Czar,' a 'Capriccio brillant' for orchestra, and 'La Jota 'Aragonaise,' were brought forward by Mr. Manns in 1860, and the overture to 'Russlan and Ludmilla' and 'Kamarins-'kaja' in 1874. In 1876 Tschaikowsky's concerto in B flat minor for pianoforte (Mr. E. Dannreuther) and orchestra and overture to 'Romeo and Juliet' were heard for the first time in England. Soon after this the then board of directors of the Crystal Palace politely sent a request to Mr. Manns that in future he should not inflict such jaw-breaking foreign names as those of Tschaikowsky and Scharwenka upon the audience of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. But for this a boom of Russian music might have come off at a much earlier date than it has done. However, this ruling of the Crystal Palace directors was not without its good effect, for Mr. Manns took his revenge by treating us to a right royal dose of Berlioz, for which, under other circumstances, we might have had a long time to wait. On the rule laid down by the directors of the Crystal Palace being abrogated, as in process of time it was bound to be, Mr. Manns has of late years taken up the running in making us acquainted with modern Russian music. And it should not be overlooked that, to a large extent, Dr. Richter has done the same, both in London and in the provinces.

In speaking of Russian music, of whatever date, it is impossible to omit all mention of Glinka (1804–1857), who, as the founder of the modern national School, has been regarded as the 'Patriarch-Prophet of Music in Russia.' Michael Iwanowitsch Glinka was born at Novopaskoi, near Smolénsk, Russia, and died at Berlin. Though his musical studies, which began at St. Petersburg, and were subsequently prosecuted in Italy, France, Germany, and Spain, might have led to his becoming a cosmopolitan in musical art, he has justly been estimated as the earliest and most representative of national Russian composers. By his critics he has been variously spoken of as the Mozart and the Berlioz of Russia, both of which appellations, paradoxical as at first it may appear, have by no means been inappropriately applied to him. On the one hand, he has been compared to Mozart on account of the freshness of his melodic inspiration; and, on the other, to Berlioz because he went far beyond any of his predecessors or contemporaries in enlarging the bounds of his country's music. While sojourning in Berlin in 1834, the late Pro-

fessor Dehn recognised in his compositions a wonderful originality, arising from the spirit of his country's folk-songs and dances, with which he was fully imbued, and encouraged him to make it his aim to found a Russian national School of Music. The result of this advice, among other minor attempts, was the composition of the two operas—'Life for the Czar' and 'Russlan and Ludmilla'—by which he is best known.

Dargomijsky (1813–1869), a contemporary of Glinka's, had much in common with this master, and was the composer of several operas, which met with success in their day. His 'Cosatchoque' (Cossack Dance) was heard at the Queen's Hall on January 9, 1897.

Anton Rubinstein (1830–1894), though a Russian by birth, has by most of his critics been most properly regarded as a cosmopolitan pianist and composer. As a pianist, his technique was hardly second to that of Liszt's; but, as he always seemed to play on the spur of the moment, he could not be taken as a reliable guide. We have had experience of his being encored in a piece, when on playing it a second time he gave quite a different reading of it. What a contrast to the practice of Von Bülow, who, unless indisposed, always exactly adhered to the reading which he had previously made up his mind was the correct one! On these grounds Bülow was by far the better guide. As a composer Rubinstein possessed extraordinary facility, and was most prolific, trying his hand in almost every class of composition. But he seems to have made it a general rule that when he had once written a thing down nothing would induce him to alter and improve it. An exception, however, should be made to this remark, in deference to the fact that in the case of his 'Ocean' symphony he finally extended it, not to its advantage, to seven movements. Though in the main we agree with César Cui's estimate of him as a composer, it is astonishing to find that critical musician and composer speaking of Rubinstein's talent as having some affinity to that of Brahms and Raff, though it is more varied, thanks to the employment of Oriental and national Russian themes. With Raff, in matter of practice, there may have been some affinity, but with Brahms surely none, except so far as Brahms possessed the same facility as Rubinstein. But it was not a fatal one, for *he* spared no time in revising his compositions and making them as perfect as was in his power. Rubinstein, on the other hand, figuratively speaking, often sent *his* to the printer while the ink was still

wet. In thus interpreting M. Cui's remarks we may be doing him an injustice, for it is perhaps possible that he was merely speaking of Brahms, Rubinstein, and Raff as ultra-conservative musicians, whose first desire was to support the most classical writers—*e.g.* Bach, Beethoven, and others. It is interesting, therefore, to quote what Rubinstein has said on this point. In his interesting little book, 'Music and its 'Masters: a Conversation' (published in English by Augener & Co.), he sums up his musical creed by saying:—

'I regard Palestrina as the beginning of music *as an art*, and reckon from him as the first epoch of our art, which I call the *organ and vocal epoch*; and as the greatest representatives of this epoch and its point of culmination I recognise Bach and Händel. The second *epoch*, which I call the *instrumental epoch* (*i.e.* the developement of the pianoforte and orchestra), I reckon from Philip Em. Bach, with Haydn and Mozart until Beethoven inclusive, recognising the last as the greatest representative and point of culmination of this *epoch*. The third *epoch*, the lyric romantic, I reckon from Schubert, with Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, whom I recognise as its last representative.'

Great as his admiration was for Glinka and Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein does not seem to have had much regard for his younger musical compatriots, whom he regarded as amateurs rather than as professional musicians, and with good reason, for, at his time, unless a man had private means, it was next to impossible for him to live by music alone in Russia. Thus most of the composers, of whom we have to speak, had a double calling. To some extent this was an advantage, for surely the man who has had other occupations during the day comes fresher to his musical work in the evening or in holiday-time than the man who for his daily bread has been giving music-lessons every day, and all day long, as but too often happens with us.

What Rubinstein's countrymen have most to thank him for is the fact that it was at his instigation that the Conservatoire of Music in St. Petersburg was founded in 1862. He was its first director, doing good work, and remaining in office until 1867. On moral grounds, as a preventive of gambling and drunkenness, he also did good service by memorialising the Russian Government and advocating the institution of theatres and opera-houses in various provincial cities for the benefit of the common people. He also, with good results, set forth the advantage of establishing conservatoires or music-schools in every town, and insisting upon the teaching of the elements of music in every school.

Verily, thanks to his initiation, it may be said that Russia, which before his time was somewhat behindhand, by the institution of an Imperial Musical Society, has become a musical nation. Perhaps his most original idea was that of transforming oratorio into sacred music-drama, as is apparent from a letter which appeared in the 'Signale' of June, 1882, reprinted from a work entitled 'Vor den 'Coulissen,' edited by Joseph Lewinsky. He wrote therein:—

'So, thinking of the stage, I wrote my "Paradise Lost," then remodelled it for the concert-hall as an oratorio, and finally, instigated by the idea which I have never given up, I gave it the dramatic form of sacred opera. The same thing was done with "The Tower of Babel," and as I do not even now give up the hope that my plan will, earlier or later, be taken up, I am writing in this way my "Cain and Abel," "Sulamith," "Moses," and "Christus;" whether the day of representation comes or not—no matter.'

What a bitter disappointment it must have been to him to find himself forestalled by Wagner in his 'Parsifal'!

M. Cui appraises Rubinstein in his early days as a direct successor of Mendelssohn, and complains that though he introduced genuine Russian themes into his compositions he treated them in a thoroughly German manner. He regarded him as an indefatigable composer, but not an epoch-making one, and therefore puts him down in the second class. Among some of his works which he applauds he includes the orchestral fantasia, 'Don Quixote,' for its vitality and spirit, but is evidently ignorant of the fact, of which we have personal knowledge, that he intended it as a skit upon what he called the 'donkeyism' of music—meaning thereby the programme-music of Berlioz, Liszt, and others. That Rubinstein at a later date changed his attitude towards programme-music is apparent from his ultra-realistic pianoforte illustration of Bürger's ballade 'Léonore.' Rubinstein, a most prolific composer, was the author of six symphonies. five pianoforte concertos, thirteen operas—including the oratorios, or music-dramas as he preferred to call them, specified above—several cantatas, over a hundred songs, and a vast quantity of chamber music, pianoforte pieces, &c. It was his most cherished desire to be recognised as a great dramatic composer; though often appreciated and fêted, he died disappointed, and unhopeful for the future of musical composition. Wagner, his successful rival in dramatic composition, he did not appreciate. According to his idea, musical creation, as far as the pianoforte was concerned, died with Chopin; and he thought the outlook but gloomy

for its resurrection. A fair number of his works have been brought to a hearing in England. Four of his symphonic works, three of his overtures, several of his concertos, many examples of his ballet music, and his oratorio 'The Tower 'of Babel,' not to mention a long array of pianoforte pieces, have been brought forward at the Crystal Palace, if not also elsewhere. It seems unnecessary to specify or further dilate upon the above-named works, but the guess may be hazarded that it is by his pianoforte concertos, owing to their adaptability to the requirements of pianists, and by his songs, some of which are of extreme beauty, that his memory will be kept green. His literary and critical ability, though somewhat onesided, seems to have been of a high order, as indicated by his 'Erinnerungen' ('Reminis-'cences'), 1839–1889, and his 'Music and its Masters.' To those who desire to know more about his personality and musical opinions, both these little books may confidently be recommended.

In 1856 two young men, who were passionately enamoured of musical art, found themselves at St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, and the musical and intellectual headquarters of that country. The one was M. A. Balakireff, and the other César Cui, and here they took up their abode, and some time afterwards were joined by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgski (1839–1881), and A. P. Borodin (1834–1887). They soon instituted an artistic society for discussing the position of music in Russia and its possible future, for which they laid down rules, and thus became the founders of what is known as the 'New Russian 'School.' They turned their attention more to operatic than to symphonic works; and for the former—with the view of emancipating their country from the thraldom of Italian opera, which at that time they regarded as too much in vogue, and for which they hoped to substitute a style of opera more worthy of their country—they suggested the following rules:—(1) Dramatic music must always possess an intrinsic value as absolute music, even when taken apart from the text. (2) The vocal music should be in perfect accordance with the meaning of the text. (3) The scenes of which an opera is composed must be entirely dependent upon the relations between the characters, as well as upon the general action of the piece. These principles, according to M. Cui, are closely allied to those of Wagner; but the methods of attaining the same ends differ essentially in the two schools. While Wagner (he says) generally concen-

trates the whole musical interest in the orchestra, entrusting to it the representative themes of certain characters, the Russians generally reserve the most important musical phrases for the singers, whom they make the real interpreters of the composer's intentions. Thus it will be seen that the new Russian school claims its descent from Glinka and Dargomijsky rather than from Wagner. As for instrumental music, having studied the works of Berlioz and Schumann, they seem to have looked forward to progress being attained through the example set by these great masters.

Here it seems to be the place to remark that previous to the time of M. Cui and his associates what passed as specifically Russian music was based for the most part upon Russian folk-songs, which in turn seem to have been evolved by Nature's musicians from the style of the music of the national Greek Church, which in early times seems to have been the only model they can have had to work upon. The musical ritual of the Orthodox Russian Church, with which we happen to know that the late Dean Stanley, by no means musically inclined, was immensely struck on visiting Russia, is characterised by its frequent use of the so-called Greek tones or Church modes, and this same peculiarity pervades many of the old folk-songs, and therefore points to their common origin. We do not remember ever to have seen this point discussed, and therefore offer the above remarks as suggestive rather than as authoritative. But we think that when, as often happens, a musical work is spoken of as 'thoroughly Russian' or 'too Russian' for acceptance in England, the intention conveyed is that it is too closely based upon folk-songs or Church music. Here it may be remarked that especially in Moscow Church music has been cultivated in an extraordinarily high degree. It has recently been brought to light by Herr N. Findeisen, in the 'Zeitschrift der internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft' for May, 1900, that there exist hundreds of Church works by Russian composers, in three to forty-eight parts, which have not been published. Of the so-called Church cantatas in twelve parts, no less than four hundred and seventy-seven have come to hand. That from the middle of the seventeenth century Russia (as he states) had productive composers and a school of counterpoint of its own has hitherto been unknown to the rest of the world. Our above suggestion that many of the older Russian folk-songs owe their being to the Church will probably be combated on the ground that

burg, having been promoted to the rank of second-lieutenant. He now re-scored the entire work, and it was brought to a first hearing at a concert of the Free School for Music, which some years previously Balakireff and Cui had founded at St. Petersburg. In 1871, while still serving in the Russian navy, he was appointed Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire of Music in St. Petersburg. On retiring from the navy in 1873, he was made Inspector of Naval Bands. 'It is splendid practice, such as I never dreamed of,' he wrote to M. Stassoff shortly after his appointment; 'I orchestrate a great deal for the bands, and hear my 'music performed.' As Balakireff's successor, he for a short time filled the post of Principal of the Free School of Music. In 1883 he was appointed assistant conductor to Balakireff, and when in 1886 Balakireff started the patriotic enterprise known as 'The Russian Concerts,' it was to Korsakoff that he entrusted the conductorship.

Among the most important of his published works may be enumerated three operas—viz. 'The Maid of Pskov' (1873), 'A Night in May' (1880), and 'The Snow Maiden' (1882). His instrumental works include 'Sadko,' a legend for orchestra (1866), 'Antar,' a symphony (Op. 15), both of which have been heard in Germany; a symphoniette (Op. 31); a third symphony (Op. 32); a fantasia on Russian themes, for violin and orchestra (Op. 33); a Capriccio Espagnol for orchestra (Op. 34); a symphonic poem, 'Scheherazade' and a 'Fantaisie Russe' for violin and orchestra. Most of these have been heard at the Crystal Palace, the Queen's Hall, and Richter concerts, and it would be easy to extend the list. To the above should be added a number of original songs and two collections of 140 Russian folk-songs, taken down from oral tradition, as welcome contributions to musical literature.

In an interesting and instructive preface to her translation of M. Habets's 'Borodin and Liszt' Mrs. Newmarch writes: 'Moussorgski is the ultra-realist of Russian music. 'His compositions, which are sometimes repellent but always 'full of his dominating personality, are of all the works of 'this school the most antipathetic to Western taste.' No wonder, then, that as yet his works do not seem to have reached these shores! Mrs. Newmarch goes on to say:—

'His greatest work, the opera "Boris Godounoff," exemplifies at once his merits and defects; a vigorous declamatory style, great descriptive powers, a lack of poetry and lyrical charm. There is no overture or instrumental introduction of any kind to "Boris

Godounoff," and a large portion of the text of this singular work is written in prose. Cui describes it as being neither opera nor music-drama, but an historical chronicle set to music. Through all his works runs the same vein of sombre realism. But his realistic atmosphere, though oppressive, is never sordid. He has grasped the passion as well as the humour of the Russian people, and depicts them with an art and truth of expression that cannot be too highly praised.'

A. P. Borodin (1834–1887) was born at St. Petersburg. On his father's side he was descended from the Princes Imeretinsky, the last kings of Imeretia, the most beautiful of the ancient kingdoms of the Caucasus, and thus inherited the Oriental type characteristic of these fine races. From the age of twelve Borodin began to study science, in company with young Schtchigleff, a little prodigy, who afterwards devoted himself successfully to teaching music. During the interval between two lessons in chemistry the pair occupied themselves in playing the symphonies of Haydn, Beethoven, and especially Mendelssohn, as pianoforte duets. His first composition was a concerto for flute and pianoforte, written in 1847 at the age of thirteen. While studying chemistry at the Academy of Medicine, under Professor Zinine, music was not neglected. At this time he was a great admirer of German music, and, to use his own expression, was 'impregnated with Mendelssohnism,' but the influence of nationality was gradually growing upon him. In 1856 he was appointed surgeon to one of the hospitals of the territorial army, but his hospital work did not interfere with his music. It was at this date that the national influence began to preponderate over the German, a psychological evolution which in a great measure was due to his meeting with Moussorgski. Henceforth Balakireff became Borodin's real and only master, as he had been of Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgski, teaching them the technique, the æsthetics, the instrumentation, and, above all, the true spirit of a musical work. Under the influence of Balakireff the last traces of Mendelssohnism were driven from his mind, and at Balakireff's suggestion he set to work with ardour to compose his symphony in E flat. Thus his musical career may be said to date from 1862.

In 1858 Borodin had taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and in the following year was sent abroad to complete his scientific studies. He remained away three years, spending the greater part of this time in Erlenmeyer's laboratory at Heidelberg. During one of the excursions he made from that place he made the acquaintance of Mlle.

C. S. Protopopowa, an excellent musician, who initiated him into the styles of Chopin and Schumann, and eventually became his wife. During this period he made but one essay in musical composition—viz. a sextet in D for strings. It was performed in Heidelberg in 1860, but was not heard of again. 'This was still quite Mendelssohnian; I composed 'it to please the Germans,' he wrote to his friend, Schtchigleff.

On returning to Russia in 1862 he was appointed assistant lecturer in chemistry at the Academy of Medicine. He was an ardent advocate of the admission of women to the higher education, and helped to found the School of Medicine for Women at St. Petersburg, where from 1872 he taught chemistry, and warmly interested himself in this institution until his death.

On resuming our account of Borodin's musical career and the composition of his first symphony, which was begun in 1862 but not finished till 1867, it should be remarked that during this period his genius was completely transformed under the influence of Balakireff and the concerts of the Free School of Music. As M. Stassoff has remarked, Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgski were better prepared than Borodin to reflect the national influence; like Glinka, they had spent their youth in villages in the heart of Russia, while Borodin, except for his travels in Germany, had hardly ever left the capital. Still, the national character makes itself clearly felt, especially in the trio of the Scherzo and in the adagio of this symphony, which was first heard, under Balakireff's direction, at a concert of the Russian Musical Society on January 4, 1869, when its success was assured. The success of this first symphony had a decisive influence upon Borodin's artistic career. The critics, however, were unfavourable, and even M. Seroff wrote in the 'Golos:' 'The symphony by *somebody of the name of* '*Borodin* pleased very few hearers, and only the friends of 'the composer applauded and recalled him with enthusiasm.' On the other hand, Liszt, whose judgement will not be challenged, at a later date (1880) wrote to Borodin: 'I am 'very remiss in not having told you, what you know better 'than I do, that the instrumentation of your renowned 'symphony in E flat is written by a master hand, and 'accords perfectly with the composition. It was a keen 'enjoyment to me to hear it at the rehearsals and at the 'concert at Baden-Baden. The best connoisseurs, as well 'as a very numerous public, applauded you heartily.' After

this work, which would be sufficient of itself to class Borodin among the greatest musicians of our time, he occupied himself especially with vocal compositions, which need not be here summarised. 'Prince Igor' may be accounted as the most important of his dramatic works, though he did not live to complete it. It was finished by his friends, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff, and is said to contain beauties of the first order.

While still teaching at the Academy of Medicine, to the duties of which he was thoroughly devoted, and which he never seems to have neglected, Borodin set to work upon a second symphony (in B minor). No wonder that, begun in 1871, it should not have been completed until 1877, when, after having been repeatedly performed in Belgium and Germany, it was warmly received at home. M. Stassoff, in his article 'Vingt-cinq Années de l'Art Russe,' which appeared in the 'Messager de l'Europe' in 1883, writes:—

'Like Glinka, Borodin is an epic poet; he is not less national than Glinka, but the Oriental element plays the same part in him as in Glinka, Dargomijsky, Balakireff, Moussorgski, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. He is reckoned among the composers of programme-music. Like Glinka he can say: "My unfettered imagination needs a text as a positive idea." Of Borodin's two symphonies the second is the more perfect, and owes its power not only to the matured talent of its author, but still more to the national character with which its very subject invests it. The old heroic Russian form predominates, as in "Prince Igor." I may add that Borodin himself has often told me that in the Adagio he intended to recall the songs of the old Slavonic *bagans* (troubadours); in the first movement the assembling of the old Russian princes; and in the finale the banquets of the heroes, to the tones of the *guzla* and bamboo flute, amid the enthusiasm of the people.'

To this M. Habets adds: 'The studies to which Borodin 'had devoted himself for "Prince Igor" were not lost in 'the working out of his second symphony. At this time 'his mind was haunted by the picture of feudal Russia, and 'this picture is wonderfully reproduced in the symphony.'

Another important and successful work of Borodin's is his symphonic sketch, 'Dans les Steppes de l'Asie Centrale.' He says himself of it, in a letter to his old friend Gavrouschkiewitch, at whose house he began his artistic career: 'It has gone the round of Europe, from Christiania to 'Monaco, and, in spite of its patriotic programme (the 'success of Russian arms in Asia), this work has been 'encored almost everywhere, and often repeated by desire, 'as at the Strauss concerts in Vienna and the Lamoureux

'concerts in Paris.' To this it may be added that it was heard on November 17, 1896, at Queen's Hall, where his 'Danse Polovtsienne,' from 'Prince Igor,' was heard on April 3, 1897, and his symphony in B minor (No. 2) on January 29, 1898. He began a third symphony (in A minor), but did not live to finish it.

This seems to be the place to speak of two most interesting and extraordinarily clever works—viz. that entitled 'Para-'phrases' and a String Quartet, dedicated to Bélaïeff, and based upon the musical notes contained in his name, B flat, La, and F. Of the first named, M. Habets states that Borodin collaborated with his friends Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, and Cui in a work, apparently humorous, but really of a serious nature, entitled 'Paraphrases,' consisting of twenty-four variations, and fourteen little pieces, for piano, on a favourite theme, *obbligato*, 'dedicated to little pianists 'who can play the air with one finger of each hand.' This theme, consisting of four bars, must be played by the first performer on the upper octaves of the piano, while the second player performs the paraphrases, for which more than a mere tyro is needed. For this work Borodin wrote three pieces, by no means the least interesting, entitled 'Polka,' 'Marche Funèbre,' and 'Requiem;' this last, in which a liturgical chant is developed as a fugue upon the popular and persistent air, is especially striking.

In one of his latest letters of 1886, Borodin relates the origin of this work. He writes:—

'I take the liberty of sending you, for your little girls, my—or rather *our*—"Paraphrases," twenty-four variations and fourteen little pieces for piano on the favourite theme of the "Coteletten" polka, which is so popular with the little ones in Russia. The origin of this work is very funny. One day Gania (one of my adopted daughters) asked me to play a duet with her. "Well, but you do not know how to play, my child." "Yes, indeed, I can play this," and she started off with the above-named polka. I had to yield to the child's request, and so I improvised the polka which you will find in the collection. The four keys—C major, G major, F minor, and A minor—of the four parts of the polka, in which the unchanging theme of the "Coteletten" polka makes a kind of *canto fermo* or counterpoint, caused much laughter among my friends, afterwards joint authors of the "Paraphrases." First one and then another wanted to try his hand at a piece in this style. .... Finally we were requested to publish this work. Rahter became the proprietor and publisher.'

This work fell into Liszt's hands. He was so delighted with it that he wrote an extra variation for the second edition, which was complemented by a set of *Bigarrures*

(medley) contributed by N. Stcherbatcheff (1853), who, though he has issued some sixty works, principally for pianoforte, does not as yet seem to have found his way to England.

We commend a reading of this remarkable work to students of Russian music as a rough and ready way of drawing distinctions between the idiosyncrasies of the above-mentioned composers, who jointly were its authors. If Borodin had not himself told us that while *he* began with the classics, Korsakoff began with Glinka, Liszt, and Berlioz, and subsequently moved into an unknown sphere, we think that we should have made the discovery for ourselves. Borodin and Liadoff seem to be the most genial of the concoctors of this strange piece, Korsakoff the most advanced and versatile, while Cui and Stcherbatcheff, in spite of their unquestionable cleverness, are prominent for their scholastic dryness.

The String Quartet, mentioned above, though it may be more properly regarded as an artistic trick than as an inspiration, is well worthy of attention, on account of the close way in which the notes B flat, La, and F, run throughout each of its four movements, which were severally contributed by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, Borodin, and Glazounoff.

A word or two seems due to Liadoff and Glazounoff, of whom we have not yet spoken except by name.

A. Liadoff, born at St. Petersburg in 1855, studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire under Johansen and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and in 1875 was appointed there as professor of harmony and theory, and also to a similar post in the Imperial Chapel. Since 1894 he has conducted the concerts of the St. Petersburg Musical Society. His works, chiefly for pianoforte, are technically difficult, but of an elegant and distinguished originality. His 'Valse Badinage' was brought forward at the Queen's Hall on August 26, 1899.

Alexandre Glazounoff, born at St. Petersburg in 1865, is still too young to have found a place either in Grove's or Riemann's musical dictionaries. It is but fair to state that Theo. Baker's 'Biographical Dictionary of Musicians,' published in New York, by G. Schirmer, in 1900—the most up-to-date work of the kind that has come to hand—contains a short notice of him, and a long, but by no means exhaustive, list of his compositions. We prefer, however, to quote from a programme-book of the Richter concerts, at which his sixth symphony has been twice performed:—

'Unlike most of his musical compatriots, who, in order to 'keep soul and body together, have had to combine some 'other profession with that of music, Glazounoff had the good 'fortune to be born of wealthy parents, and thus, on leaving 'school, was enabled to devote himself entirely to music 'and musical composition.' From A. Soubies's book we learn that he studied under his countryman, Rimsky-Korsakoff. He seems to have been a sort of musical prodigy, for at seventeen, when his equals in age were still groping about as apprentices, he had already composed his first symphony (dedicated to his master), which, on its production at St. Petersburg, and subsequently in Germany, was most favourably received. This was followed by five others, the last of which, dated 1896, has been repeatedly heard here. M. Soubies gives a list of his compositions, which might easily be extended. Among the most important of them, after the symphonies, are the symphonic poems or pictures: 'La Mer,' 'Le Carnaval,' 'La Forêt,' 'Le Printemps,' 'Des Ténèbres à la Lumière,' 'La Rapsodie 'Orientale,' 'Le Kremlin,' and 'Stenka Razine,' two overtures on Greek themes, several marches, and a fantaisie for orchestra. In the domain of chamber-music he has written a string quintet, three quartets, five novelettes, several solos for violin, viola, and violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, besides vocal pieces, &c. 'To-day,' says M. Soubies, 'son bagage est énorme,' and closes this list with the following remarks:—

'It is impossible to speak in detail of this long list of works, which are pervaded by a vigorous individuality. The time is not yet come to pronounce a final judgement upon them. They do not yet belong to history. It is the same with music as with painting, in which history may be said only to begin for the artist when his works have passed from the Luxembourg to the Louvre. As some may think, M. Glazounoff might appear to be too confident in his extreme facility. His strong technique tempts him to indulge in excessive complication and far-fetched devices. His style is sometimes exuberant (*touffu*). But, independently of his remarkable ability, he has ideas, feeling, warmth, taste, sense of colour, and the power to imbue himself with a national style, while at the same time he bends gracefully to the requirements of his subjects, which are of the most varied kinds. Apart from the theatre he may be said to have been successful in every branch of musical art. His is a personality which holds its own among the foremost, the most distinguished, and the most brilliant composers of our time.'

In addition to his two symphonies (Nos. 5 and 6), his 'Scènes du Ballet,' his 'Carnaval' overture, his fantasia

for orchestra (Op. 53), and his ballet suite 'Russes d'Amour,' have been heard at the Queen's Hall between September 1896 and November 1900.

A. S. Arensky—whose fine trio, if not also his equally commendable quintett (both for pianoforte and strings), has been made familiar at the 'Popular' Concerts, which were founded in 1859 by Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, and from the management of which we learn that, after doing good service for so many years, he has now retired—was born at Novgorod in 1862, and after studying at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire (1879–82) under Johansen and Rimsky-Korsakoff, was appointed a professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, of which he became Principal on the death of Nicholas Rubinstein, who, according to the testimony of his more famous brother Anton, was a better pianist than himself—an opinion which has not been generally shared. But there are some still living who will not have forgotten that on his repeatedly appearing many years ago at the late John Ella's Musical Union he was regarded as a very acceptable pianist. In addition to Arensky's chamber-music works mentioned above, his first symphony and his 'Silhouettes' from his second suite were brought forward at the Queen's Hall in 1897.

M. P. Asantchevski (1838–81)—whose name has been recalled to us by the very favourable mention accorded to him in the 'Brother Musicians: Reminiscences of Edward 'and Walter Bache,' by their sister Constance Bache, recently published by Methuen & Co., a book which ought to appeal widely to British musicians—studied under Hauptmann and Richter at the Leipzig Conservatoire (1861–2). He lived in Paris (1866–70), where he bought the library of Anders, and, adding to it his own, presented them to the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, which thus possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world. Succeeding Zaremba, he was Director of the Conservatoire from 1870 to 1876. Later on he devoted himself to composition. For many years past we have been familiar with some of his pianoforte works, especially some remarkable duets, and cannot help thinking that attention might well be bestowed upon his orchestral works.

A word or two seems due to a few other Russian composers who have been on their trial at the Queen's Hall. The 'Esquisses Caucasiennes,' by H. Ivanoff, of whom no certain information has come to hand, were heard there on September 7, 1899.

E. Naprávnik, whose 'Romance and Fandango' were heard there on September 3, 1897, was born at Königgrätz in 1839. He was educated at the Prague Organ School during 1853–4, and, after acting as a teacher there, was appointed in 1861 Kapellmeister to Prince Yussupoff at St. Petersburg, and in 1869 conductor of the Russian Opera. From 1870 to 1882 he was Balakireff's successor as conductor of the Symphony Concerts of the Musical Society. He is a distinguished pianist, conductor, and composer of several operas, &c.

S. V. Rachmanioff—whose 'Trio Elégiaque' was heard for the first time in London on February 22, 1898, at a concert given by Herr Walenn, and whose pianoforte concerto (Op. 1) was performed by Miss Evlyn Suart at the Queen's Hall on October 4, 1900—was born at Novgorod in 1873, and studied under Siloti and Arensky at the Moscow Conservatoire, where he won the great gold medal in 1891. He has composed an opera ('Aleko'), a pianoforte concerto, a trio élégiaque, and other works.

Rimsky-Korsakoff was represented at the Queen's Hall by his overture 'La Nuit en Mai' on August 23, 1895; by his 'Capriccio Espagnol' on September 24, 1896; by his symphonic poem 'Scheherazade' (Op. 35) on December 5, 1896; by his dance suite from 'Mlada' on November 12, 1898; by his 'Antar' symphony, No. 2, on September 19, 1900; and by his Fantaisie Russe for violin (Ysaye) and orchestra on May 31, 1900. Of these, the dances from 'Mlada' had been previously heard, for the first time in England, on October 10, 1896, at the Crystal Palace, where also his 'Capriccio Espagnol' has figured.

Of works by A. Rubinstein (of whom we have spoken at length above) heard at the Queen's Hall may be enumerated the ballet-music from his opera 'Feramors' (September 12, 1896), his pianoforte concerto in D minor (October 12, 1898), and his pianoforte concerto in E flat (November 19, 1900).

A 'Danse Cosaque' by A. N. Seroff was brought forward at the Queen's Hall on September 15, 1897. This composer, who was born at St. Petersburg in 1820, and died there in 1871, was a lawyer by profession, and in 1850 held a government appointment in the Crimea, but soon turned wholly to music, beginning as a critic of advanced views and an adherent of Wagner. On making his *début* as a dramatic composer in 1863 with his opera 'Judith' the Czar granted him a pension. His opera 'Rogneda' (1865)

had equal good footing, and he set to work on two other dramatic works, both of which, in his zeal to complete 'Wrazyia' ('The Power of the Enemy'), he left unfinished. He was not more fortunate with this, as death overtook him while it was still incomplete. It was eventually scored by Solovieff, and on its production in 1871 became extremely popular. Following the example of Wagner, Seroff was his own librettist. He wrote music to Schiller's 'Glocke,' an 'Ave Maria' (composed in 1868 for Adelina Patti), and a 'Stabat Mater.' He lectured on music at the Universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow. As a national composer he has been said to rank next to Glinka in Russian estimation.

To complete the tale of Russian works brought forward of late years at the Queen's Hall involves the compilation of a long list of works by Tschaikowsky. Of his six symphonies, Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6 and 'Manfred' have been heard, some of them repeatedly. Among his orchestral suites we should specify Nos. 1, 2, 3, 'Casse Noisette,' and 'Mozartiana.' The list of overtures includes 'L'Orage,' 'The Year 1812,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Triomphale,' and 'Voyévode.' Among fantasias or symphonic poems we have to enumerate 'Francesca da Rimini,' 'Fatum,' 'Tempest,' 'Hamlet,' 'Caprices d'Oxane.' Two of his concertos for pianoforte and orchestra—viz. those in B flat minor and G major, and that in D for violin and orchestra, have also been heard. To these we have to add (for orchestra) the 'Capriccio Italien' (based upon Italian folk-songs which he learnt in Florence), the ballet 'Dornröschen,' the 'Marsch Slave,' a 'Fest Marsch,' and the 'Rococo' variations for violoncello and orchestra.

By way of extending, if not completing, the list of Russian works recently brought forward in England, it should be added that within the last few years Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite 'Scheherazade' (Op. 35), his suite from the opera 'Snégourotchka' ('The Snow Maiden'), Tschaikowsky's symphonies, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 (the latter repeatedly), his pianoforte concerto in B flat minor, his overture to 'Voyévode,' and that to 'Hamlet,' his suite 'Casse Noisette,' his suite No. 3 in G, have been heard at the Richter concerts in London, if not also in the provinces.

At the Crystal Palace Rimsky-Korsakoff's characteristic dances from 'Mlada,' his 'Capriccio Espagnol,' four of Tschaikowsky's six symphonies, both of his pianoforte concertos, and other works, including his suite du ballet, 'La 'Belle au Bois Dormant' (Op. 66A), have been produced.

Were we to turn our attention to chamber-music, the list might be widely enlarged. At the head of his chamber-music easily stand his three string quartetts and his trio in A minor (for pianoforte and strings), dedicated 'to the 'memory of a great artist'—viz. N. Rubinstein. The second movement of this consists of a theme and variations, in which are embodied Tschaikowsky's memories of N. Rubinstein and his musical characteristics at various periods of his life. 'It would be possible,' says M. Kashkin, 'to label 'each of these variations with an appropriate title.' That apart from pianoforte pieces, songs, &c., it is complete as it stands, we do not undertake to say.

It will be seen from the above that far more attention has been bestowed upon Tschaikowsky than upon any of his compatriots, and, we think, with good reason, for surely he towers above them all as *facile princeps*. So much more has been written in English about him than about any of his countrymen, that it seems unnecessary here to do more than sketch the outline of his artistic life. Those who are curious about him cannot do better than consult Mrs. Newmarch's book, already referred to. Besides a pretty complete sketch of his life, extracts from his 'Collected 'Writings' (for besides being a composer Tschaikowsky also worked as a musical critic) in elucidation of his musical tastes and sympathies, criticisms and descriptions of many of his works, it contains a translation of the diary of his tour abroad in 1888, now published for the first time in English. Readers of German may be recommended to consult Iwan Knorr's 'Peter Tschaikowsky,' contained in the series of 'Berühmte Musiker' (Berlin, 1900). Though he goes over much the same ground as Mrs. Newmarch has done, he adds some valuable criticisms and explanations of many of Tschaikowsky's works.

Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky (1840–93) was born at Votinsk, in the government of Viatka. His father, a mining engineer, later on moved to St. Petersburg, where he was appointed Director of the Technological Institute. The boy was educated at the School of Jurisprudence, and later on obtained a post in the Ministry of Justice. Thus, like most Russian composers, Tschaikowsky commenced his musical career as an amateur. But that he was a born musician is evidenced by the fact that while still a small child he evinced that he was endowed with that somewhat rare gift of a sense of absolute pitch, for if a note was struck on the pianoforte by another person he had no difficulty in saying

accurately what it was. He is said to have composed melodies in his head long before he knew how to write them down. A remarkable story is told of his readiness in composing by mental application only and without the aid of an instrument. On falling ill from overwork, his doctor sent him away for a change of air, and strictly enjoined him not to touch a piano or write a note of music. He obeyed this injunction in the letter, but not in the spirit. He took no music paper with him, but when he came back he had a new string quartet (that in E flat minor) thoroughly matured in his brain, and had only to write it down! As an instance of his amazing facility, it has been related that, on being commissioned by the editor of a St. Petersburg magazine to write twelve short pieces, to appear monthly, under the general title of 'The Seasons,' he, being afraid of forgetting this little commission, told his servant—who was devoted to him—to remind him when the date came round for sending off a piece. The man never forgot, and every month he used to say to his master, 'Peter Ilich, this is your day for 'sending to Petersburg.' Tschaikowsky would go to his desk, dash off the composition, and despatch it by the next post. No doubt it had already been matured in his brain. So much for his extraordinary facility, but with his greater works he spared no pains to make them as perfect as possible. While still engaged in his duties at the Ministry of Justice, Tschaikowsky joined the classes held in connexion with the Musical Society, and subsequently, without throwing over his official duties, entered the Conservatoire. Here he came under the observation of Anton Rubinstein, who at once recognised his great musical ability, and advised him to devote himself to music, and to music alone. Thus it came about that, on a Conservatoire being opened at Moscow in 1865, he was appointed to a professorship there. Here he remained until 1877, fulfilling his duties as professor, and spending all his spare time in composition. Suddenly he married, and as suddenly separated from his wife. This adventure so preyed upon his mind that for a time he was on the verge of insanity, and owed, perhaps, life and reason to the devoted care of his brother Modeste, who, as soon as he was able to travel, took him to Clarens, on the Lake of Geneva. This did much to restore his health, and after a visit to Venice he returned to his duties at the Moscow Conservatoire in the autumn of 1878. During all this time he had been hard at work on some of the most important of his compositions.

In 1880 N. Rubinstein suggested to Tschaikowsky that he should compose a *pièce d'occasion* for the consecration of the Temple of Christ in Moscow. Besides the Church Festival Rubinstein wished to organise a musical one, which should embody the events of the year 1812. Hence the composition of the work, which treats of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The composer considered it quite mediocre, having only a patriotic significance, which made it unsuitable for any but Russian concert rooms. It seems strange therefore that, next to the 'Pathetic' symphony, it should have, in London and elsewhere, become one of the most popular of this composer's works. That it should have been preferred here to his 'Francesca da Rimini'—one of the most beautiful examples of programme music ever written—seems strange indeed.

Up to about this time Tschaikowsky had been in an impoverished condition, and had been obliged to eke out a living by musical journalism. He was released from such anxiety by the generosity of an art-loving lady, whom he seems never to have met in the flesh, who towards the close of 1877 granted him an annuity of 6,000 roubles, so as to enable him to devote himself henceforth to composition alone. His gratitude to this generous benefactor finds its expression in the dedication of his fourth symphony 'To 'my best friend.'

Life in Moscow had become distasteful to him, and henceforth he mostly resided at his country house near Klin, the solitude of which suited his disposition, and was favourable to composition. Hence he made occasional excursions for the purpose of conducting his new works in Russia and elsewhere. In 1888, 1889, and 1893 he visited England at the invitation of the Philharmonic Society, at whose concerts he conducted several of his works, and on the occasion of his last visit was 'doctored' by the University of Cambridge. Returning to Klin, he went, after a rest, to Hamburg for the first performance there of his opera 'Iolanthe.' On his return home he completed his sixth and last symphony (Pathétique). Writing to a friend he says: 'I was travelling 'the whole of the summer, and only had time to instru- 'mentate the symphony which I had sketched during the 'previous winter. I shall bring it to a performance in 'Petersburg on October 16, and in Moscow on December 4. 'It seems to me that I have succeeded; at least, I have 'seldom worked at a composition with so much love and 'devotion!' It was duly performed at St. Petersburg on

the date mentioned, and was but coolly received. When, three weeks later, it was repeated by the Imperial Musical Society, the occasion was an 'In Memoriam' concert, given in honour of the composer, who in this short interval had fallen a victim to death by cholera.

This sixth and last symphony of the renowned Russian composer was first heard in England at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on February 28, 1894, and was repeated on March 14 following. Then, and wherever it has since been heard, it at once made its mark as an extraordinarily meritorious and remarkable work. Indeed, it might be spoken of as furnishing an unparalleled instance of a symphony attaining so wide a popularity within so short a period. From its qualifying title—'Pathétique'—it may fairly be inferred that it has an underlying 'programme,' and certainly it is to be regretted that its composer has not more explicitly stated what that is.

No better characterisation of Tschaikowsky as a composer has been given in a few words than that advanced by Mr. E. Dannreuther in the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' edited by the late Sir George Grove. He writes therein:—

'Tschaikowsky makes frequent use of the rhythm and tunes of Russian people's songs and dances, occasionally also of certain quaint harmonic sequences peculiar to Russian church music. His compositions, more or less, bear the impress of the Slavonic temperament—fiery exaltation on a basis of languid melancholy. He is fond of huge and fantastic outlines, of bold modulation and strongly marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns and exuberant figuration, and he delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration. His music everywhere makes the impression of genuine spontaneous originality.'

Tschaikowsky was a prolific writer and the author of no less than 104 published musical works. No wonder then that we are compelled to restrict ourselves to saying a few words about some of the most important of his works which have been brought to a hearing in England.

The symphonies claim our first attention. In regard to the performance of these, Bournemouth, strange to relate, has been more fortunate than London, for at that singularly musical and favourite seaside resort all six of them, in addition to 'Manfred,' which virtually counts as a symphony, though not so entitled, have been produced during the last two years under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, jun.

We learn from Herr Iwan Knorr's book about Tschaikowsky that his first symphony 'Winter Dreams' (Op. 13, G minor) was composed soon after his appointment to a

professorship at the Moscow Conservatoire in 1866. He writes :—

'Though the title of this work points to a poetical programme as its basis, the composer only furnished its first two movements with specific titles—viz., "Dreamings on a Winter Journey" and "Rugged Country: Cloudland." It follows the customary sonata-form. If its instrumentation does not stamp its author as a full-blown colourist, as that of his later orchestral works so amazingly has done, it betrays no signs of the uncertain hand of a beginner. Nevertheless, a certain excess of youthful ardour in the way of far-fetched modulations pervades the first movement, which, though of a melancholy and dreamy character, is the most successful of all. . . . The second movement comprises some beautiful folk-song-like motives, but from want of contrast in them is somewhat monotonous. The national element is the least apparent in the Scherzo, which belongs to a much earlier date. In his earlier orchestral works Tschaikowsky sometimes oversteps the boundary which separates power from roughness, so the Finale of this symphony in its general effect is but too often overladen with brass wind-instruments.'

Commenting upon his second symphony the same author writes :—

'The second symphony (Op. 17, C minor) may most appropriately be characterised as the "Russian." An *andante sostenuto* serves as an introduction to the first *allegro*. After a short *tutti* the horn enters with an elegiac theme, which seems to have emanated from national folk-songs.

'In the way and manner in which Tschaikowsky unceasingly illumines this theme, at one time entrusting it to the plaintive voice of the bassoon, at another to a droning orchestral *tutti*, when it is treated in canon with the boldest modulations, until at last it dies away in gentle horn-tones, it is made clear to us how valiantly the artist since his first symphony has proceeded on his way towards the attainment of pre-eminence. The terse and sharply defined quick movement, apart from its masterly form, teems with original ideas, especially as regards the song-subject, which is genuine Tschaikowsky. A remarkably effective *andantino marziale* takes the place of the usual slow movement. It consists of a fantastic march, commencing with scarcely audible drum-taps, and at the end, as if in the furthest distance, dying away into silence. It forms one of the few fragments which Tschaikowsky rescued from his early opera "Undine," the score of which he destroyed. The Scherzo is of far more importance than that of his first symphony. Brimful of life and humour, it richly abounds in harmonic and rhythmical surprises. Its highly original Trio strongly savours of genuine folk-tunes. In spite of its apparent poverty of thematic material, the Finale is remarkable for the hurried swing which bears it along. Its principal theme, which consists of four bars of a well-known folk-song, has only a single and short-breathed melody for its antitheeis.

'This Finale belongs to those of Tschaikowsky's movements which are calculated to call forth violent opposition. A certain obstinate primitive growth (Urwüchsigkeit), whose unbridled outbreaks of force are sometimes disturbing, pervades it. Nevertheless, one cannot but wonder at the skill with which Tschaikowsky, by means of surprising modulation and bold harmonisation, by artistic counterparts and dazzling orchestration, always succeeds in obtaining new effects.'

We now come to some of Tschaikowsky's works of which we have had personal experience. On the occasion of his third symphony (Op. 29, D major) being heard for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace on March 4, 1899, it was announced as 'The Polish,' a title which, Mrs. Newmarch remarks, it has 'in some mysterious way 'acquired.' We are glad to be in a position to solve the mystery. It is simply this: In the course of conversation with the composer Mr. Manns asked him whether, in consequence of the Polish rhythms which pervade it, one would not be justified in entitling it the 'Polish.' To this Tschaikowski readily acquiesced. Hence the adoption of the title given to it at the Crystal Palace. It is laid out in five movements, which include—(1) an Introduction: *Tempo di marcia funebre*, and *Allegro brillante*; (2) Alla Tedesca: *Allegro moderato e semplice* (consisting of a slow German waltz); (3) *Andante elegiaco*; (4) Scherzo: *Allegro vivo*; and (5) Finale: *Allegro con fuoco* (Tempo di Polacca). Concerning it the Russian musical critic V. V. Berezovsky writes:

'Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 3, in D, belongs to the year 1875, and is contemporary with the well-known Concerto in B flat minor for pianoforte and orchestra, and the Sérénade Mélancolique for violin and orchestra. It is distinguished from his first two symphonies by the completely Western character of its music, which partly reflects the spirit of Schumann and partly the brilliance of the French school.'

Besides objecting to its title 'Polish,' Mrs. Newmarch demurs to the statement put forward in the Crystal Palace programme book of the day that 'to those who like to attach 'a poetical meaning to all the music they hear, it may there-'fore be suggested that this symphony treats of Poland 'mourning in her oppression and rejoicing in her regenera-'tion,' on the ground that there is not enough that is genuinely Polish in the musical material of the work to justify this assumption or the title which it has received. On the ground that one of its movements is headed 'Alla 'Tedesca,' she argues that it might just as well be called

ART. VII.—1. *La Macédoine.* La Question Macédonienne dans l'Antiquité, au Moyen Age et dans la Politique Actuelle. Par le Dr. CLEANTHES NICOLAÏDES. Berlin: J. Raede, 1899.

2. *Turkey in Europe.* By 'ODYSSEUS.' London: Ed. Arnold, 1900.

'LA MACÉDOINE' is a work containing a great deal of useful information about the past and present condition of Macedonia. But the usefulness of the book is somewhat marred by its polemical tone. In spite of the author's reiterated protests to the contrary, the reader feels in every page that the book is at once an answer to and an attack against theories and claims put forward in other books. M. Cleanthes Nicolaïdes writes as a patriotic Greek, and his work, as an able exposition of the views of patriotic Greeks on Macedonia, is of great interest; but it should not be forgotten that there are equally interesting treatises on the subject by patriotic Bulgarians, Servians, and Roumanians, all of whom write ably and convincingly—each from their own particular point of view.

Far superior in every respect is the work which stands second on our list at the head of this article. 'Turkey in 'Europe' bears the stamp of a mind not only thoroughly familiar with its subject, but conscientiously impartial in the treatment of it. We have seldom read a book on Turkey indicating so minute an acquaintance with the country and all phases of its life, private as well as political, accompanied by so wide a sympathy with all classes of its inhabitants. This is especially true of those parts of the work in which the author deals with the actual condition of Turkey. His keen observation and many-sided experience enable him to present a picture both striking and suggestive, and illumined by flashes of humour which, though often unexpected, are never felt to be forced. Our praise of the purely historical chapters, however, must be somewhat qualified. In his sketch of the former relations of the Christian races among themselves the author, it seems to us, allows himself occasionally to be influenced by the statements of prejudiced or interested writers, and such are the majority of those who have treated of the subject. His estimate of the Greek Church, for instance, is, in our opinion, unduly severe and utterly at variance with the feelings of reverence and gratitude entertained towards it by its own members—feelings

which would hardly have existed had the Church been, as the author maintains, a willing tool of oppression in the hands of the Sultans. It is the fashion among the various anti-Greek propagandas to decry the attitude of the Greek Church under the Turkish dominion, but we should scarcely have expected a writer of the sagacity and usual fairness of 'Odysseus' to be misled by the one-sided statements of obvious opponents. Again, as a rare instance of omission might be mentioned the author's silence on the curious and interesting sect of the Dolmes, or Jewish converts to Mohammedanism, of whom there are several thousands in Adrianople, Salonica, and other parts of the Ottoman Empire. However, these minor defects do not detract from the value of the work as a whole, and those who are best qualified to pronounce an opinion will, we feel certain, be the readiest to acknowledge its great merits. The chapters bearing on Albania and Macedonia are particularly valuable, owing to the importance of those provinces and the comparative scarcity of trustworthy information concerning them.

Macedonia and Albania are the two great centres of unrest in the European portion of the Sultan's dominions, and whenever the Eastern drama is opened again it is pretty safe to prophesy that the first scene will be enacted in one or other of those provinces. That such an event is not very distant is a matter upon which few people acquainted with the Near East have any doubts. Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his speech before the Foreign Committee of the Hungarian Delegation on May 22, emphasised the gravity of the situation, and his utterances were everywhere considered as a proof that the state of things in the Balkan Peninsula is more critical than is generally supposed. This view is corroborated by the testimony of many competent witnesses, such as the Vienna correspondent of the 'Times,' whose recent letters lay stress on the dangers arising from the disorganisation prevalent in the Macedonian and Albanian vilayets.

Of the two provinces Macedonia seems to us to afford the more serious cause of apprehension. Maladministration has there reached its high-watermark. The economic exhaustion of the country is only equalled by the moral degradation of its inhabitants. Rebellion or utter ruin is the only alternative left to a population groaning under a yoke of almost unparalleled severity. That recourse has not yet been had to rebellion is chiefly due to the fact that

Macedonia is a house divided against itself. Heartily as the Christian races hate their common oppressor, they would rather be ruined by him than agree on a common plan of action. This intensity of racial antipathy and antagonism and the number of the rival races are precisely the features which lend such a peculiar interest to the study of Macedonia, as compared with Albania, and render it a source of grave peril to the peace of Eastern Europe.

It is the object of the present article to set forth the situation briefly, both in its administrative and in its political aspects, as it impresses observers who have recently had the opportunity of studying the Macedonian problem on the spot. We shall begin by describing the evils arising from misgovernment, and then proceed to discuss the relative position of the subject races towards each other and towards their masters.

First and foremost among the causes which have reduced the people of Macedonia to their present state of slow starvation must rank taxation. Official information on this root of all evil is naturally unobtainable; but it is possible on the spot to gather important details on the subject from the taxpayers themselves; and the conclusion forced upon us, after carefully sifting and comparing the evidence, is that the Macedonian farmer, under the most favourable conditions, cannot expect to enjoy more than one-third of the fruits of his labour. The rest goes to the payment of taxes.* These taxes, heavy though they are, as seen on

* How great is this burden can be dimly realised from the following table, which does not pretend to be an exhaustive list by any means:—

For exemption from military service (*Bidel askerieh*): 37½ piastres, paid by each male.

For repair of roads (*Yol parassi*): 16 piastres per head.

On personal industry (*Tedjeret*): 5 per cent. on income.

On real property: Buildings (*Imlak*), 4 per thousand on value. Land, 2 piastres per stremma (= 1,600 sq. metres).

If the buildings on the land are let out, the proprietor pays double the above.

Tithe: This tax varies from 10 to 15 per cent., according to kind, the average being 12½ per cent., and reaches its height of iniquity in the case of vines; first, a duty of 12½ per cent. is levied on the grapes, then 15 per cent. on the wine pressed therefrom, and, lastly, an additional impost of 15 per cent. has to be paid for the arrack distilled from the skins of the same grapes. So it really amounts to 42½ per cent.

Further, an export duty of 8 per cent. is levied on all kinds transferred from one district to another.

paper, are further aggravated by the thousand and one methods of extortion so well known to the Turkish tax-gatherer and tithe-farmer.

The military tax, which is but another name for the obsolete capitation tax (*Kharadj*), theoretically applies only to those Christian males who are able to bear arms. The age limit is from fifteen to seventy. But, as though this were not enough, every Christian male is made to pay the tax from the moment of his birth to that of his death, and even after. The way in which the impost is levied is very characteristic: the number of houses of a certain village is multiplied by 5, the total thus obtained is divided by 2, and one-half is taken as representing the male population. This number is again multiplied by 37½, and the result arrived at in this delightfully primitive fashion represents in piastres the lump sum which the village must pay annually in order to obtain exemption from a service into which no Christian is allowed to enter. The same method, or want of method, applies to the assessment of all taxes alike.

The road-tax is a substitute for the *corvée* of olden times. It is regularly collected, but never devoted to its avowed object. Roads, in the civilised sense of the term, are unknown in Macedonia. Goat tracks and river beds are the usual equivalents. Indeed, road and river often are convertible terms, as the road of to-day is often the river of to-morrow, and *vice versa*. Bridges are only suffered to exist in the shape of picturesque ruins. Floods are the inseparable companions of spring, and not unfrequently they sweep away whole villages, which have to be rebuilt every year.

The tax on industry was established with the view of

All the above taxes were increased by an addition of 6 per cent. since 1900.

Of minor duties on produce need only be mentioned the weighing fee of ½ piastre per load of 100 okes.

On live stock (*Djileb parassi*): ranging between 2 and 6 piastres per head of cattle.

Education tax: 2 per cent. on income.

To these must be added the ecclesiastical taxes, or bishop's rates (*Despotikoi phoroi*), the principal of them being a duty of 15 piastres per 'married couple.'

The piastre is equal to a little over 2*d.*, and the Turkish pound (*lira*) to about 18*s.*, but their real value, in view of the extreme scarcity of either coin, is considerably greater than that of the English equivalents.

furnishing a fund for the erection of public works. In point of fact it is generally appropriated by the local officials as compensation for the arrears due to them by the Treasury. It is assessed by an arbitrary estimate of the individual's income, and varies according to the humour of the collector. The same remark holds true with regard to the valuation of real property. A little transaction coming under our personal observation threw considerable light on the ways and means by which those who can afford it may be let off. An individual, for whose veracity we can vouch, had just built a cottage at Salonica worth about £T300. One morning there came a message couched in these obliging terms: 'Dear Sir,—Would you like to have your house 'appraised at £T150?' The owner naturally enough answered that he had no objection to such an arrangement. Soon after the *Moukhtar* appeared, and smilingly said that it could be done for a consideration. A bargain ensued, and the owner, by paying down £T1 to the collector, saved himself £T$\frac{3}{4}$ per annum for all time. From this instance one can form an idea as to the scale on which systematic fraud must be carried on. It can safely be asserted that wealthy men suffer least from extortion. It is the small freeholder who, being too poor to offer a satisfactory bakshish, is usually made to pay for the sins of his betters.

It would be both tedious and superfluous to multiply examples of extortion on the one hand and corruption on the other. A few figures will suffice to render the independent farmer's position clear:—

Tithe	12½ per cent.
Imperial taxes . . .	15 ,,
Export duty	8 ,,
	35½

It must be noted that the tithe is invariably raised to 25 per cent. and more by the tax-farmers. These worthies often refuse to accept payment in kind, and appraise the crop—while still standing in the field—with a keen eye to their own interest. If the owner protests, and refuses to capitulate, they go away, leaving the produce exposed to the mercy of the weather, until the peasant is brought round to a more practical view of the situation. The inevitable bakshish helps to raise the other figures in like manner, so that it would be nearer the truth if we estimated the farmer's liabilities at 70 per cent. of his income.

Thus fares the freeholder. The landless tenant is even worse off. He generally works on what is technically known as the metayer system. That is, he pays either one-half or one-third of the produce—according to agreement—to his landlord, who in the vast majority of cases is a Turkish Bey or Agha. The estimation of the crop is left entirely to the landlord's clemency. The latter, when harvest is just over, makes his appearance on the *tchiflik*, accompanied by a body of armed satellites, and proceeds to lay hands on as much of the produce as he chooses to consider himself entitled to. Protests and prayers are unavailing. The peasant, next to eternal punishment, dreads nothing so much as this day of reckoning with his earthly master. Necessity has sharpened his wits, and he often exhibits a marvellous fertility in the invention of expedients. The use of underground cellars is not unknown to him. Nor is he blind to the advantage of a swift-footed steed capable of carrying some portion of his hard-earned crop out of harm's way. But fortune does not always favour the efforts of genius. Besides, Turkish landlords, like H.M. school inspectors, have an embarrassing partiality for 'surprise visits,' and the unfortunate peasant is at the best content if he has managed to conceal enough to keep himself and his family on short commons through the winter. What really tries his ingenuity to the utmost is the all-absorbing need to provide as much as will satisfy the tax-gatherer, and, tossed as he is from pillar to post, he often has to appeal to the local authorities to come and claim the tax before the landlord's arrival. He knows that of the two the latter is the lesser evil. The landlord will flog him, but cannot put him in prison, whereas the tax-gatherer can do both.

It would hardly be overdrawing the picture if the proceedings were described as a lively game at football in which the peasant stands for the ball, while the tax-gatherer and the landlord, with their respective myrmidons, figure as the rival teams. By the time the match is over both sides are rather the worse for the scrimmage, but neither is in half as pitiable a plight as the much-kicked human ball.

The time when taxes fall due is, according to official regulations, the month of March—the beginning of the financial year. But in this, as in everything else, custom, or rather caprice, runs counter to law. At any time of the year the peasant is liable to be pounced upon for payment at the shortest possible notice or without any notice at all.

The cruelty and savage disregard for decency which attend these erratic visitations are sometimes impressed with painful vividness upon the English traveller. Last autumn the scene of the drama was Nigrita, a small but comparatively prosperous township in South Macedonia. The district, thanks to its position in an open plain, is little infested with brigands, and, as it is entirely inhabited by Christians, it enjoys a greater measure of comfort and freedom than falls to the lot of places with a mixed population. The *Mudir* and his few dependents, having found by experience that self-effacement often conduces to harmony, leave the people alone. The absence of the Turk was evident in the character of the inhabitants—in their open and cheerful countenances; in their unconstrained and vigorous movements; and especially in the genial and unaffected manner, equally free from adulation and from suspicion, in which they exercised their hospitality.

It was the season of the vintage, and the peasants were employed in gathering their grapes and enjoying in anticipation the pleasures of the juice 'that maketh glad the 'heart of man,' when one day a rumour suddenly spread through the village that the *Taxildars*, or tax-gatherers, had arrived at Serres, the seat of the Moutessarif of the district, and would on the next morning but one be at Nigrita. The effect of the news was instantaneous. All joy vanished at once, and a dark shadow seemed to have fallen over the place. It was the shadow of the vulture hanging over its prey.

The mayor summoned the council of the notables in haste, and they set about drawing up the lists of taxes and assigning to each individual his rightful share. It was a sad, yet somewhat amusing picture that those twelve red-capped, spectacled old men presented, as they sat cross-legged in a ring upon a mat spread under the shadow of the church belfry. Two young men volunteered to assist the elders in their work as secretaries. The registers were produced and opened upon two empty petroleum cases, which served as tables. The name of each householder was read out, his financial position was discussed, the sum deemed his due was marked down, and in default of blotting paper was dried with sand picked up from the ground. In this fashion they continued their work for hour after hour, shifting their mat as the sun shifted his position in the sky, so as to keep in the shade. A short interval was allowed for a frugal midday meal, moistened with new wine,

and then back to work again: time and taxes wait for no man.

It was all done in such a brisk and businesslike manner, with so strong a sense of the leniency due to age or physical deformity, and withal with so perfect good humour, that it was impossible not to admire, while pitying, those rustic members of a rustic parliament. No sooner had this 'council of elders' concluded its labours than the Taxildars arrived with a strong force of *gendarmerie*. Those of the inhabitants who had been unable to get the money ready at the notice given had to suffer for their remissness. The prisons were crammed with such ill-fated mortals, while the narrow streets of the village rang with the cries of others dragged thither to the accompaniment of blows and the cracking of the whip. The cattle of some, the mules of others were seized and confiscated. Those who had neither cattle nor mules were mercilessly robbed of their household goods and chattels. Neither the maiden's trousseau—the loved labour of many a long winter's night—nor the family meal tub was spared. Over and above this misery the men-at-arms were quartered upon the peasants, had the best of everything, and in return beat their hosts and insulted their wives and daughters. Finally, not content with this, they claimed a backshish before they could be induced to depart.

The picture would not be complete without a reference to the uncleanly troop of Jewish brokers and money-lenders who, like a flock of carrion crows following in the wake of an army marching to battle, accompanied the Taxildars in the hope of an easy prey. Nor were they disappointed. Besides the confiscated property, which was put up to sale and disposed of for an old song, many a farmer was forced by the urgency of the case to part with his crop at a nominal price. The Jew's ready cash was for the farmer the only means of retaining his liberty, and those who know what a Turkish prison is will hardly wonder at the peasant's anxiety to keep out of it at any cost.

What is the return made to the peasant for all the suffering he undergoes in order to pay his taxes? Simply nil. A tax, as has been stated before, is never spent on the amelioration of the condition of those who pay it. The sums collected, after having passed through various hands and helped to feather various official nests, reach the Treasury so diminished that they barely suffice to defray the current expenses of the Government. Such money as can

be spared is devoted to the strengthening of the military position of the Empire, upon which the whole fabric of Turkish tyranny ultimately rests. A look around the country is enough to satisfy any one that the Sultan is fully alive to the importance of a well-appointed and efficient army. Signs of extraordinary military activity are visible everywhere since the last Greek war. Old garrisons are reinforced and new ones created. The army has been supplied with Mausers; barracks and military hospitals crop up in unusual numbers, and by a peculiarly hard irony of fate they are built with the money of the Christians. So called 'Voluntary Contributions' are the order of the day. Every one has to contribute to the utmost of his ability, the alternative being imprisonment and flogging. Thus the slaves are forced to rivet the chains by which their own slavery is perpetuated.

The results of this criminal misuse of what in happier lands is considered a public trust are obvious to the least intelligent traveller. Want of means of communication and want of security have stunted production. Commerce languishes under the bane of heavy customs, which prohibit exportation and encourage foreign imports. Mines and quarries remain unexploited, and the earth is condemned to guard its treasures while the inhabitants are starving. On a rough computation one half of the soil formerly cultivated is now forced to lie fallow, while the produce of the other half in the presence of foreign competition hardly yields one half of the former profit. In travelling through the country the eye is everywhere met by the saddening sight of deforested mountains and of broad plains which, to judge from the luxuriant growth of the weeds which flourish on them, could easily be made to support three or four times the actual population. Bogs and marshes stretch unchecked over miles of land which, with ordinary drainage, could be turned into arable soil, instead of being, as it is, the prolific nursery of pestilential microbes and malaria. Scarcity of capital encourages usury, and the peasant proprietor, after one or two bad years, sinks to the level of a pauper.

Robbery is another cause of impoverishment. The peasant is plundered not only by professional brigands and outlaws, but by the very persons who are paid to protect him. No sooner is he out of sight of the *karakol*, or wayside guard station, where he has been forced to leave part of the produce which he carries to market, than he is as likely as not to fall in with some of the numerous gangs of Albanian

ruffians who, armed to the teeth, roam about the country in search of booty. To these must be added the bands of Wallachian shepherds, a nomad population who also enjoy the freedom of the plains. But the most serious and most constant danger to the peasant's peace are the many settlements of *Mooadjirs*, or Mohammedan refugees from the various emancipated States of the Balkans, who migrated into Macedonia from time to time, and who live by cattle-lifting, horse-stealing, and murder. Not unfrequently these gentry act in collusion with the Turkish landowners. One day an Englishman's muleteer left him in the middle of the road, saying that he had some business to transact with an Agha, or Turkish landed proprietor, in the neighbourhood. Soon after he returned, and, on being asked, explained that he had been to negotiate with the Agha for the return of two horses of his which had been stolen a few nights back. The Agha, of course, denied that he knew anything about the matter, but at the same time he hinted pretty clearly that he might possibly be able to recover the animals for the muleteer, adding that £T 6 would not be an exorbitant compensation for his trouble. He finally consented to accept £T 4, and the next morning, sure enough, the horses were restored to the owner by the Agha's own groom, who pretended that he had been obliged to look for them all over the country, and claimed a backshish for his trouble. It would be impossible to imagine an English squire of the present day acting in the same manner, though on the Borders hardly more than two centuries ago such a tale would not have been incredible.

However, all these grievances wax pale before the terrible pest of brigandage, which has done more than anything else to bring the country to its present state of desolation. Many are yearly driven to the mountains by the tyranny of the Turkish landlords, others seek in them a refuge from the clutches of Turkish officialdom, while not a few embrace the brigand's career from sheer love of independence. 'Better 'one day's freedom than forty years of slavery and prison' is a popular maxim very frequently acted upon. The hope of speedy enrichment is also an attraction which goes far to minimise the risks of mountain life, while the slothfulness and the venality of the authorities inspire the brigand with the assurance of impunity. The ranks of these free agents of evil are further swelled by the creatures of the revolutionary committees who profess to be actuated by motives of pure patriotism, without, however, disdaining to

combine with them the pursuit of less ideal objects. The districts near the frontiers, affording as they do greater facilities for escape, are those most commonly infested with brigand bands, but there is hardly any part of Macedonia quite free from the scourge. Their activity begins with the return of spring, and for six or seven months in the year no man worth robbing dares travel in the interior. As a rule the greatest precautions are taken by travellers to keep their movements secret, and mounted gendarmes or private armed attendants are constantly employed. It can easily be understood that under the circumstances agriculture and commerce are extremely precarious occupations. The Turkish landlords are able to protect themselves, because they are armed, while the Christians, who are forbidden to carry arms, are at the mercy of every ruffian. The wealthier of them are forced to entrust the management of their farms to bailiffs, and are often satisfied if they receive one half of their income. Smaller proprietors, who are obliged to reside on the spot, do so in perpetual terror, and only save themselves by paying tribute to the brigands.

Brigandage is not in all cases a regular lifelong pursuit. Many resort to the mountains for a change from the monotony of the plains. The brigand of one day not unfrequently is a farmer the next, and a brigand again on the third. These amateur scoundrels are more difficult to deal with than their professional competitors, but, provided they are wise enough to enter into an agreement with the authorities before they leave the spade for the musket, they enjoy the same measure of immunity from persecution.

You hear casually, for instance, from a muleteer, how his friend had been sent to prison for having left his field in order to join 'a party got up for a short expedition.' Their operations were crowned with a success which they did not deserve. A rich merchant fell into their hands. They held him to ransom, and, having divided the spoil in a friendly way, they each returned to their homes and resumed their everyday occupations. But unfortunately they had counted without their host. In other words, they had forgotten to square the authorities, and the latter thought it was a good opportunity of doing a stroke of cheap justice. The others got wind of the danger and made good their escape; but the friend was surprised by the gendarmes in his field, taken to Salonica, tried, and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. To the comment that it was a pity his friend had not taken the authorities into his confidence,

the reply came at once, 'It was foolish of him, but then, 'you see, he was young and new to the business. He will 'know better next time.'

These words contain the key to the situation. Reciprocal benefit is the basis of this unholy alliance between the guardians of the law and its sworn enemies. It pays the authorities to connive at and even to encourage brigandage in two ways: first, it is a direct source of revenue, as they get a percentage of the profits; secondly, it affords them opportunities for squeezing money out of the peasants. An accusation of complicity can be brought against any one who has the wherewithal to buy himself off. If intimidation fails, torture is employed until the victim is forced to prove his innocence by the only argument to which the Turk is ever willing to listen. For this reason, although troops may be found stationed in all the principal centres, the brigands are seldom molested.

The causes of this phenomenal state of things are not far to seek. It should be remembered that posts in the Government service are, as a general rule, purchased. The usual course for a place-hunter is to betake him to the capital and spend some time looking about for a patron. When he has succeeded in his quest he proceeds to open negotiations with him for the place for which he deems himself specially qualified, or, indeed, for any place that happens to be on sale. The place found, he steps into it, and henceforth his only care is how to make by it enough money to satisfy the claims of his patron and his own cupidity. In this manner a numerous and daily increasing bureaucracy of needy and greedy employés is recruited.

Needless to say that justice under the circumstances simply means the survival of the richest, and that a lawsuit generally ends in a trial of rival purses, the longest invariably carrying the day. The all-pervading nature of official corruptibility was never brought so vividly home to the writer as when one day he had a public functionary introduced to him as 'the only man in the Sultan's service who 'had never been known to "eat money,"' that being the local phrase for accepting a bribe. The astonishing part of it was that the man, instead of resenting the doubtful compliment, acknowledged it with a smile which plainly showed how far he deserved it. But let us try to be just to these creatures of a system corrupt beyond redemption. The fault is not wholly theirs, and great sinners as they are they are more sinned against than sinning. From the

highest to the lowest they all are robbed at headquarters, and are, therefore, forced by sheer instinct of self-preservation to rob those over whom an impartial Providence has ordained that they should rule. Even when they do receive their salary it is curtailed by a percentage deducted as a 'voluntary contribution' towards the needs of the Treasury.

Institutions which in other countries are regarded as unalloyed blessings are in Turkey turned into instruments of oppression and extortion. Such is, for instance, the Post Office. All letters committed to the official messengers who carry on the postal service in the interior of the country are opened and minutely examined. This process is repeated at every station through which the letter has to pass, and by the time it has reached its destination it is reduced to such a state of dilapidation as to be valueless. The accidents to which a packet is liable are in direct ratio to the value of its contents. If it contains money or money's worth, the chances against its safe arrival are multiplied in proportion to the amount. It is infinitely worse if the Turkish official's eye has detected, or thought that it has detected, some treasonable allusion in a letter. In that case both sender and recipient are immediately arrested as suspects and—held to ransom. There are numerous instances of persons sentenced to long periods of imprisonment and exile, on no better evidence than that supplied by an ambiguous or careless phrase in a letter, and still more common are the cases where such an accusation is brought forward simply as a pretext for extortion.

Whatever the Turk does and whatever he leaves undone, they both lead to the conclusion that his object is to kill the goose which lays the golden egg, and the only wonder is that he has not yet succeeded in attaining his end. An old farmer, with the shrewdness peculiar to his class, summed up the whole situation in these words: 'The Sultan, sir,' said he, shaking his grizzled head in despondency, 'is just like a 'bad tenant who knows that he will soon be turned out of 'his estate, and so tries to make the most of his opportunities. 'He will fell and burn down so long as he has a chance. 'What does it matter to him whether he ruins the estate, 'since he will have to clear out one of these days?' The old farmer in these words echoed the sentiments shared by all his fellow-countrymen. These people have lived for more than four hundred years on the hope that every spring will witness the tyrant's departure. It is this hope which enables them to bear the crushing weight of their many

wrongs, and surely no class of people ever stood in greater need of a sustaining hope than the peasants of Macedonia.

We have hitherto endeavoured to draw a faithful picture of the poverty, the oppression, and the thousand and one different ways by which the Christians are made to feel the bitterness of the slave's lot. The principal causes of the material exhaustion of the country may be briefly recapitulated as follows: a wretchedly framed and more wretchedly administered fiscal system; a corrupt and indolent bureaucracy; want of justice, of security, and of means of communication. To these evils must be added the moral degradation arising from the social subjection in which the Christian is held, from the insults heaped upon him at the least provocation, and from the high-handed insolence which always marks the Turk in his dealings with those whom he considers as so much property entrusted to him by Allah. The discontent which results from this state of unmitigated misery is intense, all the more so because it has to be pent up within the bosoms of the sufferers, and is not allowed any of those outlets which in other countries serve as safety-valves to popular indignation. Nor is it confined to Macedonia. The traveller sees eloquent signs of it in every part of the Sultan's dominions, and everywhere it is a source of danger not to be ignored. But in Macedonia this danger is further accentuated by the fact that the animosity nourished by the subject races against the tyrant is equalled, if not surpassed, by the hatred of those races for each other. Racial and politicial antagonism is at the bottom of this hatred which finds expression in the relations of everyday life, in mutual recriminations and denunciations to the authorities, no less than in frequent outbursts of open hostility.

The Turkish Government fosters this antipathy to the utmost of its ability. Its policy seems to be based on the principle *divide et impera*, and it misses no opportunity of encouraging a division calculated to weaken its adversaries. Since the schism by which the Bulgarians cut themselves off from the communion of the Greek Church, in 1870, religious fanaticism has been added to the previous racial antagonism between Slav and Hellene, and the Porte makes excellent use of this new factor in the Macedonian problem. By granting now and again to the Bulgarian Exarch the right of establishing schismatic bishoprics in important centres it advances Bulgarian interests at the expense of the Greek. At other times it pursues an opposite course

and enables the Greeks to score off the Bulgarians. The Servians and the Roumanians also come in for an occasional mark of favour, to the disgust of the others. In a word, the Porte's programme is to play off one race against another, and, by judiciously throwing a timely faggot into the fire, to keep the heat of hostility among the Christian elements at a convenient height.

This state of antagonism is of comparatively recent growth. There was a time when all the Christian races under the Sultan lived in perfect harmony. The names of Greek and Bulgarian, of Servian and Roumanian were unknown, and all national designations were sunk in the one name *Roum*, just as all national distinctions were sunk in a common allegiance to the orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople. This ecclesiastic was regarded by the Turkish Government as the spiritual head of all the Christian subjects (*rayahs*), irrespective of origin or language, and was held responsible for their good behaviour. The Christians, on their part, looked upon the Patriarch as a common father and common guardian of their rights, in the same way as they looked upon the Sultan as their common tyrant. It is to the credit of the Greek Church that, in spite of the extraordinary opportunities for national amalgamation and absorption which it possessed, it never attempted to rob any of the races within its pale of their language and their national character. It insisted on the Bible being read in the original tongue, but that was due to the conservative spirit common to the Western no less than the Eastern portions of the Catholic Church, and not to any political motive. Had it abused its spiritual authority for the attainment of temporal ends, there would be no Macedonian question now, except in so far as the relations between Christian and Mohammedan are concerned. Thus for many a long century there was no national difference to set one Christian against another. They all lived at peace with each other, bound together by common interests and common hatreds. But there came a day when these bonds were rent asunder. This was the day on which one province after another gained its independence. Emancipation awoke the national sentiment and the desire for expansion. As none of the new-born States had been allowed to embrace within their frontiers the whole of their respective races, they all began to strive towards extending to the brethren left in slavery the blessings of liberty which they themselves had tasted. The Greeks naturally considered the work of inde-

pendence incomplete so long as the majority of their fellow-countrymen remained under the Turkish yoke. The Bulgarians had also reason to claim several thousands of Slavs beyond the boundaries of their principality, and so had the Servians. This legitimate ambition gradually gave birth to a number of propagandas, each bent on arousing the national sentiment and strengthening the interests of their several races.

To the Bulgarian and Servian propagandas in Macedonia was later added a Roumanian mission with a similar end in view. What business the Roumanians really have in Macedonia is a mystery to the uninitiated. The geographical position of Roumania precludes the hypothesis that she aspires to territorial expansion in that direction. The only possible explanation of Roumanian activity in Macedonia is that she wants to establish claims on the country, that she may have on the day of the distribution of prizes something to offer in exchange for acquisitions nearer home. But, be the motive what it may, the fact remains that the Roumanians, though less successful than the other aspirants, are equally energetic in their efforts to create a strong Roumanian interest in Macedonia. The Koutzo-Wallachian communities scattered over parts of Macedonia (chiefly in the west and south-west) are claimed by them as members of their own race. But the relationship, doubtful at the best, seems to be all on one side. The Koutzo-Wallachs, with some few exceptions, stoutly refuse to recognise any ties of blood between themselves and the inhabitants of Roumania. The origin of these tribes, which speak an idiom closely akin to Latin and largely mixed with Greek, and which have led from time immemorial a normal shepherd's life, is an historic puzzle better left to the investigations of the learned. What concerns the political student is the fact that no effort of the Roumanian propaganda has as yet succeeded in evoking the faintest echo of responding enthusiasm or sympathy on their part. The Koutzo-Wallachs have indignantly repudiated any connexion with the Roumanian 'brethren' across the Danube, and have emphatically declared their intention to remain faithful to the cause of Hellenism, which their fathers had espoused, and with which they have always identified themselves. The Roumanian propaganda founded schools and churches in various parts of the country, but it soon found itself compelled either to close them for lack of students and congregations or to support them at a cost out of all proportion to the results attained. We may, therefore,

dismiss the Roumanian factor from the problem as of little or no practical value.

The Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Servians, however, cannot be dismissed so easily. Their claims are real, and recognised by very respectable portions of the population of Macedonia. It is between them that the struggle for supremacy has reached its highest pitch. Had they each confined themselves to separate spheres of exertion, there would have been no cause for collision. Unfortunately they have not always been willing to limit their activity within definite bounds, and in some cases they have found it impossible to do so. Both Servians and Bulgarians, and more especially the latter, have long entertained the ambition of reaching the Ægean Sea, and in their endeavours to accomplish that end they naturally clash against each other, and only agree in ignoring the rights of the Greeks, who stand in the way. Hence a state of perpetual and passionate rivalry between Slav and Slav on one hand and Slav and Hellene on the other. Apart from this chief cause of enmity the geographical distribution, or rather interfusion, of the various nationalities renders the work of impartial separation of interests extremely difficult. However, after a careful and cautious examination of the ingredients of this seething hodge-podge of races and languages known as Macedonia, it is possible to arrive at some more or less clear idea as to their relative positions in the cauldron.

Discarding the administrative division of the country into vilayets, and looking upon it as an entire unit, including the territory bounded in by the Bulgarian and Servian frontiers on the north, with the ridge of Mount Schar on the north-west, by Albania and Epirus on the west, by Thessaly and the Ægean Sea on the south, and by Thrace and Eastern Roumelia on the east, we get the province generally called Macedonia and administratively consisting of the vilayets of Salonica and Monastir, and the Sandjak of Uskub, which belongs to the vilayet of Kossovo. This appears to us to be the most moderate delimitation of the province, although some authorities would have the Vardar for its western frontier, while others would include the whole of the vilayet of Kossovo in it. Having accepted the above as the boundaries of the province, let us now proceed to form some idea as to the way in which the various nationalities are distributed over the area included within those boundaries.

For this purpose Macedonia may be divided into three parallel zones—south, middle, and north. The first comprises the strip which extends along the littoral to the Gulf of Salonica and the territory adjacent to Thessaly in the south and Epirus in the west. This is the only district occupied by a homogeneous population, and is purely Hellenic. The corresponding zone in the north is Slav, the Bulgarian element preponderating in the eastern and the Servian in the western portions of it. The intermediate zone, which forms the central third of the province, may be considered as debateable ground. It is in this zone that a truceless strife between Slav and Hellene is waged with unremitting vigour.

In point of numbers the two parties are fairly well balanced, but, owing to their geographical position, they are so hopelessly intermingled that the labour of separating and sorting them would baffle the efforts of the astutest statesman and drive to despair the most industrious ethnologist. Language is not always a criterion of nationality, as there are many Bulgarian-speaking districts which yet side with the Greeks. The inhabitants of these districts regard themselves as Hellenes by descent, and account for their loss of the Hellenic speech by pointing out that circumstances had obliged them to adopt the language of the Slav labourers whom they employed under the Byzantine Empire, or of those who had been afterwards pressed into the service by the Turkish landlords. This theory is certainly countenanced by an impartial comparison of the two races. The Bulgarian is a bad linguist, and must have found it extremely difficult to master Greek, while for the keen-witted Greek it was an easy task to learn the language of the men with whom business transactions brought him into daily contact. The Bulgarian imposed his language by sheer force of stolidity, while the Greek lost his by reason of his versatility. Similar conditions produced a similar effect on the Christian populations of Asia Minor. Both Greeks and Armenians there speak generally Turkish, and, were it not for their religion, they might easily be mistaken for Turks. An examination of the physical characteristics of the inhabitants of such districts also tends to convince one that this explanation, in some cases at least, is more than plausible. The sharp delicate features of the Greek, though Bulgarian-speaking, peasant easily distinguish him from his less handsome and less intelligent neighbour. As an instance of this class of

districts may be mentioned the Kazza of Yenidjé, to the west of Salonica. The peasantry of that district, though using the Bulgarian language in everyday life, still support Greek schools and will have none but a Greek education for their children. On the other hand it is worthy of notice that there is no Greek-speaking population anywhere entertaining the slightest wish to identify itself with the Bulgarians by adducing a similar or any other argument in explanation of its use of Greek speech. The Greek language, wherever it is spoken, may therefore be taken as a conclusive proof of the national sentiment of the people, though the reverse, as has been stated, does not always hold. In other districts again one finds the Bulgarian language predominating in the open country, whereas Greek is the language generally spoken in the chief towns. Melenik, which lies on the very line indicated as forming the southern frontier of the indisputably Slav zone, is a case in point. In the country around the town one hears nothing but Bulgarian, while the town itself is almost as purely Greek as Athens, and the upper class of the inhabitants boasts direct descent from the Byzantine aristocracy. The dialect of this, as of several other districts, is an evidence of the general predominance of the Slav element among the agricultural classes, in contradistinction to the city population. The names of cereals and of agricultural implements, for instance, are mostly Bulgarian, while all words referring to the pursuits of town life are Greek. Occupation is also in many cases an index to nationality. The husbandman is often of Slav, the tradesman of Hellenic descent.

In towns like Nevrokop, to the north-east, and Petritz, to the south-west of Melenik, the two elements are mixed, and it is in such places that an insight can be gained into the fierceness of the antagonism between the two parties. Allegiance to the Greek Patriarch or to the Bulgarian Exarch forms the distinctive badge of either nationality, and the racial feud is identified with and intensified by difference in religious views. Last autumn, at Petritz, when the feast of the Panaghia, or Holy Virgin, the chief local festival, was approaching, the inhabitants were preparing to celebrate it with the usual *éclat*. There are two churches in the town. One of them has remained in the hands of the Greek, or Patriarch's, party, while the other has passed into the possession of the Bulgarian adherents of the Exarch. To the latter church is also attached the cemetery which once was the common burial-ground of the inhabitants. Since

the split of the community into two hostile factions the Bulgarians have ceased frequenting the open space where the festival used to be celebrated, and insist on holding their revels in the churchyard. The Greeks regarded this as an insult to the remains of their fathers buried therein, and hence originated a disturbance only quelled by the timely interference of the police. Brawls often ending in bloodshed were the order of the day, and even a stranger, by stopping at an inn or patronising a shop kept by a partisan of either cause, might have unwittingly drawn upon himself the enmity of the opposite party.

All the districts in these midlands of Macedonia present the same spectacle of violent antagonism frequently resulting in murder. Very characteristic is also the way in which the two sides assert their rights and try to advance their respective interests. The Greeks, enjoying the advantages of ancient prestige and of long possession of the field, generally maintain a defensive attitude, while the Bulgarians, acting under the direction of the Macedonian Committee, which has its headquarters at Sofia, play the part of aggressors. Their propaganda has for its object to tear away from the orthodox Church as many of its members as possible. Formerly they were content to pursue this aim by the establishment or the seizure of schools and churches, and by obtaining from the Porte concessions, which the latter was willing enough to grant in accordance with its policy of inflaming racial hatred among its subjects. But things altered lately. The recent financial crisis in Bulgaria curtailed to a very considerable extent the resources of the Committee, and has rendered the continuation of a peaceful and more or less legitimate campaign impossible. The local authorities, which were habitually bribed in order to lend their countenance or their connivance to acts of violence, could be bribed no longer, and the Bulgarians soon realised that if, owing to lack of funds, they closed their schools and ceased to subsidise the authorities, their cause was doomed. The patient work of years would be annihilated in a single day. They therefore changed their tactics. Cold steel was adopted as a substitute for silver, grown scarce, and a reign of terror was established. A draft of the regulations of the Macedonian Committee, seized among other papers by the Turkish authorities during the arrests of the Bulgarian agitators last February, throws a lurid light both on the extent and on the methods of that organisation. According to this document Macedonia was divided into a

number of districts, and each district was placed under the jurisdiction of a revolutionary committee with a band of brigands at its command. The commission of political crimes —that is, the assassination of dangerous adversaries—was expressly mentioned as one of the duties of these bands, and minute instructions as to ways and means were supplied. In short, their programme was nothing less than the intimidation, or, failing that, the extermination, of their opponents.

The Greeks, on the other hand, still adhere to the old plan of securing their end by means of education. Their schools, supported in some cases by literary societies in the free kingdom, but still oftener by the communities themselves, flourish everywhere, and the only fault that one might find with them is that the education thus abundantly supplied is not always directed into those channels which would produce the greatest amount of good to the inhabitants. Each of the bigger towns, for instance, boasts a Gymnasium, or high school, preparing youths for the university, and smaller places have lower schools, conducted on similar lines, whereas it would be more to the advantage of the country if, instead of a classical education which it can ill afford to support, more attention was paid to its agricultural, industrial, and commercial needs by the establishment of practical schools. However, this is an error on the right side, and Macedonia, so far as Greek education goes, is rather an over-educated than an under-educated province. In addition to intellectual superiority, secured by the maintenance of schools, the Greeks also enjoy the advantage of holding the bulk of commerce and industry in their hands. These two forces render Hellenism in Macedonia, as in most other parts of the Ottoman Empire, a civilising element of paramount importance.

The struggle between Greek and Bulgarian in the middle zone of Macedonia finds its counterpart in a similar struggle between Bulgarian and Servian in the north, and between Servian and Albanian in the north-west, while still further to the west the latter maintains an equally lively feud with the Montenegrins. How this war of races will end it would be hazardous to prophesy. They all aspire to supremacy, and they all, each according to their means and lights, work keenly for the acquisition of proselytes.

In contemplating the above elements of discord one must not lose sight of the Mohammedan population which is sprinkled all over Macedonia. This partly consists of old

settlers, some of whom, under the name of Koniars, date their migration into the country further back than the time of the Ottoman conquest. They are supposed to be the descendants of Asiatic mercenaries employed by the Byzantine Emperors in their interminable wars with the surrounding barbarians and with Frank invaders, and subsequently paid for their services in allotments of land. Another class of Mohammedans consists of the descendants of those who 'came over with the conqueror.' A third comprises native communities forced to embrace Islam at various periods in order to escape persecution. And, lastly, as a fourth category might be mentioned the refugees who flocked into Macedonia from the neighbouring provinces when the latter passed under Christian rule.

In default of trustworthy statistics the population of Macedonia, as delimited above, may be taken at about 1,800,000 all told. Of this number the Mohammedans form quite one-third; the other two-thirds are made up of Greeks and Slavs—the first preponderating—with a small proportion of the mysterious Koutzo-Wallachs, who, as has been stated before, for the most part identify themselves with the Greeks, an equal proportion of Jews, residing chiefly in Salonica, and a still smaller number of gipsies—a race representatives of which are to be found in nearly every district, some encamped on the outskirts of towns and others settled within them. The Albanians of Uskub and the adjoining regions are included in the Mohammedan third of the population.

The mere enumeration of the races which claim the Sick Man's inheritance in Macedonia is sufficient to show how difficult it would be to venture on a forecast as to the eventual settlement of the Macedonian question. The problem becomes still more appalling when we consider that, beyond and above those races, there are two great European Powers immediately interested in the fate of that province. Russia openly poses as the champion of the Slav cause, which, in the long run, is her own cause, while Austria, though in all probability entertaining no wish to increase her domestic difficulties by adding another heterogeneous element to her mosaic of an empire, is forced by her powerful neighbour's policy to act as though she aspired to a direct annexation of the country. The former attempted by the treaty of San Stefano to achieve her end, and would have succeeded but for the opposition of the Powers who took part in the Congress of Berlin. Austria, by the acqui-

sition of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has taken the first step southwards, and, by the construction of the Vienna-Salonica railroad, has paved the way to further progress in the same direction. At the present moment various considerations compel both Powers to maintain an attitude of self-restraint. But there is no doubt that on the first favourable opportunity they will pounce upon Macedonia with an eagerness proportionate to the length of their abstention. Meanwhile they each seek to further their respective interests by establishing rival spheres of influence among the Balkan States. Up to within quite a recent period Russia held Montenegro and Bulgaria as two pawns in the game, while Austria reigned supreme in Servia. But after King Alexander's marriage the game assumed a new phase. That event disturbed the relations between Austria and Servia to the advantage of Russia, who succeeded in ousting Austria, and, by establishing her own influence in Servia, she added that kingdom to her other instruments of panslavism. Austria hastened to restore the equilibrium thus destroyed by entering into an alliance with Roumania, and by bringing about a *rapprochement* between that country and Greece. This *entente* between the two non-Slav States of the Balkans may or may not amount to an alliance, but in any case it is sure to serve the purpose of checking, for a while, the progress of the Slavs. It happened at a most opportune moment. The Bulgarian agitation had reached its climax. The economic reasons mentioned above forced the Macedonian Committee to show its hand and to precipitate matters. Possibly an understanding with Servia and Montenegro also had some influence in its determination to bring the Macedonian question before the eyes of Europe. By frequent assassinations, both of Greeks and Mohammedans, it hoped to provoke reprisals on the part of the former and a massacre by the latter. In such a case, it was expected, Europe would intervene, and through Russia's influence settle the question in favour of the Slavs. Unfortunately for the calculations of the Committee the Greeks remained passive, and the Turks, availing themselves of Russia's preoccupations in the Far East, proceeded to comprehensive arrests, which made the movement collapse. The repressive measures taken by the Turkish authorities convinced the partisans of the Committee in Macedonia that the Sultan was too strong for them, and that they had nothing to hope for from Russia. This Power, being unable to aid the Slav movement at that

moment, disavowed it, and joined the other Powers in counselling a peaceful policy to Bulgaria and in permitting a free hand to the Sultan. The consequences of this attitude were disastrous for the Macedonian Committee. Many of its followers, seeing that its power for good or for evil was on the wane, deserted its ranks, and others who had been forced to join by sheer terror thought the present a good opportunity for declaring their real sentiments. Things were at this point when the Græco-Roumanian understanding came to deal a fresh blow to the Slav cause. The object of this *entente* is to preserve the *status quo* in Macedonia, and resist all proposals of reform so long as there is any danger that reform might favour the interests of the Slavs to the prejudice of the other nationalities. This policy is certain to be successful for the present, although it is equally certain that we have not yet heard the last of the Macedonian Committee.

Meanwhile the only party who really gains by this state of affairs is Turkey. While the subject races and their champions stand eyeing each other askance the Sultan reaps the fruits of their mutual jealousies and prolongs his stay in Europe to their common detriment.

ART. VIII.—*The Child and his Book.* By Mrs. FIELD. London: Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1891.

IN these later days, when one publication follows upon the heel of another, and when each work of current fiction, eagerly demanded and received with acclamation, gives place to its successor and passes with ever accelerating speed into the limbo of forgotten books, the novel of classical reputation survives rather as a tradition than as a living influence. From 'Clarissa Harlowe' to 'Marius the Epicurean,' the immortality of the classic is for the general reader the perpetuation not of the book but of its fame. Its vitality is merely the vitality of a name. Richardson may claim his specialists, Fielding his. Miss Austen has her devotees, to whom her characters and dialogue are familiar as the plays of Shakespeare or the Homeric epic. George Eliot is an intellectual cult. Scott is—must we acknowledge?—a dying enthusiasm. And if Thackeray is still fully appreciated by one class of readers, and Dickens—as much by virtue of his demerits as by virtue of his genius—still appeals to the wider audience of public libraries and penny readings, they are exceptions, and disprove little. In the favour of the ordinary novel reader, the novel of the hour, whose success is as ephemeral as, for that hour, its interest is engrossing, is an all-potent rival to the classic of bygone years, and while the classic rests dustily upon the shelf, the book of the week circulates by thousands, and novelty records one more triumph over worth.

But if the classic of the grown-up world lives rather in the renown of its reputation than in the knowledge of its contents, the schoolroom classic—boy and girlhood possessing, it may be, some strain of conservatism lacking to maturity—retains a living vitality which the caprice of invading fashions leaves virtually intact. It is of course apparent that the schoolroom is not sole arbiter in its own literary market. 'You,' wrote Charles Lamb, *à propos* of his Travels of Ulysses, to William Godwin when the philosopher was applying his philosophy to the production of juvenile books—'you, or 'some other wise man, I have often heard say, "It is children '"that read children's books when they are read, but it is '"parents that choose them."' Yet, if the judgement of the book-buying authorities is the primary agent in the acceptation of this or that volume, that judgement itself more often than not is evolved from childhood's memories. If the classi-

cal imprimatur proceeds from the arbitrant above, its genesis may still be traced to a pre-existent schoolroom. The re-read story which stamped itself upon the donor's imagination in his own youth, or the story which he takes as resembling the probably extinct favourite, is selected as the gift-book for the new generation, and it in its turn, and generations to come in theirs, will select according to no other rule. In this manner a classic, or a classical school, of child fiction arises, a product of past recollections blent with upgrowing tastes, and by such processes books which fifty, a hundred years ago (and for schoolroom literature a hundred years may count as a hundred centuries) took their place in the first rank, retain it to this day.

Moreover, if the purchaser and chooser of books does in truth belong to 'the years that run down the hill,' the child-recipient has a scarcely less weighty power—not of choice, but of rejection. It may be said all, and certainly much that is utterly valueless, comes as grist to the mill of any eager child-reader. But it is also true that while for the most part, always granted the child be of the reading order, any new book will secure its reading, while, so to say, ten books will be read, only one among the ten—even so the proportion is overstated—will be re-read ten or half ten times. And each new generation brings its own demands, it exacts its own ideals, and to a modified degree imposes its own fashions upon the literature submitted to its choice.

One element, however, conducing to the mutability of popularity in other departments of literature is with children partially non-existent. With the elder world style, the manner of expression, is of almost paramount importance; not the thing written but the writing of it is a main, sometimes a solitary, always an essential factor, in success. And perhaps nothing has more unexpected developements, nothing suffers such swift eclipse as the particular flavour attaching itself to that use and arrangement of words which constitutes a style. In course of a decade, or less, the language which impressed one generation changes into pomposity; custom can profane, in an inconceivably short space of years, words and epithets which were the written symbols of the simplicity and dignity and strength of passion to the basest usages of vulgarised emotion. Every day bears new witness to the fact that all particular and individual excellences in verbal modes are affected irrevocably by the taint of common appropriation. Words change their level, language loses its caste, and the novelist's diction must

perpetually conform to fresh standards, and ideas must re-apparel themselves in modern dress.

All such re-apparelling is of secondary import when the sphere is not the drawing-room but the schoolroom. The manner of narration is at a discount so long as it conforms to certain well-established rules in directness of progression, vividness of presentment, and simplicity of construction. So the story in episode and incident arrests the attention and stimulates the curiosity of the child, the telling of it remains a means to an end, and language is relegated to play the part of a mere conveyancer of facts. Further, one root quality which underlies the art of the successful child's book is the capacity of the author to appeal to the eye, to produce a pictorial effect, and tell his tale, as it were, with a paint-brush. 'The threads of a story [should] come from 'time to time together and make a picture in the web.' R. L. Stevenson says in his 'Gossip on Romance': 'The 'characters fall from time to time into some attitude to 'each other or to nature which stamps the story home like 'an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, 'Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending 'the great bow, Christian running with his finger in his 'ears; these are each culminating moments in the legend, 'and each has been printed on the mind's eye for ever.'

Another secret of popularity is the adaptability of the incidents, or of some easily grasped particulars in the story, to a child's almost universal dramatic and imitative instinct. In other words, the story should be actable. 'Fritz, who is 'a great soldier,' says the Hoffmann teller of children's stories, in recounting the effect of 'The Little Nutcracker' on its schoolroom critics, 'was delighted with his name-'sake's army, and the battle carried him away altogether. 'He cried, "Poo and poof and schmetterdeng and boom '"booroom!" after me in a ringing voice, jigged about on 'his chair, and cast an eye towards his sword.' And Stevenson also, to quote him in another essay, has divined or remembered that the actor is inborn in the child. 'He 'works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his 'story comes to the fighting, he must rise, get something 'by way of a sword, and have a set-to with a piece of furni-'ture, until he is out of breath. When he comes to ride 'with the king's pardon he must bestride a chair. . . . If 'his romance involves an accident upon a cliff, he must 'clamber in person about the chest of drawers.' And when —for this is more or less nursery lore—some few years

have passed and the primitive instinct to dramatise fiction is on the wane, a less elementary but nearly related instinct must be reckoned with. The story to please must be one into which he can throw his private personality. In the first instance he makes an obvious effort to bring the narrative into his own regions of action and experience; in the second, he puts himself into the narrative. A child is, in the realm of fancy, an egoist. A story into which he cannot project himself imaginatively will, we take it, remain a dead letter of the brain. He is invariably the central figure of his inventions. No hero is a hero into whose life he cannot inject a portion of his own, the fame of whose high adventures he cannot in day-dreams ascribe to himself, in whose glories he cannot feel some glow of participated and appropriated honour. Feat upon feat may be achieved by the adventurer of the fiction, exploit on exploit, heroism on heroism. To the child-reader it is all one whether he bear the name of Crusoe or Christian, of Jason in 'The Argo-'nauts,' or of any hero of lesser fame. Still he paraphrases with unconscious plagiarism the 'anch' io' of the young Correggio, still the groundwork of his interest is based upon the assurance, 'I also am a hero.'

It is a stock-in-faith upon which books of adventure have traded for nearly two centuries of schoolrooms. When Grimm, Andersen, and all the fairy classics of the first ages of youth—the jewel age which antedates the golden, and to which we far more easily in later years return—are drifting into the unacceptable region of the unbelieved, realism in its first claims demands of fiction that it should present not maybe yet the actual, but the credible, the possible. It is then that the book of adventure has its reign. Worlds unrealised, unexplored seas, undiscovered countries, must figure in the tale, but worlds that may be thought to exist, countries with shores of solid rock, with bays, and creeks, and harbour—seas real ships might sail. And fiction must picture them plain with compass and map, longitude and latitude, and the full similitude of veracity.

And to supply such demand at the very epoch when the whole question of children's literature was occupying the attention of the authors and publishers of a day rife with theories of education and flooded with manuals for the guidance of Nature, in 1719* Robinson Crusoe appeared, and attained in no long time that post of popular honour

* Mrs. Field's date 1714 is erroneous.

from which no rival in the field of schoolroom fiction has yet wholly dislodged it.

Whether the grown-up world, for whom Defoe wrote, would have perpetuated the renown of Crusoe without the concurrence of the schoolroom we may well question. The author was fifty-seven years of age when it appeared. He had twelve more years to live and to write. Yet of the 210 works, small and great, written during that lifetime of authorship, there is scarcely one—'The History of the 'Plague,' 'Captain Singleton,' and, possibly, 'Moll of 'Flanders' excepted—that has not sunk into the oblivion of the unread, certainly none, even among the novels following the track of Crusoe's success, which would have served for the foundation-stone of a literary immortality.

The popularity of Crusoe was attested by the 'Robin-'sonades,' which in Germany alone were produced to the number of some sixty volumes during the ensuing fifty years. But while the elder readers amused themselves with imitation and plagiary, the younger had sighted in Crusoe a prey to be wrested from maturity for its own uses, present and future; and Defoe's '*facsimile* of nature' may be regarded as the prototype of that long line of books of adventure which in our own time added a new classic to fiction in 'Treasure Island.' Nor was Crusoe the only act of successful appropriation belonging to that period. A second raid upon works intended for the library of their elders resulted in the annexation of Swift's acrid satire. 'Gulliver's Travels,' divested of social and moral significance, were incorporated in collections of schoolroom tales, the first adaptation to the exigencies of the juvenile library of the *Voyages Imaginaires* of French fiction, of which another satire, Cyrano de Bergerac's 'Excursion to 'the Moon,' was an earlier model.

'The Travels of Baron Munchausen,' the composition, in a literal sense, for much is borrowed, of Rodolf Eric Raspe, a German mineralogist—the charm of whose talents seems to have covered a variety of somewhat disgraceful transactions—followed in Gulliver's train at the distance of some three-quarters of a century. It bore as its first title the name of 'Gulliver Revived,' and was as promptly adopted by the schoolroom. 'Who is the author of '"Munchausen's Travels,"' asks Southey twenty years after its first publication—'a book which everybody knows, be-'cause all boys read it?' It anticipated with its bold excursions into the marvellous the wonder journeys of Jules

Verne, much as another fiction, the 'Robinson Suisse' of Humboldt's tutor, J. H. Kampe, anticipated many desert island or desert inland tales of the type followed by the popular 'castaway stories' of Anne Bowman and Mayne Reid and Marriott. A conventional, if wholly ineffectual, attempt is made in one and all to preserve the tradition of actuality inaugurated by Defoe. That semblance of truth—which has caused 'Robinson Crusoe' to be classed * 'as one of the 'great realistic books of the English language . . . an 'example of the possibility of rendering scenes wholly 'imaginary, and, in fact, impossible, truer to the appre-'hension than experience itself, by the narrator's own air of 'absolute conviction and by unswerving fidelity to truth of 'detail'—has, no doubt, been the endeavour of all succeeding works, so called, of adventure by sea, by land, forest, mountain, or within the circles of the Arctic zone. But writing, as later writers have written, avowedly for the schoolroom, the influence of the prevalent tendency to moralise or instruct has induced certain essential differences, apart from difference of genius, between Defoe and his copyists, which detract of necessity from their attempted realism. Defoe truly moralises, as was the fashion of his day, and he moralises at even greater length than those who came after him. But—and here lies the distinguishing mark—his hero is of that type now made wearisome by incessant imitation, which we may call the non-heroic hero. Integrity, indifference to gain, loyalty, courage, and generosity are the inevitable attributes the authors who write for a boy-public attach to their hero. Defoe's hero, although he is not altogether lacking in such moral qualities, betrays, and is intended, one must believe, to betray, deficiencies in all. One instance will suffice. The sordid selling of the boy-slave who had been Crusoe's comrade in captivity and became his companion in his perilous escape from their Moorish master, is an incident characteristic of the unheroic manner of Defoe's method. 'He [the 'captain of the ship who had taken both on board] offered 'me 60 pieces of 8 for my boy Xury, which I was 'loth to take; not that I was unwilling to let the captain 'have him, but I was very loth to sell the poor boy's liberty, 'who had assisted me so faithfully in procuring my own.' We all remember that the 'lothness' is overcome and that the 60 pieces of 8 find their way to Crusoe's money-chest.

* The Age of Dryden. R. Garnett, LL.D. Bell & Sons. 1895.

In this matter of the unheroic hero—which no doubt induces a certain impression of actuality—Stevenson and the whole Stevensonian authorhood have followed in the track of his great forerunner. The probable, all that belongs in character and episode to enhance verisimilitude, had entered into the soul of the nineteenth century in its decline. And if heroes are less heroic, so too waves are less high, mountains less precipitous, wildernesses less waste, deserts, if we may so express it, less desert. Realism has moved a step forward or—the minimisation of extravagances may bear another interpretation—authors are less confident of their powers to make the impossible true. It is no longer enough to be plausibly circumstantial in recounting the detail of the event, but the event itself must be introduced as a natural outcome of some linked chain of events, and the ordinary must be emphasised until it becomes a screen from behind which the un-ordinary may emerge unnoticed and unchallenged. In a broad way Defoe asks his readers throughout to accept a basis of radical improbabilities, though when once started upon that level little further demand is made upon the connivance of the reader's imagination. Mr. Stevenson, so far as it is practicable, eschews, or when inevitable reduces to its minimum, even such initial exactions. He barely asks his readers to enter with him into any conspiracy, and arranges his illusions of reality without their concurrence. In addition, the modern psychological method is called into play to enhance the realism of the scene. If we doubt the actuality of the events depicted, our doubt is allayed by the actuality of the portrayal of the personalities involved in it, and the always credible idiosyncrasies of the characters are made of as much importance in the developement of the plot as the incidents, often incredible, of the adventure.

In pre-Stevensonian days, with some notable exceptions, the delineation of character as part and parcel of the child's story belonged to a different section of fiction; a section initiated by the 'Sandford and Merton' of Mr. Thomas Day, and by the 'Moral Tales' of Day's younger coadjutor in the field, Maria Edgeworth. In the eighteenth century the idea of a moral scheme had supplanted the idea of a theological scheme. The child-book with a purpose discarded the supernaturalism of the religious element popularised one hundred years earlier by Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It equally eliminated imagination and romance, and 'fable' was in its eyes synonymous with falsehood. Reason and

good sense, as agents in the formation of 'little Sir 'Charles Grandisons' and their feminine counterparts, were to reign supreme. That children's stories should have a moral bent was no new axiom. Tales of good counsel had existed for many generations of 'chap' books, doubtless read as much by children as by the 'common people' among whom they circulated. In these punishment followed ill-doing, and virtue was rewarded with as surprising a promptitude as, and perhaps a more unflinching ideal of brutal justice than, in the 'Parent's Assistant' or the 'Moral Tales' of Miss Edgeworth. But the aim of the eighteenth century was to do more. Its endeavour was to bring the new school of didactic fiction into close familiarity of surrounding, into common domesticities of circumstance and event. 'Blind to the joy of the half comprehended,' everything was to be brought home to the mind of the reader, at no matter what sacrifice of a child's faith and trust in human nature at large. 'Accordingly,' writes a just critic, 'we have the mean calculations of mushroom 'manufacturers, the dirty tricks of low lawyers, the personal 'animosities of their wives and families . . . with other 'scenes of domestic and professional degradation, put into a 'familiarity of form which is ten times more disgusting as 'reminding us for whose eyes it is intended.' The cheating attorney, the fraudulent servant, the coarse-grained fine lady, mankind in its most squalid and vicious shapes, were presented no longer in the hazy perspective of romance and fairy tale. The 'Arabian Nights' lay under an interdict—'Heaven forbid children being tempted to imitate the cabals 'of the Grand Vizier or the loves and intrigues of Schelsem-'nihar and the Prince of Persia.' Instead evil bore the features and walked clothed in the garb of the next-door neighbour, while at the same time the whole literature was permeated by that artificiality of insincere sentiment which characterised English imitators of the Rousseau disciples.

From the perusal of Thomas Day's 'Sandford and Merton' —the inaugurator of the school from whose worst vices he is exempt—even the most book-loving of children would nowadays retreat worsted in the attempt. Day arouses more interest as the bold experimenter in a twofold and infelicitous endeavour to educate a wife (the unfortunate victims, Sabrina and Lucretia, both proved irresponsive subjects) than by his fame of authorship. But the name of his coadjutor, Maria Edgeworth, has survived the fashion to whose service she dedicated her talents. A born story-

teller, the elder of a family numbering twenty children—Mr. Edgeworth, the educational theorist, was the husband of four wives in succession—Maria had enjoyed, we may believe, exceptional opportunities of schoolroom experience and schoolroom criticism. Her innate instinct for pictorial narration is stamped upon her writings; her leanings towards dramatisation, the more or less theatrical appointments of the figures who pass across her scenes, often the very stage properties of the scenes themselves, supply a make-weight of excitement to the millstone of the moral attached to the story. The white carrier pigeon of one tale; the volcanic doom, a Nemesis of eruption, overhanging the impolitic dishonesty of the little Neapolitan merchant in another; the buried treasure, and the groping beggar-woman with her bent figure, her pipe, and her sinister malice in 'The 'Orphans;' the fever-stricken gipsy of 'Barring Out,' were pictures whose colours neither the variations of fashion nor the lapse of years have effaced. And if we ourselves see little emotional value in the sentiment, a greater judge has pronounced otherwise. 'When the boy brings back the lamb to 'the little girl,' says Sir Walter Scott, writing of Simple Susan, 'there is nothing for it but to put down the book and 'cry.' While as moral teaching we may accept Miss Yonge's pronouncement: 'The minor morals of life have never been 'better treated' is her verdict; '. . . the good sense, 'honour, and expediency of life are the theme. It is a high-'minded expediency, the best side of epicureanism.'

Her lenient sentence can by no means be applied to the galaxy of moral tales of lesser worth which, from the last decades of the eighteenth and during the first of the nineteenth century, inundated English schoolrooms. 'Tales 'of Truth,' 'The Educational Story-teller, calculated to pro-'mote virtue and render vice hateful by striking examples,' 'Tales Instructive and Entertaining,' 'Tales,' by a Preceptor, 'for the Instruction of the Youth of both Sexes,' 'For 'the Improvement of the Rising Generation,' their names are truly legion, their record written only in the old bibliographies of children's literature. Those of their authors, extinct authors of an extinct morality of selfish respectability and virtuous self-seeking, with all the roll-call of the anglicised 'Contes Moraux,' modelled on Marmontel, and brought into fashion by Mme. de Genlis, governess to the children and reputed mistress to Philippe Égalité, have now passed, we may well believe for ever, out of schoolroom knowledge.

What influence the moral tale exerted over the generations subject to its sway is a profitless speculation. It will probably always be the lot of current schoolroom fiction to serve as nursing mother to contemporary doctrinal ideals, religious or secular, whether most for their strengthening or their weakening is an open question. The danger is obvious. Ideals nurtured in fiction are apt to bear on them the stamp of their fosterage. Some diminution of austerity, some contagion of artificiality ensues, and the hypothetical developements of such literature may go so far as to reverse the intention of the doctrinaire author. His scheme of morality, like the creed of many a religion, may be obliterated by its own myths.

Howsoever this may be, the first wave of the revivalist movement of evangelical emotionalism displaced the moral to re-evolve the religious scheme in schoolroom fiction, and undermined beyond salvation the monopolist popularity of the Edgeworthian tale. 'The Story of Infant Piety,' Mrs. Field records, had made its first notable appearance in the works of a Mr. Thomas White, whose 'Instructions for 'Little Children' seem to have exemplified at their worst that curious feature of some of the later so-called 'Sunday' stories—which illustrate the breach of 'one after another of 'the Ten Commandments, without mincing matters.' They seem likewise to have contained the germ of the regenerate and short-lived child destined to play so conspicuous a part later on. In the 'Lytill Treatise of the Wyse Chylde' (printed by Wynkyn de Worde), the 'sage enfaunt,' aged three, already had anticipated some of the qualities appertaining to his lineal descendants, judged by the tenor of his final instructions to his elders and betters impersonated by the Emperor Adrian.

Emperor: 'Where was God before He made the world?'
Infaunt: 'In a wood, where He made faggots for to burne the and all these the which will from henceforth enquire of the secrets of owre Lord.'

The passage has often been plagiarised in jest, but, in all seriousness, that 'sage enfaunt' might have found himself outdone in spiritual arrogance by the sager infants of the school of religious fiction where Mrs. Sherwood's name stands foremost in the ranks of authorship. 'Henry and his Bearer,' the first of her Anglo-Indian stories, upon its publication in 1815 had an unprecedented success. But with the tales that followed, 'The Ayah and Lady,' 'George Desmond' (sug-

gested by a performance of dancing girls), and others of like nature, it is unknown even by name to the schoolroom of to-day. One, however, of her longer works—'The Fairchild Family'—remains as a lingering memory of childhood amongst elder readers, and from it we may arrive at some conception of what such literature achieved at its best, and how in the American school of Miss Wetherell's 'Wide, Wide World,' it stradition has been recast, rejuvenated, and supplemented.

As portraiture of everyday country and home life of a family of middle-class gentlefolk, the story is clearly and vigorously outlined with real—although too rarely indulged—touches of humour. This, with a keen sense of sympathy for the unprohibited pleasures of childhood, the excellent descriptions of country pastimes, of the healthy companionship of child with child in play and in mischief, of the ingenious misadventures of the less virtuously disposed, give a variety and animation which redeems the overcharged reprobation of microscopic sins, which, as 'Bard Ethel,' of the Irish poet, sings,

'. . . give unto God the eye
(Unmeet the thought) of the humming fly.'

While, from another point of view, it may occur to some readers that were it possible by a stretch of imagination to translate the piety of 'The Fairchild Family' into some far remoter region of time and place, to read this—to us wearisome—record of religious middle-class English home-life, in the same spirit as that in which we should decipher a parallel record of ancient Egyptian or Hindoo civilisation, we might chance to find both beauty and dignity in the tedious reference of all the trivialities of common occurrences to the intervention of spiritual influences emanating from a supreme All Father, and from the miracle-working words of some psaltery of divine magic.

But if 'The Fairchild Family' chronicle may be taken as a kindly example, in its earlier and less remembered phase, of what came to be distinguished as the 'Sunday story,' Miss Wetherell's works only some twenty years ago were at the zenith of a wide-spread popularity. 'The Wide, Wide World,' the last notable instance of that particular school of fiction, may be said still to retain an almost classical fame amongst one section of readers. Miss Wetherell attempted, as Mrs. Sherwood before her, and both were writers of talent, to centralise the interest of her tales of American country life on the religious experiences of her

very precociously pious heroines. The new ingredient in the American story was the introduction of a second element of precocity in the prematurely sentimental attachments of the little girls to the heroes—usually senior to them by many years. Thus 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Queechy,' 'Melbourne House,' and its continuations, beginning as children's stories, end as quasi-novels, and leave upon the reader a rather sickly impression of the combination of the sentimental with the religious emotionalism. Freshness and grace of treatment they nevertheless possess, a charm of detail united with a real delicacy and refinement of colouring, and often a lightness and gaiety of dialogue, which go far to justify the measure of favour they have retained even among children of this generation.

Evangelical fiction was, however, destined at the very epoch of its earlier triumphs to find itself confronted with a formidable rival on its own territory of emotional religion. In 1844 the 'Quarterly' 'hailed with satisfaction the rising 'of a class of religious books where the fancifulness of the 'story or the remoteness of the time did away with that so-'called truth for which a child's mind is not ripe.' It was a class owing its existence in the main to the Tractarian movement, of which it was a faithful reflex. But while the new venture in the realm of juvenile fiction was likewise a venture with a purpose primarily doctrinal, it differed both from the moral and the evangelical tale, in so far as its productions trenched upon wider and more varied fields of general interest. It touched life at more points. It sought as allies art, romance, and history. Symbolism, with all its sacred images, its outward insignia of faiths, re-reigned in the churches; colour and sound reconquered a place in worship swept bare by Puritan fervour. Men regarded childhood itself from another standpoint. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration lay with a lighter yoke upon the schoolroom than that of the 'desperately evil heart' of the unconverted infant. And if the re-reformed Church enforced fasts, it equally enjoined that dogma most congenial to youth—the sacred duty of rejoicing. The legitimated emotional excitements of revivalist conversions, convictions of sin, and 'open deathbeds' found a gayer counterpart in ritual excitement, in the glamour imparted to the external practices of religion. Links with the past were reknit. The long tarnished *légende d'or* of medievalism was re-burnished. Possibly the medievalism was spurious, and much of the gold counterfeit. But the zeal evoked for the

resuscitated forms of faith was as ardent as that of the Evangelical for his scriptural formulas. And, re-consecrating material beauty to the service of the soul, Tractarianism extended its influence and enlarged its boundaries. In like manner, basing itself on tradition, it summoned history to its aid, and the romantic spirit, at once the source of vitality and of weakness to Catholicism, was rekindled in tales of sainthood and martyrdom, drawn from the records of the early churches and reclad with a uniform of ecclesiastical idealism, while in the new atmosphere, with all its sacramental mysticism, that method of utterance to which Bunyan's solitary genius had given its immortal stamp became once more a chosen vehicle of expression for writers of cultivated talents and finely fashioned scholarship. Wilberforce's 'Agathos,' Adams's allegories, Monro's fantastic visions, tinged with the melancholy of his sombre imagination, one after another found their way to the schoolroom library, following afar off that greatest of all allegories produced by English prose, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

The 'Pilgrim's Progress' still stands alone and apart the prototype of all allegory, as Crusoe of all adventure. In its day it arose, as Southey writes, from the love of the illiterate to the veneration of 'those who are called the public.' And with Crusoe and Gulliver, the dream of the tinker has been termed one of the greatest of realistic fictions. Howsoever this may be, no one can recall the opening scene without recognising the power of the spell with which it has held bound generation after generation of readers—readers young and old, catholic, puritan, secularist, and religionist alike. 'I laid me down and dreamt a dream'—a dream, as more faithless eyes may interpret it, in a deeper sense than any Bunyan contemplated. But with that brief prefatory sentence the dream is lost in an illusion of reality, vivid as life itself. The figure of the man clothed in rags, the great burden on his back, his lamentable cry, that shadow of overwhelming calamity which tints with strange darknesses the familiar commonplaces of daily things, the neighbours' talk and the wife's remonstrances, all give the emphasis of mystery to that terror-stricken vagrant's flight. True, the long dialogues—the 'discourse by the way'—might daunt the untried reader, but children's eyes are singularly discerning, and, curiosity once aroused, their capacity for separating what is to them the gold-dust from the dross is unmeasured. Some instinct inspiring patience

tells them that beyond much moralising there await them fights and fierce woundings, and lions and dragons with scales like a fish and feet like a bear, valleys of hobgoblins, castles of giants, pitfalls, caves, snares, adventures with evil merchantmen at Vanity's Fair, where crimes of 'blood-red 'colours' may be seen as in a peep-show—entrance free—where the pilgrim will barely escape with life, and gallant Knight Faithful will die a cruel death. The City Celestial will bear for them the semblance of a Palace of Enchantment, and the Brave Country of Eternal Life will rise before them as one of those far lands which all heroes set forth to seek. And if, from older readers with dulled imagination, that elementary condition of popularity—actability—is hidden, let them read, in Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life,' how the Brontë pilgrims set forth in very deed to find the goal which lies beyond Doubting Castle, and met with many perils and much sorrow of heart thereby.

The 'Pilgrim's Progress,' despite its extraordinary success, gave rise to no specially notable school of imitation. But in the nineteenth century symbolic romance, both in England and in Germany, one distinctive note of the earlier allegory was re-echoed in more than one instance. That permeating spiritual terror which in Bunyan's own childhood had branded its mark upon his imagination, which overtook him waking by day and sleeping by night, overcoming him with despair, and causing him to wish—a strangely logical aspiration—'that he might be a devil that so he might 'escape the tortures of Hell,' a terror of which the exceeding horror clings to many a scene of Christian's wayfaring, re-awakened in two at least of the symbolic writers whose works were popularised by the Tractarian movement. Translations of La Motte Fouqué were in the forties issued side by side with such tales as the once well-known 'Lord of 'the Forest,' 'Iro and Verena,' and other works of the same doctrinal tendency. 'Aslauga's Knight,' an heroic romance of the North, susceptible of spiritual interpretation, was printed and circulated as an 'allegory' among the allegories pure and simple of Adams and Monro, and possibly served as a model to many other compositions in manner, phraseology, and atmosphere. But it was in 'Sintram'—the wildest spiritual fantasy ever conceived by man in the name of religion—that the modern allegory most nearly approached a popularity of classical duration, and in 'Sintram' terror is the master motive. The cry of Bunyan's ragged fugitive, 'What shall I do to be saved?' is reiterated in

Sintram's first utterance, with the fear accentuated to the verge of sanity. And in that dramatic entrance, the apparition of the frantic boy with his pursuers at the midnight feast of the Christmas revellers in old Biorn's hall; in his breathless appeal, 'Father and Knight, Father and Knight, 'Death and *another* are close behind me,' the gist of the whole story is epitomised with a brevity so many of Fouqué's writings lack.

Who of us does not recall the dread, transcending the dread of all other forms of horror, which belonged to that unshapen evil, the spectral embodiment of Bunyan's Dark Valley?—

Christiana: 'Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us; a thing of a shape such as I have not seen.'

Child: 'Mother, what is it?'

Christiana: 'An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing.'

Child: 'But, mother, what is it like?'

Christiana: 'It is like I *cannot tell what*, and now it is but a little way off.'

So, too, in 'Sintram' it is not on Death but on that unnamed and nameless companion whom we come to know under the vaguely suggestive pseudonym of the Little Master, that the terror-spell concentrates itself. From the first dialogue onwards, where the small, fur-cloaked, feather-capped snail-hunter, 'looking for all the world like a little 'bear erect on its hind legs, with a crooked horn on its head,' presents us with a semblance of the utmost materiality combined with a sense of the utmost illusiveness, the effect aimed at is—with a slow *crescendo*—the same.

Little Master: 'Young knight, brave young knight, whence came you, whither go you, and wherefore so afraid?'

Sintram: 'Whence came *you*, and whither do *you* go, the question is mine to ask; and what are you doing in our castle garden, you ugly little man?'

Little Master: 'Well, well! I am thinking I am quite big enough as I am. One cannot always be a giant. And what find you amiss in my snail-hunting here? Snails do not belong to the game your valour has reserved as sport for yourself. . . . I have caught sufficient for to-day—marvellous fat little creatures, with wise faces like men, and long twisted horns. . . . Will you look, young lord?'

Sintram: '. . . Let them alone; tell me instead who and what you are?'

Little Master: 'Are you so bent upon names? . . . Let it content you that I am well acquainted with the oldest histories. Ah, if you would only listen once! But you are afraid!'

Sintram: 'Afraid of you!'

Little Master: 'Many a better man than you has been so, only they would confess it just as little.'

The Little Master's smithying feats in the guise of the dwarf-like warrior, his apparent dying on the battlefield, the terror which overtakes the men sent to bury the distorted corpse, again culminate in the recoil from the unknown, for questioned, no man can distinctly recall the features of the strange guest. 'Neither chief, knight, nor soldiery 'could accurately recall the stranger's semblance.' His apparitions, from first to last, with jeers and laughter, or cringing amongst the rank yellow grasses by the sea-shore, with Sintram's last temptation and triumph, form a sequence of scenes which have few parallels in the fiction of romantic symbolism, nor can the calm of the final gloria, as Sintram rides home a conqueror to Drontheim, ever efface from our minds the haunted tragedy of his youth. That a book neither written nor intended for children should have been adopted for schoolroom use was doubtless due to the undoctrinal neo-catholicism of the religious sentiment, as well as to the tone of purity—a purity almost transparent in the fearlessness and sincerity of its tone, characteristic not only of 'Sintram,' but of Fouqué's other undeservedly neglected romances of love and adventure—the 'Magic Ring,' a treasure of great worth to any child possessing it, and the more rarely found volume of 'Thiodolf the Icelander.'

Monro followed upon the same track. His allegories, unquestionably the most striking of their kind, read like visions seen under the influence of some spiritual narcotic. Monro is the Edgar Poe of Tractarian fiction. The very names of the several narratives recall figures and scenes which some generations ago literally haunted the dreams of their schoolroom readers. The 'Vast Army' has its magic-lantern slides of solitary sentinels posted among the recesses of shadowy mountain passes, where dimly outlined phantoms of evil glide behind the lonely watchers, and the bugle-calls ring with dying echoes faintly from the plain below, and the dusk and the midnight and the dawn throb with blind expectancy awaiting the final meeting of the adverse hosts. 'The Revellers' has its phantasms of guests feasting in palace halls, regardless of the grey pilgrim who sits, with warning cry, by the roadside, and of the sinister bow-bearers, whose shaft may never miss the life it seeks, to whom the palace doors open, and whose coming lulls the mirth of the flower-crowned throng, till, with swift oblivion, the feet of the dancers again tread their gayest

measure when the red stain of trampled rose-leaf and wine and blood discolour the whiteness of the marble floor. Or once more, in the 'Journey Home,' few who read can forget that other palace—that opium nightmare—a conception which, evasive as it seems in the sentence of descriptive criticism, takes conviction by storm in the gradual developement of the story—the palace 'without a background.' The horror of that blank space of nothingness is unequalled perhaps by any other of Monro's sinister fantasies, and the sound of the chariot wheels falling on the strained ear which listens to the silence becomes a shadow of sound, but a very substance of terror. In days before the multiplication of cheap books and juvenile periodicals, and before the abolition of restrictions in the matter of novel, newspaper, and magazine reading had blunted and vulgarised children's imagination, the creations of Monro's brain—the brain of a poet, a dreamer, and a painter—afforded the child-reader that undercurrent of excitement which the successful introduction of the supernatural into fiction unfailingly supplies.

The literary movement, begun in allegory and continued in symbolic or spiritual romance, soon found a third outlet—the transition was almost imperceptible—in stories where historical backgrounds of persons and events took the place of the supernatural in removing the narrative from a too familiar approach to everyday life and common surroundings. Dr. J. M. Neale, author of 'Stories of the Crusades,' 'Tales of the Ancient British Church,' as well as of the far more striking quasi-novel of the French Revolution, 'Duchénier,' was one of the earliest, if not the first in the field where later Miss Yonge's ever well-beloved 'Little Duke,' 'The Prince and the Page,' and 'Lances of Linwood,' with, for elder children, her 'Chaplet of Pearls,' were to perpetuate the fashion of romantic historical romance for many a generation to come.

But while allegory and romance flourished, other currents, moral, realistic, scientific, and adventurous, of schoolroom fiction were widening and broadening, filling new channels and overflowing in many divergent directions. Stories of domestic, school, animal, or home life, of a changed tenor, succeeded to, if they did not supplant, the domestic moral tale or the tales of family life according to the creed of the religionist. Among the list of books commended sixty years ago by the 'Quarterly' reviewer in his survey of children's literature, while reprobating equally the evan-

'gelical handbook and the scientific manual . . . the one 'rendered as exciting, the other as superficial as can possibly 'be managed,' he finds place for Mrs. Argus's 'Adventures of a Donkey,' now forgotten, and Mrs. Trimmer's 'The Robins,' books 'which have,' he adds, 'saved many a nest 'from plunder, and warded off many a blow from the despised 'race.' To these later days have added many of like—and unlike—nature. Mrs. Gatty, her 'Parables from Nature,' 'Cruel Peter's Purgatory,' now, it is to be feared, out of print. Miss A. Sewell's 'Black Beauty,' and Miss E. Keary's delightful 'Wanderlin,' both recently reprinted, continued the chronicle of 'friendly beasts,' till, in yet more modern guise, 'The Jungle Book' carried away the prize as the animal book *par excellence* of its own century. In the Quarterly list, too, we find, among many books which have died the natural death of bygone fiction, not a few which still traditionally or veritably survive, as Miss Martineau's 'Feats on the Fiord,' 'Settlers at Home,' and the 'Crofton Boys,' the latter antedating a whole multitude of schoolboy records culminating in the accepted classic of 'Tom Brown's School Days.' The 'Copsley Annals,' Mrs. Craik's 'A Hero,' and Miss Sinclair's 'Holiday House,' where, despite its moral, for the first time children's misdoings appear rather as a source of amusement than reproach, obtained twenty-five years later a warm encomium from Miss Yonge,* though one of the most attractive works of secularised child fiction, the brilliant little volume entitled 'A Runaway,' seems to have made no impression on literary historians.

A clear code of honour, truth, and courage pervades the whole of this department of the best child's literature of the period; with a reticent but avowed assumption of religion as the root and groundwork of all creeds of conscience and social law. A practical recognition of a child's capacity to apprehend and enjoy imaginatively what lies beyond the scope of his purely intellectual capacity is, Miss Yonge further contends, an essential principle of authorship, while, experience prompting, she adds that what lies beyond the compass of their emotional faculties should be prohibited ground. Love as a romance, thus she applies the doctrine, has its legitimate use in child-fiction. Love as an emotion should be set on one side. Her writings—those, that is, intended for schoolroom readers—illustrate her principles. In her own

* Children's Literature of the Last Century. Macmillan's Magazine, 1869.

works and in the works she commends, the primary purpose in the aggregate is that of affording wholesome amusement and pleasure to the reader, with, as a complementary and incidental result, the culture of a child's intelligence,* the refining of taste, and above all the developement of sympathy for Nature at large, for beast, bird, flower, leaf, and man, in the natural world; for what is true, honourable, and brave in the moral.

Other works of a less easily classified order had, even when, in 1869, Miss Yonge was occupied in tracing the genesis and progress of child-fiction, entered, or were about to enter, upon the schoolroom scene. As burlesque, Thackeray's 'Rose and Ring,' the coarsely comic parody of the true fairy tale of folklore, had struck a tuneless note, cheaply profaning, as it is the nature of caricature to profane, with 'broad fun, slang, and modern allusion,' those enchanted lands of Straparola, D'Aulnoy, and Grimm; kingdoms of shadowy primeval forest; countries where peacock kings and white cats reigned in glittering palaces, and princesses shepherded gold-fleeced sheep, and swineherds and cinder-lads dreamed dreams of royal diadems. Miss Yonge's criticism of such fiction, boldly contrary to the verdict of the grown-up world, would seem both just and experienced. Such stories, so runs her verdict, 'destroy the real poetry 'and romance of childhood, and foster that unnatural 'appetite for the facetious which is the bane of the young.'

Meanwhile Kingsley's 'Water Babies' revindicated with might the rights of imagination. It was the first notable example, since Miss Coleridge had published her fairy romance of 'Phantasmion,' of those narratives of serious fairy fantasy of which Miss Ingelow's 'Mopsa the Fairy' (again a book wholly worthy of revival) also illustrates the possible charm. George Macdonald's fairy moralities—moralities bearing much the same relation to the didactic morality of the eighteenth century as a mystery play to a school catechism—likewise appeared, diverging slightly from Kingsley's lines of thought and entirely from his 'open-air' atmosphere, but touching depths of feeling with as intuitive a sincerity and as sympathetically penetrative a spirit. And, once more a work impossible to classify, 'Alice in Wonderland,' the delicately handled extravaganza of familiar things, the daily bread-and-butter of common life, trans-

* Charles Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' Miss Keary's 'Heroes of Asgard,' Kingsley's 'Heroes,' Hawthorne's 'Tanglewood Tales,' are above praise for schoolroom culture.

formed (the reverse of Thackeray's process) into a playhouse feast of such fanciful adventure as a child's own dreams might weave, became with these the most brilliant type of books, ostensibly written for children, but whose most direct appeal would seem to be to the appreciation of children's elders.

To those same elders we may, perhaps, more entirely ascribe the popularity of another, and that an increasing, class of children's books so called. It is the class well defined as books not *for* but *about* children. That children and child-life are the subject-matter of a book does not, as people are apt to assume, make it a book for children—Miss Montgomery's overwrought 'Misunderstood,' where the sentiment, though not undiluted by humour, is as little desirable for schoolroom wear as was the tragic emotion of the Irish sketch, 'Flitters, Tatters, and Councillor,' or the delicate pathos of Mrs. Ewing's 'Jackanapes,' or, to cite no more, the heterogeneous reminiscences, gay and talented as they are, of Mr. Kenneth Graham's 'Golden Age.'

And yet, even in such passing judgement, hesitation and doubt creep in. Theories of an ideal of children's fiction have shifted too often in the past, far and near, for us of the present to offer any as worthy of acceptance. 'A union 'of the highest art with the simplest form,' suggested the 'Quarterly' reviewer. But the definition, however excellent, leaves a wide practical margin. Possibly the choice of such literature admits of no formulated principle. It can perhaps only be governed by the discrimination of those whose love is not only for the child but—and the distinction is of import—for the childhood. One constant remembrance should, however, regulate all choice—the remembrance that the chambers of a child's mind and memory are not infinitely capacious, that fiction belonging to later periods of life cannot enter in without displacing or barring the entrance to the rightful occupants of a child's imagination and fancy—a remembrance, moreover, that knowledge proper to maturity, lodged in a child's brain, anticipates the action of the years, bringing age where age is not, suggesting emotions, teaching facts for whose learning life is yet unripe, and developing that tendency to display, fostered by the vanity of parents, which is the hall-mark of what has been, in late years, designated the show-child. 'There is no 'degree of ignorance so unbecoming as the least prematurity 'of knowledge' is a wise saying, and would have fitted well with Sir James Stephen's memorable essay on 'Clever

Children'—children sans reticence, sans that instinct of silence which, as he expresses it, is the diviner dower of the deeper child-nature; whose cleverness lies in the incongruity of their talents with all that is by eternal birthright a child's. 'I like to read the fabulous histories about the histories of 'Robin, Dickey, Flapsay, and Peccay,' wrote Walter Scott's little Marjorie in her diary, 'and it is very amusing, for 'some were good birds and some were bad, but Peccay was 'the most obedient to her parients. "Macbeth" is a pretty 'composition, but awful one; the "Newgate Calendar" 'is very instructive; Dr. Swift's works are very funny. '"Tom Jones" and "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-'"yard" are both excellent. . . . Miss Egward's tails are 'very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for 'youth, as "Lazy Laurance" and "Tarelton."' But such inopportune developement of knowledge and criticism entails the irreparable estrangement of childhood's fairest possessions. Childhood comes but once in a lifetime. Further, strangely inadequate as it may seem, it is the sole preparation Nature affords for man and womanhood. To be—we might almost argue—in the sense intended by Nature, true man or true woman, it would appear that a child must be in the sense Nature intended, true child. A life defrauded, though but by a fraction, of such a childhood, however its gifts of precocity replace the loss, will always remain a life maimed and incomplete. And Marjorie, with her many successors whose reading is conducted on the like principles of 'admission behind the scenes,' presents, to eyes that see, something akin to the spectacle of an April pastoral degraded into the grotesque of a city street.

The question—as childhood emerges from the confines of the schoolroom world and advances into that borderland which is neither childhood nor yet maturity—becomes, so far as girlhood is concerned, one of the most difficult of problems. The reading of boys in its unshackled liberty is as a general rule of minor importance. Books are with them of far less weight as factors in the formation of opinion. Reading seldom takes a place of primary interest in the day's doings, there are more and stronger counteracting influences, and it is self-evident that for a boy fallacies derived from fiction are sooner and more stringently corrected by experience of the realities of life. With girlhood it is obviously otherwise, and where the dusk of childhood's evening meets the twilight of womanhood's first dawn, books, if the mind prove sensitive to impressions,

become silent but efficient agents of many unconscious developements, and the proverb of 'youth and white paper' verifies itself.

The difficulty of the question is enhanced by the fact that no fixed limit of years, no clear line of severance or landmark of time can be assigned for that crucial phase of life. 'Tel a vescu longtemps qui a peu vescu,' said the keenest observer of the human puppet-show; and the converse is equally true. And although the life lived be but a child's, who can divine with certainty when it has reached that receipt of custom where childhood pays its last toll and womanhood its first tribute at the place where two ways meet? The near ties of blood by no manner of means presuppose, as the world has long acknowledged, clearsightedness of vision. To see too near and to know too much is as fruitful a source of error as deficiency of intimacy, where love, and it may be vanity, conspire to blindfold just appreciations of character. And for many a woman, the child, blood of her blood, soul of her soul, within the self-coloured circle of her home, shuts out all wider perceptions of childhood without the gate. The home-child becomes for her the standard by which all children are measured, while the standard by which all children are measured without is excluded from the home. 'Once a father never a god-'father,' is a shrewd recognition of what is patent to uninterested spectators—the fact that close affections of blood-ties estrange the confidence of what we may name the guest-child, whose instinct will turn for full sympathy, not to the Leah of many children, but to the Rachel of none. However this may be, from both childhood keeps its secrets, and none more closely than the advent of that transformation time when the flower casts its spring petals and the seed-vessel of harvest prepares for the ripening—when, for such is the moral aspect of the phase, choice ceases to be a matter of mere instinct and obedience, and becomes by gradual stages a question of thought and will.

It was to meet the requirements of this transitional intermediate period that Miss Yonge most specially devoted her talents and experience in those innumerable and interminable records of family life, as she conceived it, of which the 'Daisy Chain' in England, 'Little Women' in America have been the typical classics. But, to paraphrase a well-known saying, there is the book of its own time, and there is the book of all times. To distinguish between the one and the other is by common consent beyond the capacity of judge-

ments too nearly contemporary. The judges are too much of their own day, life is too much intersected by the same aggregate epidemic tendencies. Common currents sway each seaweed on the sea surface, common influences bend each blade of the cornfield one way. There is an emotional communism belonging to certain periods of a century by virtue or bane of which all estimates are restricted in value, and can, except where genius itself turns critic, pretend to no universality of application. Yet, with regard to the 'Daisy Chain,' and still more with regard to other kindred works, the demand, if not extinct by any means, has suffered eclipse, and with it the fame of Miss Yonge and her fellow authors. Restrictions are, among a growing section of the community, on the wane. The principles regulating restriction are under revision. Romance as presented by Fouqué or Sir Walter Scott, to take two widely severed species of romance, had long been free of access to the schoolroom. Its pictures of life included in due proportion the good and the evil. But the very atmosphere and dress of romance made of such presentment a symbol, not an applied example, of life's actualities. Miss Yonge and her imitators worked upon another method. Eliminating absolutely and entirely, without hint of the reservation of truth, some aspects of life, symbolic truth was supplanted by an artificial reality. Miss Yonge's eliminations are now to a considerable extent disallowed. Knowledge which previously was veiled or withheld is now imparted with deliberate intention. Wisely, it may be as a simple lesson, a 'parable from 'Nature' of human life and of human affection; with a wisdom we may well doubt by means of plays and novels promiscuously seen and read, suggesting questions which, when once suggested, can only be dealt with by directness and sincerity of answer. Whether psychological fiction and problem-drama, whether, that is, novel-reading and playgoing, two of girlhood's most exciting amusements, are the fittest medium through which suggestions should be conveyed, through which she should arrive at her first apprehension of the most intimate relationships, consecrated or desecrated, of womanhood and manhood, is an inquiry with which at the present day men, no less than women, will do well to concern themselves.

Much may be plausibly urged on either side in the debate between the old and the new systems. But one factor in the dispute cannot be too often emphasised. Experimental methods are, on the one side, impossible. Knowledge

acquired cannot be withdrawn. While, on the other, ignorance, or that unapplied knowledge lessons of childhood impart, can be enlightened. When occasion arises, arising late or early according to the temperament and the surroundings protected or unprotected of each individual girl, ignorance can be amended without the aid of current fiction, and the omissions of Miss Yonge and her school can be supplied. Her pictures of life are misleading, not so much because they are untrue as because they are one-sided, and, moreover, no girl's reading is confined to Miss Yonge. The reading of history, of the great poetic, dramatic, and romantic classics, of 'Faust,' of 'Much Ado,' of 'Othello,' of Spenser, Dante, and the 'Mort d'Arthur,' with their fearless recognition of the broad outlines, good and evil, on which human life is fashioned, give, even to a child's conception of the world, breadth, veracity, and balance. In them ill is done and good also, the day cometh and also the night, and both are in the nature of man, and both are in the nature of the world which awaits the child's manhood or womanhood. In them sorrow and pain, and sin and death chequer the gold squares on life's chessboard; all must be met, suffered, or overcome. From such reading the child's mind and imagination assimilate that spiritual truth of conception to which the years, and the experience the years bring, give the individual body and form; and whatever may be the superstructure reared the foundation will need no relaying. Such manner of knowledge will prove a surer preparation for reality than any forcing-house of the emotions. And, to close with one more plea for caution, girlhood—to repeat the phrase—as childhood, comes but once in a lifetime. The compensations womanhood presents for its loss, a loss the precipitation of emotional knowledge indubitably involves, cannot be counted upon with such certainty as to justify its abbreviation. 'Puisque le 'jour peut lui manquer, laissons-lui un peu jouir de l'aurore.'

ART. IX.—1. *The Practitioner.* Tuberculosis Number. July, 1901.

2. *Tuberculosis.* The Journal of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other Forms of Tuberculosis. Numbers 1 to 8.

3. *Proceedings of the International Congress.* July, 1901.

IN 1899 an International Congress for the Prevention of Tuberculosis was held at Berlin. In the same year the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption was formed in England. The International Congress which met in London last July was organised by this society.

Valuable as previous congresses on the same subject have been, and luminous with the increasing brightness of the gathered foci of research, this most recent one will be for ever distinguished as having settled once for all beyond dispute the main causes of the terrible scourge which more than decimates the civilised nations, and the main lines on which the forces of prevention must advance.

The declaration of Dr. Koch was in a moment famous, and his conclusion, coming from such an authority, was certainly startling enough both to the majority of expert sanitarians, bacteriologists, and medical men, and to nearly the whole of the unscientific public, to be telegraphed in its bare rotundity to the 'clay creators' of the destinies of nations, to 'monarchs in their capitals,' and 'arbiters of 'war' against disease in every quarter of the globe.

The gist of Dr. Koch's pronouncement on the relations of human and bovine tuberculosis may be found in the following words: 'Considering all these facts, I feel justified in 'maintaining that human tuberculosis differs from bovine, 'and cannot be transmitted to cattle. . . . The infection of 'human beings [from cattle] is a very rare occurrence. I 'should estimate the extent of the infection by the milk 'and flesh of tuberculous cattle, and the butter made of 'their milk, as hardly greater than that of hereditary 'transmission, and I therefore do not deem it advisable to 'take any measures against it.' Then he continues: 'So 'the only main source of the infection of tuberculosis is the 'sputum of consumptive patients, and the measures for the 'combating of tuberculosis must aim at the prevention of 'the dangers arising from its diffusion.' After pointing out the extreme danger to families from the sputum of a helpless patient in small overcrowded rooms at night, with

scarcely any ventilation, when, 'however cautious he may 'be, the sufferer scatters the morbid matter . . . every 'time he coughs,' Dr. Koch concludes that 'it is the over-'crowded dwellings of the poor that we have to regard as 'the real breeding-places of tuberculosis.' These breeding-places, he declares, we must wipe away if we wish to wage our war against the evil with effective weapons. A further measure he lays down as recognised on all hands as effective is the instructing of all classes of the people as to the infectiousness of tuberculosis, and as to the best way of protecting oneself. The proper treatment of the sputum and the avoidance of ill-ventilated bedrooms and workrooms are the most important safeguards.

With the main part of these conclusions another great foreign investigator, Dr. Brouardel, who delivered to the Congress an admirable discourse in French, entirely concurs. 'The healthy house is anti-tuberculous.' If the germs derived from sputum 'fall in an ill-lighted damp house, they 'maintain their activity for a long time.' Densely peopled houses and rooms become centres of disease, from which the germs are carried to workshops and offices. 'The 'danger is in the sputum;' 'to expectorate on the ground 'is a disgusting and dangerous habit. Once the habit has 'quite disappeared tuberculosis will decrease rapidly.'

Here indeed, in brief, is the conclusion, full of hope and encouragement for humanity, of all the best authorities. As regards possible infection from flesh and milk, Dr. Brouardel does not go so far as Dr. Koch, and advises the regulation of slaughter-houses, care in relation to carcasses used for pies and sausages, and the boiling of milk, which is not thereby rendered less nutritious. It will be observed that Dr. Koch, in laying stress on the rarity of infection from the cow, does not deny its occurrence altogether, which he would do if he believed the organism to be quite distinct. He compares its frequency with that of inherited tuberculosis, which, we must remember, may appear in a great many different forms, affecting bones and joints and brain. The weakest part of his case is that which dissuades us from the maintenance of prophylaxis in regard to diet. It would be a great mistake, even if we were able to determine absolutely that bovine tuberculosis cannot infect the human subject, to relax any precautions, either public or private, against the use of contaminated meat or milk. The Jews have always, with good reason, kept up a careful system of examination of animal flesh offered for sale, and have pro-

bably thereby saved themselves from more than one kind of ptomaine poison. Moreover the regulation of the meat supply on the present lines will have the beneficial effect of gradually improving the conditions of crowding and bad ventilation which propagate the malady among cattle, and will so raise the condition and value of stock throughout the country. Tuberculosis and other diseases among dairy cows, now prevalent to a large extent in every county, and in almost every herd, would be very greatly reduced by care against contact with infected animals, by the proper periodic cleansing of the stalls, and better ventilation. The object should be to imitate as nearly as possible those conditions of outdoor existence in which, as a rule, tuberculosis does not occur. The second Royal Commission reported, 'Tuberculosis is almost unknown among those cows which 'are kept chiefly in the open air.' The old custom of milking in the field has much to recommend it, but is now generally objected to by milkers. Angus Smith showed many years ago that the air of cowsheds is grossly contaminated by foul dust and floating organisms, which drop into the milk-pails, and recent investigations prove that an enormous diminution in the number of bacteria in milk may be brought about by milking in the open air.

Other fatal diseases besides tuberculosis, and several more or less poisonous products, the result of bacterial growth, are communicable by means of milk. Epidemics of diarrhœa, diphtheria, and typhoid fever have many a time been spread by farmyard milk or by the watered milk of towns, and there can therefore be no question that if tuberculosis were hardly ever conveyed from the animal to man there would still be plenty of reason for the inspection of dairies and for care as regards the sources of our milk supply, and, lastly, for boiling all milk for ten minutes or heating it to at least 185° F., according to the excellent directions of the Association lately published in leaflet form. Thus by precautions against bovine tuberculosis we shall at the same time be saving a very large number of lives from other deadly infections.

Dr. Koch's dictum against the communicability, except in rare instances, of the consumption of the cow to man may be partly accounted for by the general prevalence abroad of the practice of boiling milk, for there can be no doubt that raw milk much more frequently contains dangerous impurities than half-cooked flesh. In England, where milk is commonly drunk raw by children, the pre-

sumptive evidence against it as a carrier of consumption cannot be disregarded. We know that a large fraction of country milk contains tuberculous germs—in Manchester, for instance, 17 out of 93 samples, in Liverpool 29 out of 100, in Cambridge more than 50 out of 100—and that cream especially contains them in large numbers. In fourteen out of sixteen farms visited by the Manchester authority there was at least one cow with a tuberculous udder. A very large number of experiments with different kinds of animals have shown positive results from feeding with tuberculous milk. The evidence before the Royal Commission gave ground for the conclusion that in a considerable proportion of cases children are infected from the cow. The cases of intestinal tuberculosis in young children fed with cow's milk have increased, while phthisis has diminished, and the increase has accompanied the large substitution of cow's for human milk among all classes. In Jersey, on the other hand, where only a very few cows are tuberculous, cases of tabes mesenterica are very rare. Positive instances may be quoted strongly tending to prove communicability. Thus in an institution in Scotland 30 per cent. in one year and 40 per cent. in another year of the total mortality was from tuberculous disease, apparently derived from cows with tuberculous udders; in Berne four infants in one house died from the intestinal form after being fed with infected milk.

We may take it, therefore, as nearly certain, until we have absolute proof to the contrary, that raw cow's milk infected from the tuberculous udder does account for a proportion of the mortality from tuberculosis in human beings. And in this country we have reason, from the important researches of Mr. George Hill, of the King's College and Great Ormond Street Hospitals, for putting the mortality of young children from tuberculous cow's milk at about one-third of their total mortality from tuberculosis. It seems, according to his computation, that the number of children under ten years dying in London from the disease is very much larger than the number certified in the Registrar-General's returns. That is, at least 6,000 every year. 'It is of the utmost practical importance,' he says, 'that we should appreciate correctly the relative frequency 'of the two great sources of infection; for until we realise 'that tuberculosis in young children, and especially in 'infants, is in the majority of cases the result of breathing 'infected air, not of swallowing infected milk, we are hardly

'likely to adopt the best methods for its prevention.' First and foremost he recommends thorough ventilation in the home, and several hours daily in the open air. Secondly, proper regulation of cowsheds, and until this is attained pasteurisation or heating of milk to the boiling-point, followed by rapid cooling. The proportion of milk infection to air infection arrived at by Mr. Hill is remarkably corroborated by the results of four independent observers in Great Britain and America; these also are derived from post-mortem examinations. They show 16·5, 24·7, 28·1, and less than 30 per cent. respectively of primary intestinal infection. Among 50 infants under one year old, in whom the primary channel of infection could be ascertained by Mr. Hill, 27 cases appeared to be due to pulmonary and only 5 to intestinal; the remaining 7 were infected through the ear. With older children the proportion of intestinal cases largely increases, until at ages above five years the two sources of infection seem to be about equal. Dr. Koch's observations on the deceptive indications of intestinal origin should here be borne in mind. The large number of pulmonary cases in young children is attributed to the natural delicacy of their lungs, to the after effects of measles and whooping-cough, and to overcrowded infected rooms. We may also observe that children are specially exposed to inhalation and swallowing of noxious dust through their habits of fingering and their nearness to the ground. The total mortality of infants under one year of age in England from respiratory diseases alone amounts to about 270,000 in every twenty years.

Children are clearly to be saved from this fatality by the same means which insure them against other maladies and a low state of general health—namely, fresh air, clean surroundings, a well-regulated temperature, and boiled milk.

It is satisfactory, on looking back at the work of science in relation to the nature and prevention of consumption, that every one of the discoveries made is of a beneficial and reassuring character, tending to the increased comfort of the patient, increased safety of his associates, and better conditions of life generally. Formerly the supposed victim of weakness in the lungs was coddled in a warm room with closed windows, and if allowed to go out was protected by wraps and respirators against a breath of fresh air; now he is given the freedom of the atmosphere in any good climate, and even extreme cold has for him no terror. Dr. Theodore

Williams, in an interesting paper read at the Congress, described the results of different climates upon a large number of cases known to him, from which we learn that 63·5 per cent. improved in home climates, 65 on the Riviera, 77 on sea voyages, and 83·4 per cent. at high altitudes. Of course the classes of cases in these several localities may not be strictly comparable. Good feeding, and comfort generally, now play an important part in the cure, but the chief element of all appears to be rigid and skilful supervision.

Another depressing belief has been removed by the overthrow of the theory that consumption is hereditary in families. We now know that all children, with few exceptions, can be saved from the disease if they are sufficiently defended from inhalation or ingestion of the fungus-like germs. A predisposition is inherited, and so long as our streets and railway carriages and infected houses are allowed to collect sputum dust predisposed persons run a risk in frequenting such dirty places; but when law and habit combine in precautionary measures, especially in restraining expectoration, these will, in spite of a susceptibility either constitutional or temporary, be nearly as safe against consumption as we all now are against leprosy. The time, therefore, is not far off when even a strong predisposition will be nearly secure against attack, for we know our enemy, who is outside the body, and can destroy his forces.

Thirdly, all authorities now agree that although without care and ventilation proximity to the consumptive exposes the attendant, however strong, to considerable chances of infection, yet that where the proper means are constantly observed to remove the lung excreta, and to provide ventilation, there need be no fear. The statistics of the Brompton Hospital have for many years shown an immunity of doctors, nurses, and attendants at least equal to that of the general population.

Fourthly, we have, as a result of knowledge of the causes of the malady and of minute long-continued investigation of the actual effects upon the patient of different modes of treatment, the most encouraging expectation of cure in the majority of cases of which the character has been ascertained at an early stage. Under the strict rules of sanatoria, and prolonged treatment of suitable cases, Dr. Koch estimates the proportion which may be cured at about 50 per cent. Dr. Brouardel seems to go even further, for he observes: 'If it is true that in every stage tuber-

'culosis can be cured, it is certain to be true if the patient 'has been caused to take the necessary precautions in the 'pre-tuberculous stage, when lesions are very small, and 'when there is sufficient power of resistance in the patient's 'system.' Many years ago Dr. McCormac, of Belfast, enthusiastically advocated fresh air night and day as the true cure. Dr. Williams in 385 cases treated at high altitudes obtained improvement in 87 per cent., while only 12 per cent. grew worse; 45 per cent. completely recovered. Probably the results among poorer classes of patients, under less ample nourishment and less thorough care, would not be so favourable.

Fifthly, and from the point of view of the State this is the most important conclusion of all, tuberculosis is found to be a preventible disease. When we consider that 60,000 persons die annually in Great Britain and Ireland, and that 300,000 or more are constantly suffering from it; further, that after childhood the disease attacks chiefly men and women between eighteen and forty-five, the most productive period of life, and that a very large number of the most efficient workmen employed in quarries, metal works, cotton and wool manufactures, printing trades, and many other occupations exposing them to bad air and dust, fall victims to this infection; when we consider the amount of misery and long anxiety which oppresses families and deprives the country of a large total of possible services, the economic gain may to some extent be computed which will follow from a reduction, say, to one-tenth of the present number of killed and wounded in every year. But no computation can take into account the loss now occurring by the early extinction of some of the most brilliant and gifted intellects, or the gain which may accrue to the nation from a prevention of such loss in the future. The prolongation of life to a Newton, a Faraday, a Shakespeare, a Hallam, a Wellington, a Martineau, and to servants of the State much less conspicuous in fame—Parkes, Chadwick, Simon, Jenner—who have each saved tens of thousands of British lives by their work in relation to public health, has a value to the Empire and to the world beyond all estimation. The hygiene of the future will not tolerate the sacrifice to all sorts of preventible disease, now permitted, of five hundred in every thousand of our people.

It was shown eleven years ago by Dr. Ransome, in his 'Causes and Prevention of Phthisis,' an excellent handbook which ought to be familiar to all who have any influence

over public health, that 'there are few exanthematous 'diseases that could be so easily and so effectively controlled.' Dr. Newsholme, of Brighton, has for long had no doubt that 'this is a disease which is entirely preventible.' Dr. Brouardel concludes that 'tuberculosis is avoidable and 'curable;' '. . . we may reasonably prophesy that, united 'in one brave attempt, the whole civilised world will succeed 'in exterminating the cruellest scourge that has ever fallen 'on us, our children, and our friends, and which threatens 'the future of our countries.' Lord Lister, at the Congress, said 'It was known, thanks to Pasteur, that the tuberculous 'microbe was incapable of being originated *de novo* in the 'human body; hence had arisen the splendid prospect 'of the prevention of tuberculosis,' and anticipated that with the help of the public they might 'possibly eventually 'stamp out entirely the greatest scourge of the human race.' Six years ago there was ample reason for concluding, from an examination of the evidence, that as a national malady it is capable of reduction and almost complete extermination.

We are apt in these days to rely too much on purely scientific observations in the laboratory, or experiments on animals, and too little on common-sense induction from the large and instructively varied multitude of experiments which are proceeding daily before our eyes in the natural and artificial conditions affecting the individual in a modern State.

The announcement of Dr. Koch would have been less of a surprise if we had duly taken into view and borne in mind the evidence which has for a long time accumulated of the environment which in common life enables the tuberculous plague to fasten upon the human organism. A consideration of this evidence leads, not indeed to the sweeping exclusion of everything except human tuberculous sputum from the reconnoitred field of attack, but to the conviction of this excretum as by far the most important factor in the causation of the disease.

What are the principal counts in the mass of contributory facts? To begin with, we have the knowledge of the immunity of wild animals from tuberculosis, of the rare occurrence of the disease among cows living in the open field or in carefully cleansed byres, and protected from infection. We know, too, how easily the cow gets infected from a stall which has been occupied by a tuberculous animal, and how the infection may spread among the herd

by the animals inhaling the germs of the disease in ill-ventilated sheds.

Human tuberculosis, though it may be caused by a slightly different species of fungus, obtains its hold under very similar conditions. People living in the open air, like the Bedouins, wandering Arabs, natives of isolated parts of Africa, and of islands in the Pacific, are free from consumption until they use houses and clothes and adopt European habits. English colonists, living isolated and largely in the open air, remain unaffected till consumptives arrive among them. People living in ill-constructed huts, like the inhabitants of Labrador, or in rough shanties of stone, allowing much ventilation, like the Highlanders of Scotland and the Western Irish, were much less affected than a similar class who lived in good houses, and in course of time, with their improved accommodation, fell victims to the disease in proportion to the exclusion of air from their dwellings. In Eastern Ireland the rate of consumption was 259·62, compared with 95·64 on the west coast.

Soldiers on campaign, sailors, fishermen, hunters, light-house-keepers, gardeners, Arctic explorers, and outdoor labourers were less subject to attack in proportion to their outdoor life and avoidance of crowding. On the other hand printers, potters, and Cornish miners had four times the rate of fishermen and gardeners. Tailors, dressmakers, and inn-keepers were heavily attacked, and nearly all dusty occupations, which weakened the lungs, induced a very large mortality. Thus flint-workers, needle-polishers, &c., had three to ten times as many cases as butchers and bakers; in cotton factories the workers in certain rooms rarely attained the age of thirty-eight.

Broadly, it may be stated as a proved fact that with man, as with animals, phthisis does not occur in outdoor life, where infection has not been introduced from a previous case; while it occurs very rarely among people who avoid crowded places or vehicles, who live much in the open air, and whose houses are roomy and clean.

It prevails in any place or branch of industry in proportion, roughly, to the amount of close indoor occupation and to the neglect of hygienic precautions as regards rooms and places of common resort.

Climate, however good, has of itself been no safeguard. Alexandria, in Egypt, has had double the mortality of England, and Athens and Rio a higher rate than London.

But in Cairo, where the rate for natives is excessively high, Europeans seldom contract the disease.

Families moving from Westmoreland to a Lancashire manufacturing town at once treble their liability to consumption, and similarly the rate for London is double that of rural Surrey.

Villages in which for a long time no case of consumption has occurred frequently lose a number of their inhabitants after the introduction of a single case.

According to information received quite recently from a number of orphanages, training homes, &c., in the South of England, these institutions have for a long time had only a very small rate of mortality from tuberculosis.

Now in all these instances the infection and mortality from phthisis appear to depend entirely, or almost entirely, on the freedom of the locality from tuberculous germs, and not to any marked degree on tuberculous milk or meat. If these last suspected sources were largely concerned we should not find complete immunity among people living an entirely outdoor life, for they doubtless consume tuberculous meat and milk; nor should we find villages almost or completely free from consumption for long periods until a human sufferer comes among them, for they too are accustomed to eat tuberculous food; nor would the rate vary so regularly according to opportunities of human infection alone.

We should expect the rate to depend to a discoverable extent on the ingestion or avoidance of animal flesh and dairy products, and to remain markedly low among those populations who are accustomed to boil their milk and eat little or no animal flesh, or to have it well cooked. We should expect a large crop of cases at orphanages and asylums supplied occasionally with tuberculous milk, and among children in the best districts of large towns, who must often be supplied with infected milk and butter.

Other things being equal, no difference of the kind appears to have been noticed, and neither climate nor any kind of food affords protection. In Demerara, for instance, the negroes and Hindoos, who eat very little flesh or milk, and that well cooked, die of consumption in large numbers, and about half the cases are of the intestinal form. In France, where milk is boiled, and, till recently, little butcher's meat was eaten by the mass of the people, the death rate has been more than double that of England, and in Germany the mortality has also been much greater.

Now observe the immediate and large diminution of the

disease when measures of cleanliness, including fresh air, are introduced in houses and workshops. In Canada, during the years 1830–7, the mortality from it among the troops was 23 per 1,000; after improved drainage and ventilation of barracks, &c., the rate fell to 9·49 in 1863–72, and to 6 in 1874. Thirty years ago it killed eight soldiers in the thousand per annum; now, since improvements in hygiene, the rate falls below three. In the ten years 1836–47 the deaths from consumption in a badly ventilated prison at Vienna were at the rate of 51·4; in the well-ventilated House of Correction, under similar diet and modes of life, at the rate of 7·9. Here is no question of meat or milk. In English prisons, which are clean and airy, consumption is rare, apart from imported cases. In the year 1889–90 only seven, and in 1890–1 only nine persons, besides a few who were discharged, died from it out of a population of 4,807 in Wormwood Scrubbs. In French prisons, which were badly ventilated and less clean, a very large number of fatal cases has occurred every year. In German prisons, according to a paper read by Cornet at Berlin in May 1895, after the new hygienic regulations came into force in German State establishments the cases of consumption fell 54 per cent. Among nursing orders the reduction was 36 per cent. In this paper Cornet went so far as to say that practically the sputum is the only source of infection; in fact, he made nearly the identical statement which was received as a thunderbolt the other day in London when spoken by the Berlin professor. Thus at least six years have been lost by our State and local authorities, during which measures in conformity with the best hygienic practice might have been taken, and would quite certainly have reduced the deaths from consumption by thousands annually.

What, in brief, are the modes of overcoming the plague which are not only indicated by theory but proved successful in practice? There is no difficulty or mystery about them. We know that a single patient may eject in the course of a day more than 20,000,000 bacilli, and that when the sputum dries these may be blown about in the dust of the street, or settle upon the walls and carpet of his room. Exposure to fresh air and sunlight kills the bacilli in a fortnight or a month, but in a closed room without much sunlight the organisms retain their vitality for many months. The first object, therefore, must be the prevention so far as possible of indiscriminate expectoration, especially in rooms and crowded places. The supply of spittoons must

become general; the consumptive must use those which are specially made for the pocket; and the infective matter must be promptly destroyed. The extreme importance of fresh air must be insisted upon, and good ventilation provided in workshops, workrooms, factories, schools, and places of assembly. Ventilation has the threefold effect of diminishing the vitality of the microbes deposited on walls and floors, of diluting the air containing the pernicious dust, and of rendering the human body less liable to infection. Stuffy air acts as a good conductor, fresh air as a non-conductor of disease. The open-air cure shows that ventilation, besides saving others from danger, has the best influence upon the patient himself. When all precautions are observed there is little risk even in occupying the same bedroom with a consumptive.

As with other kinds of contagious and infective fungi, all the surroundings within doors should be frequently cleaned, and should consist as far as possible of washable material, impervious and of smooth surface; the furniture should be scanty, and there should be no sweeping up of dust, but wiping with a damp cloth. The annoying practice of dry sweeping with brooms, which still delights all good housekeepers and hotel-keepers, ought to be nearly altogether avoidable. It is not required on parquet or tiled or linoleum floors. The carpet rugs, and worse still the common rough mats, used on some of our principal railways are abominably well adapted for the retention and diffusion of the fungus among the occupiers of a crowded compartment. The cushions ought to be easily cleanable with a damp cloth. No wonder that the bacilli of tuberculosis have been found to be numerous in railway carriages. The danger of travelling with closed windows is not confined to the constitutionally predisposed, for recent illness, colds, and fatigue predispose persons who might at other times resist a strong dose. The mere unguarded coughing or speaking of a consumptive is sufficient to infect the neighbouring air, as Professor Koch recently showed in his address to the Congress, and the cubic space per head in a full compartment is much smaller than in the most crowded dwelling-room of legal dimensions.

There are various other channels by which the disease can easily be conveyed, and which, so far as we are aware, have not hitherto been brought into notice. In nearly every office in the kingdom, at the counter of the bank, the booking-office, and the shop, the clerk will turn over the

leaves of his ledger by means of frequent applications of his finger to his mouth, and the process may be repeated very many times in the same book during the day by different persons. If one of them be consumptive the probability of infection is not negligible. Many a parcels-office clerk at railway stations and many a post-office employé loses his life through this habit. The high rate of mortality among the hundreds of thousands of clerks in this country is probably largely due to it. Some cases among the general population may be caused by the custom, which prevails in nearly every baker's and grocer's shop, including even those which supply royal families, of the assistants handling their loaves, biscuits, and cakes without any due precautions, especially when they are suffering from a cold or influenza; if the customer takes his purchases with him, a paper bag is detached from its place with moistened fingers, and blown open with the mouth. It would be wise, though unpleasant, to refuse eatables subjected to such dirty handling. The shops for light luncheons and teas, which have grown so numerous, accumulate on their floors dust brought in from the very unclean pavement outside; much of this dirty matter, after being stirred by the feet of customers and swept up with brooms several times a day, settles upon the goods by the window and on the counter. The combination of baker's shop and crowded restaurant is decidedly unhygienic, and in cold weather the windows, clouded and steaming with moisture, give an unappetising sign of deficient ventilation.

These may seem to be trifling details, but from insanitary habits far more than from an inclement climate the great bulk of disease in modern life is derived, and as regards consumption the alteration of a few habits would result in the immediate saving of 30,000 lives a year in this country. The expulsion of a bacterial malady is not a difficult matter, when once the public realises what are the proper lines of attack and willingly supports the authorities who know exactly how to deal with the haunts and strongholds of each particular enemy. The means by which cholera infects a population is now so well known that the reasonable dread which used to follow its landing on our shores can never be repeated. The plague, a still more horrible disease, cannot now successfully overrun a well-governed community. Hydrophobia, the worst of all, has been entirely extirpated by a few simple regulations,

which had for a good many years been recommended by sanitarians as certain to succeed.

Leprosy, which has great bacteriological affinity with tuberculosis, was dealt with systematically in the ignorant Middle Ages by isolation and segregation; and no better means could have been devised for its extinction even in our own biological era; deprived of its human pabulum it died of starvation. Happily no such banishment of the sufferer is required in the case of the tuberculous; still we have to acknowledge that the separation of the sick from the healthy is a measure of the greatest importance where the proper precautions against infection are not observed. At present neglect is general except among educated people, and these comprise only a very small fraction of the population, so that for some time to come the removal of any one declared to be tuberculous from the midst of susceptible persons, and from general social intercourse, will be most desirable in the interests of all concerned. It is not necessary where careful habits may be relied on under medical supervision. Every encouragement should be given to the patient to present himself for examination on the first suspicion, and to the doctor to report maladies of a tuberculous character. Comforts and appliances for the outdoor treatment might well be supplied along with medical advice. Opportunity should be afforded for the full curative treatment of consumptives in every district, sanatoria should be provided round our coasts for scrofulous children, and the houses in which any case has occurred should be thoroughly disinfected.

Leprosy was incurable; tuberculosis, in the majority of cases recognised early, is curable. The patient will have every reason to notify his condition, and every facility should be given him to promote his own cure and the safety of those about him. Not only is the house occupied by a consumptive of ordinary habits dangerous to present inmates, and to subsequent tenants, but it appears, from observations in New York and elsewhere, that neighbouring houses are very apt to propagate the infection. This may be due either to social intercourse between neighbours or to the shaking of rugs, mats, &c., in the street. Dr. Newsholme, of Brighton, who has long been one of the foremost officers of health to declare the preventibility of phthisis and other infections, finds that, as a rule, 'the necessary precautions ' are not taken,' and has introduced a system of voluntary notification. 'The patient has always been grateful for the

'advice given,' and this seems to be the usual experience in other towns, both in England and abroad. But Dr. Newsholme and most other distinguished sanitarians recommend, for the future, obligatory notification as likely to be a far greater protection to the community; Sir Hermann Weber considers that without notification it is impossible to carry out satisfactorily the necessary preventive measures.

In several countries measures of prevention have been adopted which will largely reduce the risk of infection, at any rate among well-to-do people. Any traveller by the Northern Railway of France may notice the excellent arrangements on that line for the security of passengers, and M. Brouardel states that all the railway companies have received instructions from the Minister of Public Works calling their attention to the necessary precautions. In parts of the United States rules against indiscriminate expectoration are in force, and have been well received by the public; hotel-keepers have to notify their reception of a consumptive to the municipal authorities, and disinfection of the rooms which he has occupied is compulsory; immigrants from other countries are examined at the port of entry, and may be turned back if tuberculous. In Germany a measure has been brought in requiring notification of pulmonary cases by the attendant doctor, disinfection of rooms, and notification by hotel proprietors and lessors of furnished houses. In Norway compulsory notification has been in force since January 1, 1901.

In the capital city of the British Empire nothing whatever has been done against the common diffusion of tuberculous dust; no spittoons are ordered by public authority to be placed on crowded railway platforms, in places of resort, and in the main streets, where they might be attached to every lamp-post, with much advantage; nor are the pavements kept properly clean. Consumption is actually increasing in central and northern London.

Voluntary notification of phthisis has been adopted by Manchester, Brighton, Sheffield, Norwich, and Cardiff. Excellent rules for cleansing, disinfection, and the instruction of patients are in operation in several of these towns. The importance of thorough disinfection, if not of rebuilding, may be realised by an inspection of the excellent maps lately brought out, which demonstrate how consumption infests not only particular houses, but rows of houses. A map of extraordinary interest, showing its prevalence in certain districts of Bath before and its rarity after recon-

struction, was exhibited at the Congress among other very instructive diagrams from the same town.

Consumption is a disease of the house. With a proper education in domestic hygiene the housewife will understand her responsibility for allowing it no quarter. Among the poorer classes both hygienic education and love of fresh air are wanting. The large percentage of tuberculous disease in Wales and Scotland, amid the best surroundings, is due to the fear of air in the dwelling. In the high-lying cottages, we are told, it is quite the exception to find a window that is capable of being opened. The only opening is the door, and each room is therefore a *cul-de-sac*; there is no periodic cleaning, and the furniture of the combined living and sleeping room remains undisturbed for years. It is the women in such conditions who fall victims to the disease; the men, who spend their days in the open, are much less affected.

In foreign countries, where all classes dread open windows and insist on stagnant rooms for living and sleeping in, consumption is much more prevalent than in England, reaching a maximum among European capitals in Vienna and in St. Petersburg, where double windows closed all the winter are the rule, and where the general death rate consequently doubles that of London.

There can be no doubt that sanatoria, to which at any rate the poorer victims of the disease may be sent, will confer a very great benefit upon the sufferers themselves, and will enable the local authorities to render the infected homes from which they come tolerably safe to the remaining members of the family and to succeeding occupiers. Families are every day moving into quarters which would be less dangerous than they are if infested only by cobras or wolves. Even the most robust among the inmates of virulently contaminated dwellings may succumb. We heard recently of the death of a strong healthy man who entered as tenant a small office vacated by a consumptive of dirty habits; also of a doctor, of the strongest constitution, who was accustomed to pay long visits to a consumptive in the last stage. Experiences such as these are not uncommon, but less powerful doses of the bacterial poison are sufficient to infect the ailing or predisposed. Small, ill-ventilated, and carelessly kept dwellings may be considered generally unsafe; but first-class hotels we treat as above suspicion. Certainly, the standard of cleanliness and comfort in hotels has been immensely raised in the last

forty years. Sir Hermann Weber, however, tells of one in the South of Europe in which the room of a supposed consumptive was occupied within six hours of his departure by two children and a nurse; and on the south coast of England at least we have the strongest reason for stating that cases of the same kind frequently occur. Probably there are few hotels or lodging-houses in this country where proper rules of disinfection are in force. In railway cars, on steamships with close cabins, and in waiting-rooms at stations a constant succession of infected and healthy are admitted with no due precautions, although the presence of virulent bacilli in such places has been proved by many experiments. Some parents do not hesitate to employ consumptive nurses; and Sir Hermann tells of a case known to him in which three of the children became diseased within two years of the nurse's engagement. Very commonly a discharged soldier or sailor, or workman, who has returned home consumptive, infects some of his family, and they die before him.

We must admit that, although in thoroughly hygienic houses and in hospitals infection rarely takes place, the ordinary way of living among the great majority of the population permits diffusion of tuberculosis not only among the highly susceptible but even among the refractory who are brought into close association with a case.

From every quarter, and from every authority, we learn that cleanliness and ventilation of the dwelling are above all necessary for the reduction of the chief bacterial agents of disease in populous countries. During the successive epidemics of influenza which, since 1889, have ravaged Europe, and killed more eminent men than any plague recorded in history, it was proved that persons living in isolated situations, and avoiding contact with persons or things from infected places, were altogether free from the pest, but that a visit to any place of public resort was sufficient to induce an attack. Consequently no precautions were sufficient to procure immunity for people who went about their usual avocations and were brought into proximity to cases. The microbes of influenza are extremely minute and subtle, are given off from the person in immense numbers at an early stage, and to them most constitutions are susceptible. Consumption and the more severe bacterial plagues are much more easily disposed of. We may affirm with certainty that nearly all the consumption of adults at present existing has been forced as by a hothouse in dirty,

overcrowded, and stuffy places, and spreads thence to people in better conditions, by habits which ought to be tabooed as both disgusting and dangerous. These objectionable habits will speedily disappear under the influence of public opinion and through municipal regulation; but the systematic disinfection of foul apartments, demolition of slum dwellings, prevention of overcrowding, and supply of hygienic conditions, among which ventilation, with ample provision for fresh air, will always be foremost, must take years, and will only gradually have their effect upon public health. These means of recuperation are of the utmost importance; they will save annually nearly as many thousand lives from other diseases as from consumption, will greatly heighten the level of general health, both physical and mental, and the capacity for work, will serve the cause of temperance, and save town populations from rapid decline. Very properly we enact penalties against the seller of adulterated goods which do damage to health; with at least equal reason those persons, whether owners or tenants of unfit habitations, whose dwellings are propagating beds for mortal diseases should be warned and punished. The worst properties should be confiscated, the worst tenements, where occupiers are to blame, should be subject to periodical compulsory cleansing. These things are of more consequence to the community than false weights and balances, of which the London County Council has lately, much to its credit, made a clean sweep.

Elaborate investigations have shown that clean houses, with ventilation, have in their air only a small fraction of the number of bacilli contained in the air of dirty houses, and that in badly ventilated schools micro-organisms increase with increase of wall and floor space. Scrubbing of an ordinary plank floor fails to reduce them largely, except for a short time, and new schools are much less contaminated than the older buildings. Similar results would be found in dwelling-rooms and in workshops not subject to frequent cleansing. The bulk of the population who do not provide for the thorough cleansing of their walls, carpets, and furniture would greatly gain by the substitution of smooth surfaces on walls and floor for the present dust-gathering materials. Carpets, curtains, and paper retain for a long time infectious matter which could not survive on tiles or cement occasionally wiped with a damp cloth. The moderate degree of cleanliness which has left no power to typhus to continue its once formidable ravages is not sufficient to

reduce to insignificance the more widespread fungus of tuberculosis.

Much of the prevailing ill-health of towns depends on the presence of an immense number of particles of dust, both organic and inorganic, in the air breathed. At Montsouris Observatory the number of microbes in a cubic metre was found to be seventy-five, in the Rue de Rivoli 750, in rooms about eight times and in hospitals twelve times as many as in the open air. The curves of mortality in different places correspond to a great extent with those for the number of microbes. One gramme of dust from rooms contained 2,100,000 germs. Experiments in London showed very large increases whenever the dust of a room or hospital was stirred, and the number falling on one square foot per minute in the Natural History Museum was raised on Whit Monday from 196 to 1,662. In a railway carriage containing four persons, with a window partly open, there fell the enormous number of 3,120 per minute. In a full third-class carriage, with windows closed, as they generally are in winter, this figure would be greatly exceeded.

Inorganic dust, which pervades the air of towns to a degree which, if put in figures, would seem incredible, helps to render the bacterial attack more potent, and carbonic acid gas, also more abundant than in the country, works to the same effect. The 'stuffiness' of rooms is due to these combined ingredients, and to some minute traces of organic effluvia. Together they reduce the vitality of the resident urban population and are largely concerned in the result, most ominous for the British race, that scarcely a man of the highest distinction has been born to parents brought up in the largest towns, and that London families born and bred do not survive beyond the fifth generation.

The scientific discovery of the open-air cure for consumption may lead to the still more wide-reaching popular discovery that fresh air is the primary condition of our preservation not only from consumption but from a host of deadly diseases and distressing ailments. If by the removal of windows, and living and sleeping out of doors, consumptives, supposed to be so susceptible to cold, gain more than by any other treatment, will not the healthy by the same way of living rise superior to the attack, and add greatly to their capacity of work and enjoyment? What a fund of lost wealth lies here within reach! Clean surfaces, air, temperance would abolish half the evils we see around us, and add immeasurably to the vital resources of the Empire. Begin-

ning with young children, much of the time lost by the closing of schools on account of epidemics would be saved; the children would not be thrown back, as they often are, by troublesome sequelæ; the teacher would find his task less wearisome and the intelligence of his pupils not a little brighter in proportion to the air admitted. Ventilation in schools has already been proved to add to the alertness of the children, and even where expensive mechanical appliances are necessary must be regarded as a measure of economy. Schoolmasters and teachers are at present as a class unhealthy, no doubt very largely owing to the vitiation of the air in which they perform their trying duties; their task would be greatly lightened by the provision of an ample supply of fresh air at the right temperature.

In office, workshop, or factory the young people employed would in course of time attain a much higher degree of well-being, and many of those who now suffer from the influences of unhealthy or dangerous trades would recover if only they insisted on a fair allowance of their birthright—the free oxygen of the atmosphere. The majority of indoor workers, and of women and children, breathe bad air, a devitalised and slightly poisonous compound. In towns the ozone which enhances the bracing character of the open country is altogether wanting. Considering the immense importance of the quality of the blood for building up body and brain, we cannot wonder at the disastrous effects of town life, which is so largely within doors, upon the race. Products of this starving and poisoning of the blood may take a long time to accumulate up to the point of serious disease. But in every crowded street the unchildlike pallid faces of the young reproach civilisation, in every crowded quarter the death-rate is more than double what it ought to be, and in the central area of the largest towns the population would rapidly die out if not recruited from the ever-decreasing strength of the country.

The power of fresh air in relation to disease is not even now at all generally realised, although Dr. Parkes wrote long ago that the complete exposure of patients to air in several kinds of severe infections is the most important mode of treatment. There are, indeed, few conditions of ill-health in which it is not beneficial. But to this day we may in travelling notice that the occupants of third-class carriages anxiously exclude the outer air, fearing both for sick and sound the inspiration of that element on whose purity we depend for our very life. In the poorer parts of London

windows are rarely seen wide open. In nearly all houses, both in town and country, servants, unless specially instructed to the contrary, close every window soon after sunset. Colds, headaches, and other ailments consequently abound.

On the other hand people who camp out in roomy tents, with due provision for warm clothing, enjoy the best of health and are seldom troubled even with a cold. Exactly the same thing occurs with horses; in badly ventilated stables they suffer from coughs, sore throats, congestion of the lungs, and various disorders from which they are free, according to Major Fisher and other careful observers, when lavishly supplied with air.

Professor Huxley gave his opinion in 1893 that what is called 'overwork' means in a large proportion of cases under-oxygenation and consequent accumulation of waste matter, which operates as a poison. Sir J. Sawyer, consulting physician to Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, in corroboration of this opinion urges that much chronic invalidism is chronic suboxidation, and that one of the worst of wrong conditions is work in stale air. 'Whenever we doubt about 'our vitality we should doubt about our ventilation.' Dr. Cheadle reminds us that one-third of our lives is spent in our bedrooms, of which the air is poisoned beyond what would be tolerated in a sitting-room. Many of the cases of nervous disease, and especially, perhaps, of neurasthenia, which are now so common, depend to a great extent on want of open air and exercise.

The remedy for this prevailing tendency to ill-health, and especially for liability to consumption, is the fullest practicable imitation of camp life, without its inconveniences. Dr. Harold Coates, under the direction of Professor Delépine, has shown by a series of elaborate investigations on tubercle-infected houses that a large cubic space is of little avail if the ventilation is bad, and that light and air even in the dirtiest houses bring great benefit. Virulent bacilli were found abundantly in rooms occupied by phthisical patients, who were not careful as regards expectoration. From sixteen houses thirteen out of thirty-two samples of dust collected actually produced tuberculosis in animals.

Dr. Arthur Ransome stated at the recent Congress that our first duty must be to get rid of that 'air sewage' which causes more mortality than water sewage, and that this can only be accomplished by copious ventilation. By the Cotton Cloth Factories Act, 1898, a better standard of ventilation

was established in these places, with the result of a great improvement in the health of the operatives in weaving-sheds. Dr. Ransome advocates the application of the same standard to all 'work-places,' and regulation of the air supply of places of public assembly, such as churches and theatres. Some one has observed, with a great deal of truth, that the sleep which so easily overcomes a congregation during the sermon is due not to sacerdotal but to atmospheric soporifics. Certainly the theatre of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street was equal to any church in its persuasive drowsiness even during discourses of rare interest, and has lost that charm since it has been pierced with breathing-holes and Tobin tubes. The fancied difficulties of ventilation are much greater than the real, because the dread of draughts leads to the reduction of apertures to the smallest dimensions rather than to their enlargement. A chink or slightly opened door or window, or the space under a door, admits a draught which in cold weather may be both unpleasant and pernicious. But out of doors, in an open situation, we do not speak of a draught, nor do we often suffer from the effects of wind, however strong. The difference is owing to the bracing character of the pure outer air, to its even distribution, and to warmer clothing. The main preventive of harm from draughts or from a cold atmosphere is sufficient clothing, to prevent chilling of the surface of the body. Thus we find that consumptives, who may be abnormally subject to coughs and colds, bear very well their exposure to air at all sorts of temperatures in all sorts of weather, when carefully protected from chill. Dr. Childs, in an interesting paper read to the Sanitary Institute last spring, observes that few people can sit in rooms at a temperature below 50° F. for a long time with impunity, unless warmly clothed, and that few can endure a current of air greater than 1 foot a second with a temperature below 60° F. One of the best practical discoveries of the age is the harmlessness of air, even at the lowest temperatures, to the human body well protected. There are, of course, exceptions, such as persons just recovering from a severe cold or influenza, or subject to bronchitis. For ordinary dwelling-rooms Dr. Childs commends, when the outside temperature is below 50° F., widely opened windows properly arranged, warm clothing, and hot-water pipes or a good radiating slow-combustion fireplace. The delightful freshness of a room so ventilated, the absence of discomfort even to invalids, and the readiness with which people become accustomed to such conditions,

are, he says, astonishing. In several sanatoria in this country there are rooms from which the windows have been wholly removed, and after a short experience the patients seem to enjoy their *al fresco* cure as trout enjoy a running stream.

In the Brompton and Victoria Park Hospitals the windows have for a long time been kept wide open by day and night. In a large school near Petersfield the windows of class and bed rooms are always open, with excellent results. Dr. Childs, from prolonged personal observation during two cold winters, has been led to emphasise the great benefit derived from keeping the windows open, both at the bottom and the top. In successful examples of the mode of ventilation known as the *plenum* the inrushing air should rise, spread, and flow swiftly along immediately beneath the ceiling until the current dashes against the opposite wall. There the current breaks, and very slowly moves back towards the outlet, placed near the floor some six to eight feet below the inlet.

The general result of recent researches into the purity or impurity of air in day schools and other public buildings, with special regard to the question of ventilation, leaves no doubt that mechanical ventilation properly applied gives much better effects than any natural ventilation so far tried. The evidence from an extensive inquiry made by the National Union of Teachers in 1898 fully corroborates the conclusion arrived at on the scientific side. For hospitals the invigorating coolness of air currents through open windows, and the refreshing changes of temperature, make the natural preferable on the whole to any mechanical ventilation.

It seems to be important in the case of class rooms to maintain a rather high and even temperature, else one would suggest that in the smaller schools, especially in the country, all the windows on one side, or even the whole of one wall, might be removed, and the children keep themselves warm with extra clothing. In other public buildings, especially churches and chapels, there would be great advantage if a part of one side or the doorway end were removed altogether, leaving only an iron screen or railing for security two or three yards within the shelter of a projecting roof. Since people attending church are warmly clothed, and hot-water or hot-air systems are generally in use, there would be no objection to the circulation of air without unpleasant draughts, and many thousands of cases of infectious disease, from colds and influenza to scarlet fever, would thereby be prevented. The weekly assemblage for one or two hours in

a foul atmosphere is very well adapted for the rapid spread of several kinds of epidemic through the country, and for the maintenance of endemics. It is not yet widely realised how largely consumption and pneumonia fasten on the condition of body which follows influenza, measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever.

Building by-laws have insisted on the provision, among many other restrictions at least doubtful, of a height of not less than seven or eight feet in dwelling-rooms, and even in the country one is now prohibited from building a bedroom 6½ feet in height. From a hygienic point of view there are great advantages in low rooms. They are more easily and economically warmed, lighted, and ventilated; they are more easily and quickly cleaned. The stagnant pool of heated air in rooms described as 'lofty' cannot readily be replaced by the inflow through widely opened windows, and the upper parts of the walls collect dust for long periods without disturbance. Economy in building and warming is really an important requisite in the provision of house accommodation for the industrial classes, and every unnecessary by-law increasing expense increases over-crowding.

The problem of the mode of distributing population within definite areas, and of the remedy for a density which is really calamitous to human developement, has become one of the most pressing of our time, and deserves the fullest attention of British statesmen. It is serious in all our largest towns, in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, but most serious in London, because of its gigantic magnitude, and of the great distance to which workpeople occupied in the central districts must travel to find rooms at a moderate rental. Mr. Charles Booth is convinced that facilities of locomotion give the best hope of relief to the present congestion. No doubt the easy, cheap, and rapid conveyance of 'daily-bread' workers in all directions would do much, but we must remember that these people are not house-owners, and that easy communications mean more profits and higher rents eventually to the landlords of the suburbs. The best prospect of a change leading to a relaxation of the present disastrous pressure and a return to the more decent and humane conditions of existence which still happily prevail in our smaller towns lies in the removal of factories and businesses of various kinds from urban to country districts. The increased health of workpeople, the lower rates and expenses, the better light and air, the cheapness of land, will in very many kinds of industry more than

recoup the employer for the disadvantages of a less central position. Some of the most prosperous undertakings, and some of the very largest, are already flourishing all the more since they moved beyond urban limits, and some were originally built up in small country towns or villages. The best example of successful removal now to be found in England is probably the great cocoa and sugar-plum works at Bournville, where the most admirable arrangements have been made for the comfort of the thousands of employed. When the scheme is complete they will be spread over some scores of acres of land in excellent detached houses, each having a garden and facing a good open road.

The better distribution of the people upon the land which has borne them, and the relief of congestion in cities, will to a great extent reduce those bad conditions of living which entail a liability to consumption and other scourges of the physical frame, and will infallibly favour the growth of the nation in strength of intelligence and solidity of character.

Meanwhile, before the desired clearances and expansions can be accomplished, the most efficacious single reform for the prevention of physical maladies will be the admission to every dwelling of the largest possible inflow from the vital atmosphere. The chief objection to overcrowding is the offensiveness of bad air. Admit fresh air freely and continually, not, of course, without due precautions, and, from the standpoint of hygiene, you at once enlarge your apartment to spacious dimensions. Let our close-packed millions realise this, and they will enter the high road to recovery. One-fifth of the amount spent on liquors which are now scientifically proved to be neither nutritive nor heat-producing to the body would, if spent on economic warming apparatus and on fuel for dwellings, produce an excellent return. Since the sick are so much helped by mere air, the healthy have likewise the power to save themselves from falling into the clutches of a malady which, to use the words of Sir Edwin Chadwick, will always cling to 'stagnation' and cannot endure 'circulation.'

Before the campaign can be undertaken with that hearty support from public opinion which is the best guarantee for success, the known facts in their simple impressiveness will have to be disseminated throughout the kingdom, and lucidly explained in their particular bearing upon every situation in life. There are few persons of education who cannot do much in their immediate surroundings to dispel this blight of humanity which has so long oppressed us under the guise of an inevitable doom.

ART. X.—1. *Muld, Det forjættede Land, Dommens Dag,* and others. Af HENRIK PONTOPPIDAN. Copenhagen.

2. *Gösta Berlings Saga, Antikrists Mirakler, En Herregårds Historie, Drottningar i Kongahålla.* Af SELMA LAGERLÖF. Stockholm.

3. *Kobberslangen, Ada Wilde, Fru Beatas Hus,* and others. Af THOMAS KRAG. Copenhagen.

4. *Sult, Pan, Redaktör Linge.* Af KNUT HAMSUN. Copenhagen.

5. *Kamp.* Af F. K. TRANAAS. Copenhagen.

6. *Julies Dagbog, Maria,* and others. Af PETER NANSEN. Copenhagen.

7. *Korset, En Præsts Dagbog.* Af SIGBJÖRN OBSTFELDER. Copenhagen.

8. *Det hvide Hus,* and others. Af HERMAN BANG. Copenhagen.

9. *Fra en Garnisonsby,* and others. Af SOPHUS BAUDITZ. Copenhagen.

10. *Professor Hieronymus,* and others. Af AMELIA SKRAMM. Copenhagen.

TENNYSON and Browning—let us say the younger Tennyson and the younger Browning—may serve for examples of two types or orders of literature, each perfectly legitimate, each claiming and, in all ages, to claim its votaries (though not in equal numbers), but of such diversity in aim and method that the lovers of one order are never wholly sympathetic with the adherents of the other. Tennyson's aim is simple and easily understood. It is that which would, by the confession of most, be accounted the chief aim of letters and more especially of poetry—the search for beauty and the presentation of it. Whether he is concerned with some slight fancy, or with the deeper searchings and imaginations of the mind, or in rendering in verse a story or a legend, Tennyson never fails to try for this mark. It is impossible to believe that Browning, the author of such a poem, for example, as 'Popularity,' and its exquisite cadences:—

> 'Enough to furnish Solomon
> Such hangings for his cedar-house,
> That, when gold-robed he took his throne
> In that abyss of blue, the Spouse
> Might swear his presence shone,

'Most like the centre-spike of gold
That burns deep in the blue-bell's womb,
What time, with ardours manifold,
The bee goes singing to her groom
Drunken and overbold'—

it is impossible to believe that the writer of verse such as this was insensible to the beauty of imagery and of sound. Yet in the same poem we have lines of an abominable harshness and discord:—

'Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup:
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,'—

and so forth. Wherefore we must assume that discord also made up some part of the author's scheme.

The truth is that neither harmony nor unharmony in itself, neither beauty nor ugliness, is the prime aim of Browning, but the presentment of a certain precise conception (concept, as the metaphysicians say) which he himself has acquired, and which he knows to be distinctive and individual; in one word, knows it to be a *creation* in the proper sense of the term. Doubtless with Browning at all times no small fantasy and whim appear in the things he has made, answering to the character of their author. No doubt, too, in later days, owing perhaps to the neglect of the public and the over-strong fascination of Carlyle, Browning was driven back upon himself and became altogether too fantastic and analytical. Not the less when we have passed any while among a company of *his* creatures—the Cavaliers, the Johannes Agricolas, the Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, the Sludges, the St. Praxed Bishops, the Count Guidos and Pompilias—and then turn back to the poetry of Tennyson and his conceptions, we must feel a certain softness and indefiniteness in the latter, as of gold without the stiffening of its alloy. When Browning is not carried away by his eccentricities, we can believe that the harsh or quaint sounds and images that he interposes are there by design, to give a saliency and clearer outline to the more important parts, as—in the instance with which we began—the lines about Hobbs, Nobbs, Nokes, and Stokes serve well enough to express the vulgarity of manufactured verse side by side with the reality of poetry.

'. . . That dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And coloured like Astarte's eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells.'

The two types of literature, which we have here presented in the guise of two contemporary poets, are in the field of fiction represented here and now by the school of Romance and the school of Realism; and the difference between the two schools lies not in the choice of subject—Dickens is a romanticist as well as Scott—but in the handling of it. We are not called upon, either as readers or as critics, to decide which is the better art; only to acknowledge that both are legitimate. Allowing for the natural swing of the pendulum, if we find one age given almost wholly to romanticism, in other words not merely to an ideal, but to a somewhat abstracted and typical treatment of life, we must not complain if the best intellect of the succeeding age consecrates itself to realism. It would be hardy to deny that such is the case now; that the literature of Europe which is most in the spirit of the age, *dans le mouvement*, as the French say, is of this realistic kind; though it is possible that by this time the realistic movement has nearly spent its force. The French, with that alertness they have in catching a feeling 'in the air,' and an especial quickness in giving names to things, have seemed to appropriate to themselves this tendency, and have invented a subdivision thereof, which they have called 'naturalism.' Howbeit, the movement, the realistic impetus, is rarely found in its simplicity and its true power among French writers. Its natural soil is much more among the nations of Northern Europe than in France. A recent French critic—M. Georges Pellissier—has acknowledged no less. In his book on 'Le Mouvement Littéraire Contemporain,' M. Pellissier contrasts the French realism or naturalism with the variety of it which has sprung up among some of the peoples of Northern Europe.

'Our French naturalism,' he says, 'has not the frankness and the sincerity which theirs has: we are too conscious in it of system, artifice, and rhetoric. Above all, the spirit which animates it is quite different from theirs. Our naturalists make their observations on nature and on human life without sympathy: what they tell us expresses much rather irony and contempt. More still, they subordinate, they enslave the soul to the body. We are not saying that their work neglects the moral side of things: for in some of them, notably in Zola, we find a serious preoccupation with social morality. But our French naturalism has no concern with, has hardly any conception of, the inner life' (*la vie intérieure*). 'Now, it is precisely this sense of the inner life, which among the northern nations is kept alive by a more active and personal religion, which penetrates further into the consciousness, that gives to their naturalism its character and its originality.'

It is reassuring to find that England has a place among these 'northern nations' in M. Pellissier's category. But the example he chooses is George Eliot, who lies far away from contemporary fiction. No doubt, in the vast and turbulent whirlpool of our latter-day novels, most of which belong, not in truth to the class of literature at all, but to the class of journalism, there are to be found 'sparsely 'swimming' true realists of the kind which M. Pellissier's description points at, who deserve to be placed side by side with the realists of Russia or of Scandinavia. May they not go under! Not the less, however, it is the writers of the two last-named countries whose work possesses power enough to counterbalance or to overthrow the conception of realism which has obtained in France. The torch passes from hand to hand, from nation to nation; and we would in no way minimise what has been done by our next neighbours or by schools long past. Tolstoy would have been different if it had not been for Flaubert, as Flaubert but for Balzac, Balzac but for Richardson. But albeit Tolstoy is the greatest of Russian realists, he is not the only one. There have been *fortes ante Agamemnona*; behind Dostoëvsky stands Gógol. On the other part, Turgénev, who nearly all his literary life lived in the very lap of French influences, preserved a national distinctiveness.

In Scandinavian lands we have one evidence especially remarkable of the force of this time-spirit in its trend towards naturalism. English readers all acknowledge Ibsen as the very apostle of the art, and see in Ibsen's social dramas a sort of minor gospel thereof. They forget, or they ignore, that before Ibsen was the playwright of 'The 'Doll's House,' 'The Wild Duck,' 'The Pillars of Society,' 'The Enemy of the People,' and the rest of that company, he was a writer of exquisite verse; they ignore this, even if they have read 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt' in English, because these works cannot be adequately rendered. Few things in literary history are more remarkable than that the author of such lines as

> 'Ennu ikke, ennu ikke!
> O, hvor langt det er at vente,
> Længsels Raab paa Raab at skikke,
> Aldrig noget svar at hente!' &c.

(to take but one of a hundred passages)—that such a poet should have deliberately turned his back on poetry to write the somewhat bald prose of the social dramas.

It is with the memory of these things, and from this point

of view, that we must regard the younger contemporary novelists of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Not, of course, that all these are realists, nor that Scandinavia has been without its romantic tendencies. There is among her living classics Björnson as well as Ibsen; and Björnson has only become naturalistic in his later days. But as in European letters Ibsen is by far the greater of the two names—almost what Goethe was to Schiller—so among the younger writers the tendency still is the same way. To Belgium its 'symbolism;' the northern peoples are still the apostles of the opposite school. In almost all the writers of Scandinavia we shall find those characteristics which M. Pellissier distinguishes, candour and frankness, and an absence of self-consciousness, along with a sense of the inner life, different altogether from anything that is to be met with further south.

And, considering the sparseness of their populations, we find in those Scandinavian countries too a great productiveness—productiveness of real literature. If to the average and natural man here or in France, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are represented almost exclusively by the two great Norsemen we have named, there has really come between Ibsen and Björnson, and the novelists who represent the immediate movement, a generation of which we do not intend to speak in this place, because its best work has been long before the world. It is, at all events, well known in Germany; are we ignorant thereof, the fault is ours. And if we attempted here an appreciation of what the writers of this middle time have brought forth, there would remain no space to speak of their successors. We shall put aside Strindberg, by far the most important literary figure of Sweden—the Ibsen of Sweden, as he has been called—but a writer of plays much more than a novelist; we shall put aside Holger Drachmann, and all his vast production in poems, stories, and plays. And we shall not speak of Drachmann's contemporary and sometime colleague, Jens Peter Jacobsen, partly because Jacobsen is more of a poet than anything else; but also because his best work belongs to a time nearly a quarter of a century ago, and that he likewise has been much translated into German, and can be studied in that tongue.

An absence of self-consciousness, a sense of the *vie intérieure*, these characteristics of Scandinavian fiction might seem to contradict each other if we did not bear in mind that there is a difference between self-consciousness in art and consciousness of oneself as a subject of art. The latter

element is rather conspicuous in the Norse and Danish novels. By autobiography people who are constituted in a particular way attain sometimes a degree of reality which they never reach again. One of the most convincing novels that have appeared in England during the last twenty years, 'Mark Rutherford,' is a case in point: whether it is really autobiographical we of course do not pretend to say. It has all the appearance of being so. What is certain is that its author never again quite reached the level of that remarkable book. It is quite after the type of the best northern novels, not unlike Dostoëvsky's 'Pauvres Gens' in its ruthless sincerity; and like again to Knut Hamsun's 'Hunger,'* of which we shall speak again in its place.

Howbeit we can hardly place these autobiographic, inward-looking studies in the first rank. Tolstoy and Ibsen alike have given us a higher standard. The best kind of realism in fiction is that which is as impartial in its sympathies as it is wide in its comprehension. And among the Scandinavians the writer whom we will choose first for a close examination fulfils these conditions: this is Henrik Pontoppidan. Pontoppidan has concerned himself with rustic life, but very much also with the inner life—the peasant and the man of education seen under the excitement of religious and political agitations. And the picture which is thus presented is very like the rural England of George Eliot's day—of 'Adam Bede' or 'Silas Marner;' sometimes like that of 'Felix Holt.' Up to now, the most important of Pontoppidan's works is a sort of trilogy which we may call collectively—founding on the last sentence of the concluding volume—the 'History of the Promised Land.' More exactly it is the life of Emanuel Hansted, parson, socialist, self-sacrificing enthusiast, and, as at last he seems to be, madman. Each of the three stories had its individual title, 'Soil,' 'The Promised Land,' 'Doomsday:'† and judging from internal evidence we should be inclined to doubt whether the author, when embarking upon the first, had any intention of writing the trilogy. Be that as it may, from the first to the second,

* 'Sult.' We shall throughout this article cite the novels mentioned by the English translation of the title, giving the proper one in a note, and mentioning in every case likewise when there is an English translation known to us. 'Sult' has been translated into English under the title 'Hunger.' 'Starvation,' however, better renders the intention of the author. There is also a French translation, 'La Faim.'

† 'Muld,' 'Det forjættede Land,' 'Dommens Dag.' The first two these have been translated—and very well translated—as 'Emanuel' 1 'The Promised Land' (Dent & Co.).

from 'Muld' to 'Det forjættede Land,' he has certainly gone from strength to strength.

In reading these books we cannot but be struck with the likeness between our Danish kinsmen and ourselves. A difference in doctrine between the Anglican and the Lutheran churches does not prevent Archdeacon * Tönnesen, to whom in the first volume Emanuel Hansted comes a beardless curate, from being the very type of the high-and-dry parson in England thirty or forty years ago. Tönnesen is in perpetual feud with one-half of the parishioners of the united parishes of Veilby and Skibberup. Veilby is inclined to be orthodox: Skibberup is irreclaimably radical. At first, Emanuel sides with his chief; gradually he passes over to the other camp. But more than that, he grows to see the superiority of the peasant type, the children of the soil, in their candour and simplicity and unpretending sense of duty, over the educated type with its artificial standards. As the passions always play their part in our judgements, the rival claims of the two classes are typified by two women who come much into Emanuel's life—Ragnhild Tönnesen, proud, reserved, witty, fastidious, hating country life and *Natur i Adamskostume* as she calls it (the phrase needs no translation), and Hansine Jörgen, a farmer's daughter, passionate and faithful, and, in regard to her strongest feelings, almost inarticulate. There is nothing finer than the way in which Hansine's character is impressed upon one, despite the fact that throughout all the three books (even when we meet her after seven or eight years of marriage) she still hardly ever speaks. She had got into the habit of never speaking while her husband poured himself forth, the author tells us in the second volume, and not always of paying much attention. Here is suggested the terrible truth and the fearful irony of the situation—Emanuel thinking, because he has cast off 'society,' tilling his own land, encouraging his parishioners to address him as 'Emanuel' simply, and the husband of a peasant wife, that he has ceased to be the essentially vocal idealist of former days. Of course he has not changed. Everything with him is still 'theory.' He has a theory that it shows

* 'Provst.' The word is generally translated 'dean;' as such it is familiar to us in 'Brand.' The translator of 'Muld' has left it in the Danish, but in 'Det forjættede Land' has changed it into 'archdeacon,' and this much better suits the position of Tönnesen, as of most 'Provsts,' than would 'dean.'

want of faith in God to call in a doctor, and his eldest boy dies in consequence. Hansine has to watch the tragedy coming on in mute inward protest and not less amazement. But there is worse in store for her. The death of 'Laddie,' though it does not in any true sense destroy Emanuel's faith, disturbs his moral balance; and his coming in contact once more with one belonging to his old world in the person of Dr. Hassing, who is called in to 'Laddie' at the eleventh hour, is fruitful of consequences. For the second occasion of Emanuel's meeting with Hassing brings about a meeting also with his former acquaintance, his half-flame, Ragnhild Tönnesen, now matured, and more mistress of herself than of old, cleverer in talk than heretofore, less ready to take offence. Ragnhild and a girl friend come to call on Hansine, and the younger utterly fascinates Sigrid, the Hansteds' eldest surviving child. And as Emanuel grows more friendly with the 'gentlefolk,' he more and more loses touch with the peasantry. It happens that great agitations are afoot. It is the moment when the franchise has been limited, the peasantry in part deprived of their political rights. Emanuel is all for action at first; then he wavers; and the arch plotter through all these three volumes, the true *artifex malorum*, Jens Hansen the weaver, springs a mine upon him. On a great public occasion Emanuel gets up to speak—he is hissed and no longer cheered. Hansen's speech which follows is one of the cleverest ever put in the mouth of a peasant. It manages to raise the discontent to a storm. It is not possible to quote the whole, but the following is a fragment:—

'Well, that was a very queer speech we've just heard from Emanuel. I stood there pinching my ears, and thinking I couldn't be hearing right; and at last I said to myself: "You're asleep, Jens! You're dreaming that you're listening to our old friend Archdeacon Tönnesen."

'"Hear, hear! Bravo!" the Skibberup people thundered.

'This is just how it is, ye see. I can't help thinking of another speech Emanuel made ever so many years ago. . . . It was the first time he spoke to us in our old meeting-house. He sang a different song then. . . . Then peasants were the very best sort of folks Emanuel knew. Ah, we were that nice and that honest; it was almost too much of a good thing. Well, I dare say a good many of you can mind that speech: folks thought a good deal of it then. I don't mind saying that for my part I wasn't near so taken with it: and so Emanuel's speech to-day isn't so much of a surprise. It's always like that with folks that fill their mouths too full: they have to spit some of it out again. Well then, there was what Emanuel said of our being so taken with ourselves, and everything had gone wrong because of it. We ought to learn of the good people of the

towns, he said, and then the Almighty would be sure to give us what we asked for. . . . Oh, no. I've not much faith in that . . .' *

At this same meeting Hansine has met once more an old friend of her girlhood, Ane by name, now married and living some way off in a poor fishing village. Hansine has long foreseen the necessity of a separation, that her husband may return to his old associates, and her children enjoy their natural rights of education. She privately makes her arrangements to live with Ane, and then she takes it in hand to persuade Emanuel to go back to Copenhagen, to his father's house, 'on a visit.' By birth, it may be said, Hansted belongs to the upper ranks of the educated class, and has a brother in the Guards. The husband is not hard to persuade. And the book, the second of the trilogy, closes with the picture of the father and children driving off in high glee: Hansine, with the surety in her heart that the parting is eternal, walking up a little mound to see them pass out of sight. 'Wave, 'children, wave,' the father cries out; and presently, 'But 'why does she not wave back; why doesn't mamma wave 'back?' It is a simple and splendid tragedy; and here, to our thinking, the tale should have had an ending.

A comparison suggests itself between this story and the plot of Mr. Bernard Shaw's clever play 'Candida.' But the advantage is all with Pontoppidan. No doubt the novel form better lends itself to display the subtleties of character than that of the play; for all that, side by side with the drawing of Emanuel Hansted, Mr. Shaw's socialist parson is clumsy and a caricature.

This is not saying that Pontoppidan does not commit many artistic blunders. One of them is that he associates the plot of each of the three volumes of his trilogy with a separate agitation and with a distinct public meeting. In the first volume it is merely the agitation of the Skibberup people against their minister. In the second volume it is a wider agitation against the new electoral laws. In the third volume ('Doomsday') the meeting is yet more important in the estimation of the persons concerned in it, and it looms on the horizon throughout all the story. This time it is a religious question that is to the fore. A broad-church party has sprung up, armed with the results of German criticism on the question of eternal damnation; some of the party's leaders (the antitypes to our 'Essayists and

* 'The Promised Land,' translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas, pp. 259–60.

'Reviewers') have been deprived of their cures. The whole country is in a ferment; and, when the meeting to consider the position of the church and of religious teaching to-day does take place, a Liberal Minister of Education is among the auditory. In this last volume we find Emanuel returned, after some years' stay in the capital, to the neighbourhood of his former cure. There has been, we gather (and this seems altogether inexplicable and improbable, as Emanuel is a worthy, married man), something very like love-passages between the idealist and Ragnhild, who once more appears upon the scene. Hansine has quite left it, and it is Emanuel's widowed sister Betty who is now seen taking care of him and his children.

In company with Miss Tönnesen is a middle-aged town clergyman, Petersen, a perfect type of the parson of the world, plausible, witty, and on occasion wise also. If Petersen's remark to Ragnhild in one place, *à propos* of Emanuel, smacks too much of profanity even for this Jesuit-abbé type—'I sometimes wonder whether, if our Lord 'could have foreseen the effect of His teaching on unbalanced 'minds, He would not have been inclined to abide in heaven 'a while longer'—one must own that his comments on the purpose of the meeting on 'Eternal Damnation' lack neither wit nor sense.

'Heaven grant,' said Petersen, 'that they will settle the question rightly. For we have only now had occasion to find out what fearful results may come from the smallest oversight in matters of this kind. You've probably read Pastor Magenson's epoch-making work on "Hell and Eternal Punishment!" Think of the fact that we Christians have gone nineteen hundred years in fear of eternal punishment if we lose God's favour. The doctrine on the terrors of the judgment day has weighed upon mankind like a nightmare. Now comes our esteemed Magenson, or this or that German professor, and shows us as clearly as that two and two make four that the whole thing rests upon a mistake, a shortened transcript of a word in the original text, or some most unlucky error of the translator, which now for the very first time has come under notice. Isn't it frightful? The old hermit of a transcriber was sitting there and working, sweating over it like a labouring man, not missing an iota till he came to that fatal word. Suddenly, once in a way, he gets careless. He was disturbed perhaps. A friend came in to ask how he did; or a fly settled on his nose, and—piff!—the fatal word got onto the paper. . . .' *

But the end of the story is too awful. Our author stands by, with an almost Mephistophelian irony, while Emanuel rises to a saint-like enthusiasm, and then seems to topple

* Dommens Dag, pp. 56–7.

over into insanity, and finally dies. Artistically, too, there is the defect that this reading of Emanuel's character is too suggestive of 'Brand;' and then, again, that the position of the wife in this last part is never explained—why Hansine stands so utterly aside—why the thought of her children did not move her. The proofs that the elder girl Sigrid has never forgotten her mother are infinitely touching. Of all among life's greater ironies which are crowded into this tale, not the least, surely, is this—that this peasant revolt, which attracts the sympathies of Emanuel, as of Hansine and the Jörgens and so many honest folk, should have been chiefly architected by the veritable Uriah Heap of the story (but a much subtler study than Uriah), the weaver Hansen.

It might have been thought that instead of casting our thoughts back to George Eliot, and drawing any parallel between her work and these novels of Pontoppidan, we could have found a nearer comparison with Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' and its successors. Outwardly, of course, there is considerable resemblance between Robert Elsmere in his northern parish and Emanuel Hansted among the Veilby and Skibberup folk. But in our judgement the comparison, if carried further, could only be invidious. It could serve no purpose but to show the difference between *creation* and *construction*, between the work of the imagination and the work of the intellect; finally, between the candour and frankness of the Dane and the self-consciousness (an unconscious self-consciousness, if we may use the paradox) and the instinct of a listening public which marks the work of the English novelist. On the other hand, the likeness between Pontoppidan's novels and the Russian fiction is very great. It does not stand so far behind Tolstoy; it is quite worthy to be compared to Turgénev's 'Fathers and Sons.'

In Sweden the movement towards realism has been far less strong than in Norway or Denmark. Naturally this country, whose language is different from the Norse, and which possesses a literary tradition of its own—not a highly distinguished one, it is true; the names of Tegner and Frederika Bremer almost sum it up, so far as the rest of Europe is concerned—has been less influenced by Ibsen than the neighbouring countries have been. Strindberg is often called the Ibsen of Sweden; if Ibsenism were identical with pessimism, we might say that he had surpassed the tradition he received. But, in truth, Strindberg has kept to no particular line of literature, as he has never adhered to one set of opinions. He has tried everything and quite

mastered nothing. Still, he is the most conspicuous writer over there. Von Heidenstamm, who perhaps holds the place next to Strindberg, is a writer of historical romances, often of a rather antiquated pattern. Selma Lagerlöf is a better representative of Sweden's literary achievement at the present time. She is about the same age as Von Heidenstamm, that is to say, is in the early forties, was originally a schoolmistress; and her first essay in letters—up to the present her best—was not produced more than ten years ago at the most. This is the well-known 'Gösta Berlings Saga,'* a book remarkable in almost every respect, not the least so for the writer's independence on any special tradition or literary movement. Selma Lagerlöf's method of workmanship, if modelled on anything, seems to be remotely derived from the old Icelandic saga; though it is, of course, impossible that a woman in the nineteenth century should more than recall with a faint and far-off echo the special and splendid beauties of that classic literature. In Fröken Lagerlöf's narrative style there is a certain feebleness and sentimentality quite unlike that model. But in some other respects her works do resemble the classic saga; most in their episodical arrangement and fragmentary narrative; in being at once biographical, encomiastic, and yet brutally veracious. This is true especially of 'Gösta Berling.' Berling, the central figure in this series of sagas, episodes, or sketches, is a disfrocked drunken priest in a corner of Sweden—the Vårmland—during the earlier years of the last century (*circ.* 1820). Berling's offences must have been flagrant; for the people of the book all do pretty much what is right in their own eyes. On the other hand he is beautiful to look at, a poet, generous and strong at times, much beloved of women. The whole book forms a broken picture, not specially edifying, of drunkenness and intrigue, mingled with generosity and sometimes with a passionate fidelity. Just such pictures, bitten in in sharper lines, do we get of the Icelandic heroes from Broadfirth or Waterdale. In modern literature there are few things which take so sharp a hold of the imagination and memory as the story of Berling putting his hand into the fire for fear the young Countess Dohna should be compelled to kiss it; of Anna Stjärnhök and her sudden violent passion for Gösta; Marianne Sinclair's night in the snow; the Count-

* Translated under this name by L. Tudeer (Chapman & Hall), and again 'The Story of Gösta Berling,' by Pauline Bancroft Flach (Gay & Bird).

ess's night journey to stop Gösta's marriage; and of her escape, and how she appears at last as Gösta's wife; or, for a quaint episode outside the history of Berling himself, of Lilliecrone's return home; again, the whole picture of the knights of Ekkeby, who are a body of gentlemen-pensioners to Major Samzelius and his wife; lastly, the account of these two, the wife, more especially, Margareta Celsing, and her death.

In the course of creating these pictures the author formed her style. And she immediately began to apply it to quite a different type of story from one which recalls the saga age. With courage and self-denial which deserve all praise, Selma Lagerlöf refrained from making capital out of her success with 'Gösta Berling' by continuing on the same lines. She changed her scene utterly; now it lay in a walled town under the shadow of Etna. The hero here is Gaetano Alagona, the last of an old house that had been known for centuries in Diamante. Round him is grouped a quaint and varied assemblage of personages further connected together by a flimsy and too fantastic piece of legendary, which yet gives its title to the whole—'The Miracles of Antichrist.'* This legend hangs upon the stealing of a miracle-working image of Christ, the substitution therefor of a tinsel imitation which is also miracle-working. The miracles of the Antichrist are supposed to be purely material ones; and Selma Lagerlöf confuses her plot still further by making this Antichrist the symbol of Socialism as opposed to Christianity. The style of narrative has here, straying still farther away from that of the ancient saga, in many places degenerated to a sort of childishness which approaches that of the fairy or folk tale (Eventyr), suitable enough for that—charming, for instance, in the mouth of Hans Christian Andersen; not by any means wholly suitable or charming in a story written for and of grown people. That, however, the author can rise to something much higher is shown in the introductory chapter to 'The Miracles of Antichrist,' where it is told how Augustus had gone out to ask the will of the gods whether or no a temple might be built in his honour. Surely it is no common thing to find a writer—not to say that she is a woman likewise—who can be so much at home alike in a northern tale and in a sacred or a classical scene:—

'On the way the Emperor chatted gaily with his retainers, and [illegible]

* 'Antikrists Mirakler,' translated under the above [illegible] Flach (Gay & Bird).

of them noticed the infinite silence and calm of the night. It was only on reaching the open space at the top of the Capitol, which had been thought of for the new temple, that it was revealed to them that something unusual was occurring. . . .'

What they behold there is the Sibyl ('they had never 'seen anything so old, so weather-beaten, and so gigantic') gazing out into the blackness as if something in it were visible to her:—

'They urged Augustus to hasten, and said that the old Sibyl had probably come out of her cave to greet his genius.

'But the truth is, the Sibyl, engrossed in a vision, did not even know that Augustus had come to the Capitol. . . .

'She did not know that people were raising an altar, lighting charcoal, strewing incense, and that the Emperor was taking one of the doves out of its cage to make a sacrifice to her. . . .'

The vision which she sees is the Nativity; first the shepherds on their downs, then the choir of angels:—

'Could they know that the Sibyl still thought she was standing by the shepherds' fire, and that she was now listening to a faint sound that came vibrating through the dead silence of the night? She had heard it a long time before she noticed that it came from the sky and not from the earth. . . .'

And so onward till the star flames over Bethlehem:—

'At the moment when the star flamed out over the mountain-village all nature awoke, and the men who stood on the Capitol were conscious of it. They felt fresh but caressing breezes: sweet perfumes streamed up about them. . . . And out of the sky the two doves' [which had before escaped into the blackness] 'flew circling down and lighted on the Emperor's shoulders.

'When the miracle took place, Augustus rose up with proud joy, but his friends and his slaves fell on their knees. "Hail, Cæsar!" they cried; "your genius has answered you! You are the god who shall be worshipped on the summit of the Capitol."' *

In one of Selma Lagerlöf's latest writings, 'The Queens in Kungehälla,' † we have another passage as fine, or finer still; it is the description of a Roman merchant galley entering a northern fjord:—

'During these preparations the sea became narrower and narrower, and the sailors discovered that they were entering the mouth of a river. The water was fresh, and there was land on both sides. The trireme glided slowly onwards up the sparkling river. . . . On both

* Miracles of Antichrist, pp. 2–7.

† 'Drottningar i Kungahälla.' This has been translated in a volume ining also the translation of 'En Herregårds-Historie'—'From a ish Homestead,' by Jessie Bröchner. (Heinemann.)

sides of the river primeval forests, high and thick, met their view. Pine-trees grew right to the water's edge. The river in its eternal course had washed away the earth from the roots, and the hearts of the seamen were moved with solemn awe at the sight, not only of these venerable trees, but even more by that of the naked roots, which resembled the mighty limbs of a giant.

'There was no doubt something awe-inspiring in all this, but it was also elevating to see nature in all its power before man had yet interfered with its dominion. It was not long before one of the sailors began to sing a hymn to the God of the Forest, and involuntarily the whole crew joined in. They had quite given up all thought of meeting human beings in this forest-world. Their hearts were filled with pious thoughts: they thought of the forest-god and his nymphs. They said to themselves that when Pan was driven from the woods of Hellas, he must have taken refuge here in the far north. With pious songs they entered his kingdom.

'Every time there was a pause in the song they heard a gentle music from the forest. The tops of the fir-trees, vibrating in the noonday heat, sang and played. The sailors often discontinued their song in order to listen if Pan were not playing upon his flute.

'Then, all of a sudden, at the outlet of one of the tracks, there stood an elk, a royal deer with broad forehead and a forest of antlers on its horns. . . . Behind the broad horns one could now discern more distinctly something light and white. They wondered if the elk carried on its back a harvest of wild roses.

'The crew gently plied their oars. The trireme drew nearer to the animal, which gradually moved towards the edge of the reeds. . . . Behind the horns one could now distinctly see the face of a maiden, surrounded by fair hair. The elk carried on its back one of those nymphs whom they had been expectantly awaiting, and who they felt sure would be found in this primeval world.

'A holy enthusiasm filled the men on the trireme. One of them who hailed from Sicily remembered a song which he had heard in his youth when he played on the flowery plains around Syracuse. He began to sing softly:—

'"Nymph, amongst flowers born, Arethusa by name,
Thou who in sheltered wood wander'st white like the moon."

And when the weather-beaten men understood the words they tried to subdue the storm-like roar in their voices in order to sing:—

'"Nymph, amongst flowers born, Arethusa by name."

They steered the ship nearer and nearer the reeds. They did not heed that it had already once or twice touched the bottom.'*

The nearest approach to the romantic style of Selma Lagerlöf which is to be met with in the other Scandinavian countries is in the work of the Norseman, Thomas Krag,

* From a Swedish Homestead, pp. 145–9.

who, like the Swedish authoress, began his work in the last decade of the nineteenth century. He seems to have shared with her the good luck—if it is good luck—that his earliest productions were welcomed with a great deal of enthusiasm. In this country he has attracted the sympathetic notice of a graceful critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse. Krag has considerable charm of style, not comparable with Fröken Lagerlöf's when she is at her best, but never childish, dignified and equable. For all that, we must confess that the praises that have been lavished on the Norse romancer seem to us excessive. One among Krag's drawbacks is his monotony in the choice of subject and in his method of dealing with it. As he is a romanticist, we have, perhaps, no right to complain that he generally confines himself to the straightforward narrative with little dramatic aid. Occasionally the speeches of one character or another are reported; there is very rarely what can be called true dialogue. In the concluding portion of 'Ada Wilde,' Krag's best novel, perhaps, up till now, we get a certain amount of dramatic dialogue. But the author might at least aim at giving his personages some vivid traits of interest. He never seems to do so. Following the example of Björnson in that master's 'Heritage of the Kurts,'* but by all appearance very indolently, Krag, through the first fifty or sixty pages of his novels, is accustomed to treat us to the past history of a family stretching back a couple of hundred years or so. Thus 'Ada Wilde' opens with the account of a man who seems to have had no other characteristic than that he lived in a boat. This and the fact that he generally walked abroad at night—in doing so he once scared a countryman—are all we learn touching the founder of the house of Wilde. People *said*, of course, that he must have committed a crime; but for all that we know he may have been as blameless as the Æthiopians or Mr. Peggotty. Not more exciting and scarcely more enlightening is what we are told of the earliest Gröbens in 'The Brazen Serpent,'† or the history of the construction—the material building—of 'Dame Beata's House;'‡ though it is only fair to add, we have always the chance of encountering graceful touches, little

* 'Det flager i Byen og paa Havnen'—'The Heritage of the Kurts,' translated by C. Fairfax. (Heinemann.)

† Kobberslangen. ‡ Fru Beatas Hus.

unpretentious jewels of style such as this, which is from the last book of the three:—

'Of the folk I tell of here I can talk freely, for no one knows them now; they are long since dead. I myself had almost forgotten them till I came to the place which was once theirs. When I went into the plantation hard by, all uncared for now, and saw the walls to which many years' suns had given a golden tint, then the faded beauty of the little wood and all the sights of that autumn day and the sunken house compelled my mind to memory and to dreaming.' *

Of all the different houses commemorated in the various novels the family history follows the same course—lines of degeneracy they would be for Nietzsche—from wild forebears to humane and not too energetic contemporaries, men *πλούσιοι καὶ μὴ πονηροί* after the Aristophanes pattern, rich at least by comparison with their neighbours. Again, if Herr Krag's narrative seems fond of suckling fools, it is still more so of chronicling small beer. This, for example, is the summary of the first third portion or more of 'Ada Wilde.'

Sakarias Wilde, the last male of his house, loses his wife in the second year of their marriage, and is inconsolable. In time he becomes an enthusiastic Nimrod, and we have some slight picture of his two cronies, Captain Kruse and Commander Bög. At first, Sakarias can hardly bear to see the child who has destroyed his happiness; later, he grows devoted to Ada. She herself is a light-hearted girl, unknowing love until her twentieth year, when she meets her fate at a concert. She falls head over ears in love with Lieutenant Carsten Stahl. There are some whisperings afloat that Stahl is dissipated—'not a marrying 'man,' and so forth. But Wilde turns a deaf ear to them. Ada, for one thing, is an excellent match—charming to boot; we are told so, without precisely discovering for ourselves. The couple are engaged; the marriage follows, and is described with great detail. We have now got through one-third of the book, and nothing comes to the surface except *la triple banalité*, as Brunetière said, describing Ohnet's work. The tale goes on further without startling change. Gradually the selfishness of Carsten comes more and more to the front. He cannot stand his baby's screams, goes back more and more to his bachelor friends, and so forth. By the beginning of the second part, on the 173rd page (out of 325), we have got the young couple settled at

* Fru Beatas Hus, p. 23.

a new place, Sandby—Christiansand, it is said, in real life. Here certainly the narrative begins to improve. We have more character-sketching, and even, as was noticed above, some dialogue, as in the ordinary novel. The members of the club—the 'Pleiads'—are rather well given. Now the story progresses too rapidly towards its tragic, or at least pathetic end. Ada meets again at Sandby an old school friend now married—Margrethe Lyders, a plump blonde with a dried-up husband. The two families—the Stahls and the Lyders—become intimate, with the result that an intrigue is soon entered into between Carsten and Margrethe. When Ada discovers the letters which have passed between the guilty pair, she follows the French proverb, 'Le bruit 'est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot,' and 'trompée 'elle s'éloigne.' She goes back to her father's house. In truth, the ending lacks not of dignity or pathos.

In the general run of such stories as we have read of Thomas Krag it is rarely the tale itself, the main stream of the narrative, that offers matter of interest. The nearest approach to a striking personality that we have met with in Krag's stories is the Jew doctor in 'The Brazen Serpent.' But he is a suggestion, not a creation. The charm of Krag's books lies in a certain atmosphere, a sense of the wood and of the *vidder*—the open table-land in higher regions—and sometimes, though we should judge that the author is no traveller, of the sea. Certainly the oncoming of the storm in 'The Brazen Serpent,' the phosphorescent light that runs over the mast, these things are fine; and, in 'Dame Beata's House,' Riemann's night upon the *vidder*, the cries of the foxes, the corpse he finds, have an effectiveness. Where human beings intervene in such scenes they are generally rather futile—the blind man who can smell the coming storm—all the gipsy gang in 'Fru Beata;' they give one an idea that the author has had a half-vision of something striking, and thereafter either lacked imagination enough or was too lazy to pursue its traces.

That Krag might have given us this charm of the country and not have left out so many others of the duties of a novelist is evidenced by a comparison between him and a writer of quite a different school, Knut Hamsun. We do not say that Hamsun's 'Pan' rises quite to a level with 'Ada Wilde' or 'The Brazen Serpent' in those merits which constitute Krag's special gifts, his quasi-mythological sense of nature and the mournful cadences of his style. In other respects Hamsun (who is a Dane) is the superior of

the Norseman. The story of 'Pan' is nothing, but the characters are much. It is a psychological study of a peculiar kind. Lieutenant Thomas Glahn has settled himself in Norway, within the borders of a wood, and right above a little town on a fjord. He lives in his cottage alone, surrounded by the sense and sounds of nature, does everything for himself, spends his days in shooting, and has for only companion a dog, 'whom I shot afterwards,' he incidentally says. He is compounded of poetry and wildness, almost savagery, most like those forebears of Krag's personages, those whom he does *not* tell us about, except only a few commonplace facts.

'From my hut,' says Glahn, 'I could see a jumble of islands, large and small, of rocks, a little of the sea, a few blue peaks; and then behind the hut lay the forest—a monstrous forest. I felt full of joy and thankfulness in the smell of roots and leaves, in the fat juice of rotting leaves which reminds one of the smell of marrow. Here, in the forest all my feelings came to rest, my soul was equable and full of power. Day after day I went along the wood-paths with Æsop at my side, and I desired nothing more than to still go on, day after day; for all that there lay snow and soft slush upon the open land. Æsop was my only companion; now I have Cora; but at that time I had Æsop, my dog, whom I shot afterwards.'

But soon the threads of modern life begin to weave themselves about this solitary. He makes acquaintance in the town below, most eventfully with the chief dealer or merchant and richest man of the place, Herr Mack. Mack is a widower, outwardly respectable, with clandestine love-affairs; and his daughter, Edvarda, is left free to do very much as she likes. One of her fancies is to affect to be a child and dress as one, while she is in reality a grown woman. She soon captivates the Lieutenant, and the story drags on—judged by our English standards—in an inconsequent fashion to an inconsequent conclusion. For, whether Glahn really was in love with Edvarda we do not know, nor how far she was in love with him. Not the less is 'Pan' an excellent piece of workmanship. Without effort, and simply through what Glahn reports in his diary, of folks' sayings and doings, we get a vivid picture of Edvarda and an adequate one of the other characters in the drama. The heroine is certainly first cousin to some of Ibsen's heroines—to Hedda Gabler, for instance; but she is no mere copy. She is as little restrained as these women of Ibsen are by moral considerations; and yet she is curiously modern in showing everywhere the restraints of civilisation and the

want of the power to a passion—to use Milton's phrase. The meeting of this modern self-consciousness with the wild impulses of the Woodman is the essence of the story; but there are side touches, and in especial the pathetic incident of the love and death of Eva, the blacksmith's wife.

Hamsun, although he is a Dane, must be reckoned to belong to the school of novelists which is known under the name of the Young Norse Party, for he spent some years in Christiania, and this residence is commemorated in another novel, his best-known one, 'Sult,' 'Starvation' or 'Hunger' (it has been translated into both French and English), which begins with a pathetic sentence, 'It was in the days when I 'wandered about and starved in Christiania. . . .' The Norse and Danish literature does not as a rule show traces of much reading in foreign tongues. In the matter of quotations it is as like as not to be English that figures. Herman Bang prefixes to his charming sketch 'The White House' a verse which may be a quotation slightly altered, or the offspring of his own muse:—

'Sing for me the songs
Which you sang long ago,
Long, long ago!'

And Thor Lange in a little tale, 'The Scholar,' misquotes Tennyson thus:—

'Break, break, break
On *the* cold grey stones, O sea.'

Howbeit the Young Norse Party, who are no longer very young, are supposed to be terribly French, and to want to acclimatise in Scandinavia all the French tricks of literature, including the more pedantic kind of French naturalism. At present they have not gone very far. The most advanced in one respect—that is, in the direction of the improprieties—is Peter Nansen, whose 'Maria' is in sooth quite the sort of book which might figure on a boulevard bookstall; in irreligion Knut Hamsun bears the bell; other writers of the school are Sigbjörn Obstfelder and Helge Rode—this last is a playwright rather than a novelist.* The characteristic writings of this group are love-stories which do not seem to contemplate marriage as part of their plan; but in other respects they are usually not offensive—'Maria' excepted

* One of Rode's best plays, very like in sentiment to the stories we are about to cite, is 'Dansen gaar' ('The Dance goes on.')

perhaps. Another novel of Peter Nansen's, 'Julia's Diary,'* is really in essentials very innocent and charming. Julia, who is evidently quite a young girl, half engaged to an old childhood friend, Erik, is utterly captivated by a Danish actor, Alfred Mörch by name, whom she loves too well. The story is a study much of the pattern of the 'Love Letters of an Englishwoman,' about which there has been so much talk here, neither better nor worse than that. In other words, it well enough suggests a passion, but does not sound any wonderful and hidden depths of human nature. Like its English antitype, it runs on to a foreseen catastrophe, but, more wisely than it, does not make thereof a mortal tragedy. Alfred is essentially a virtuoso lover (one does not like to continue to use the hackneyed 'æsthete'), who not so much tires of his mistress as of any bond of constancy. When she writes to upbraid him, he says she cannot understand his nature; but when, more desperate still, she humbles herself in the dust, and will be content to share his love with another, if that is the only condition of not losing it, he is shocked. Her letter is a 'vandalism,' the greatest pain he has ever suffered, which he can only try and forget. There is a real pathos in the passage where Julia makes this surrender of her pride. And in the following, which comes a little earlier, when she has first received her dismissal, the likeness between her writing (making allowance for the fact that Julia is clearly the younger) and the writing of the Englishwoman of the 'Letters' is noticeable:—

'A day has gone, a night has gone. A new day has come. It was *yesterday* it happened: and still I am alive.

'So grief does not kill one. I shall not die of grief.

'When I got his letter and had read it twice over before I understood that it was not a joke, or a misunderstanding of mine, I didn't cry nor faint. "So it is over," I said out loud. My voice sounded dry, almost indifferent. I thought, "You might at least have said it with more feeling." But there was no strong feeling in me. Everything in me had grown rigid. My heart seemed to stop beating, and my mind to cease feeling. Even my face, I thought, had stiffened, and the skin seemed to tighten. I passed my hand over it and distorted my face into a smile to give it some movement.

'I went out—whither I had no notion. But a voice within me said, "It is impossible for you to stay here. You must go; you mustn't let any of *them* see you."

'I met people I knew—bowed to them and had a talk with one old maid. She told me a long tale about an illness she had just recovered

* Julies Dagbog.

from. When we parted she said, "You look famously to-day. . . . Ah, well, that's what it is to be young and have spirits," she added.

'Next I found myself in the wood—in a clearing of the wood by the fjord. I stood on a little landing-place and looked over the water, and I said to myself, "If you were wholly miserable you would just let yourself slip down into the water here, and so with little trouble bring your troubles to an end."

'The sound of church bells came through the trees from the town: they were ringing for afternoon service; and I thought I had never noticed before how beautiful it was here. It was as if my eyesight had been sharpened. I saw things which I had never noticed before—a little island, for instance, with trees bending their heads down to gaze into the water like Narcissus, sick with his own beauty; then innumerable small sounds that came from the rushes by the lake, the depths of the wood, from the grass, from insects singing, birds that fluttered among the leaves, and fish that sent up bubbles to the surface of the water. I fell into wondering at the ever-changing forms of the clouds; they looked at first sight so quiet, so changeless in the still summer air, but for all that when one noticed their slow moving over the vast space you saw that they changed—to golden laughing islands, to great sailing birds, and then they disappeared from sight as a flock of little cloud-children.

'I took in the whole picture in a wide glance and said to myself, "If you should never come back here again, you will never forget how it looks to-day!"

'I wandered into the recesses of the wood. The same sort of solemn alertness was upon me, a sort of pondering receptiveness. Then all of a sudden I remembered that I was going about with *his* letter in my pocket. I felt a sudden blow at my heart, my soul trembled with a shuddering chill. My knees knocked under me, I had to support myself against a tree, or I should have fallen; I crushed the letter in my hands, and, without reading it, saw every word he had written before my eyes.

'It was true then. He had abandoned me. It was all true.

'Indeed, I had said all this before. I had gone with his words in my mind all the time. Now for the first time they reached my heart and made me moan with pain.

'Over! All over! Never to see him again! What did he look like now? I sought to call his image up before my mind. It escaped me: I saw parts only, now a pair of large dark eyes that looked at me sharply, ironically, unfriendlily.

'I cried to heaven in my misery. I deceived myself, and prayed that it might not be true. "I know that I deserve punishment, God. But have you not punished me enough? Now I will shut my eyes. When I open them again, let it all turn out to be a dream."

'. . . Now I stood again by the water. . . . My madness was overpassed. I was only driven to death. I cried softly and quietly, I saw the summer landscape spread out before me. I who was still so young, and nothing more to hope for in life.

'Then a voice spoke within me, "There is hope yet; perhaps even

now there is a telegram waiting for you, or another quite different letter is on its way to you."

'There was no telegram and no letter the next day.' *

Obstfelder's 'The Cross'† is another love story (Kjærlighedshistorie) on very similar lines. It is certainly not strictly moral, but it too is never offensive; the sentiment is always romantic, not sensual, and it is full of charm and pathos. The manner of all these stories—nay, we may say it is the manner of Scandinavian literature taken as a whole—is in the direction of over-simplicity, almost childishness. We noted the characteristic in Fröken Lagerlöf. But in this particular tale of Obstfelder's one hardly wishes it otherwise. The initial description of Rebecca, the heroine, seems, through this quality of extreme simplicity, to mark her off at once from one's notion of an English girl or a French. And the charm goes on growing, as her power to harm others becomes apparent, on until the end, which is so foolishly, meaninglessly, yet most skilfully sad. Rebecca springs out of the void. How the *liaison* between her and the narrator began we are not told—'he never thinks of 'asking about her past, her belongings.' Thus she is like the creature of a fairy tale, some Undine of modern Christiania. Then the hero makes acquaintance with an engraver, hardly less a being from the void, and going to his studio discovers to his horror that Rebecca's face and figure are everywhere. But he keeps these things to himself, and ponders them in his heart. Matters go on till the proofs of the girl's faithlessness seem conclusive, and there is an awful night in which the hero, after following Rebecca to town, wanders about in her traces, finds her shut up in the engraver's studio, and meets her husband (for Rebecca had once been actually married—'in church,' as the husband says), and hears his cynical account of her changes of taste. Then Rebecca, finding out how her lover has followed her about and has lost all belief in her, goes home, takes out a boat to sea, and drowns herself. After her burial the man discovers a packet, which he dare not open at first, he is so certain it is of other men's love-letters. It is, in fact, a diary, showing that, whatever she had been to other people, Rebecca had never swerved in her devotion to him.

Such is the class of book produced by the 'Young Norse' type of writer, running much towards diaries (of Obstfelder we have 'A Parson's Diary,' and 'The Cross' is in diary

* Julies Dagbog, pp. 242–6. † Korset.

form, as are both 'Marie' and 'Julia' of Nansen and Hamsun's 'Pan'); in other words, not attempting any wide sweep in the portrayal of human nature, but sharply distinguished from books like Thomas Krag's, in that they are what people call 'psychological,' not romantic. 'Psychological' is an abominable word, for an artistic study has nothing to do with science; but it is in use, and it would not be easy to find a substitute. It is on account of this last element, its introspectiveness, that with this class of book we associate Hamsun's 'Hunger,' for all that in plot it in no wise resembles those just described. 'Hunger' has what they have, or, in a still higher degree, an extraordinary *naïveté* and candour, such as you will not perhaps find in any other literature, not even in the Russian. It has no plot at all, and works up to no *dénouement*. It is merely a description of the writer's struggle for existence in the town of his choice. One gathers that he had been to the university there, had passed through a time of comparative ease. Now he is merely penniless, and we have nothing else than the record of days of starvation and semi-starvation, and the rare moments intervening when he earns something by his pen. No one among contemporary English novelists deserves better to be cited as a type of the true realist than Mr. George Gissing: his 'New Grub Street' is already almost a classic. And yet compared with the awful candour of Hamsun's narrative 'New Grub Street' seems almost artificial. We are spared no detail—of how the writer has to wear the same clothes for days and days, weeks it almost seems; or of his chewing chips of wood to stay the pangs of hunger; or again of his insane and useless and self-detrimental lies; his blasphemies; his eccentric, utterly inexplicable pieces of generosity, as when he pawns a waistcoat to give the chief part of the proceeds to a man whom he has known for some five minutes only, and then as an inconvenient neighbour; his allowing a shopman to pay him change not due, and directly after, ashamed of his theft, pouring all into the lap of a cake-seller at the street corner. The little love episode is of such a futile character that it is hardly possible to imagine a Frenchman confessing to a like *gaucherie*. And our author is so self-restrained in never giving us a hint or explanation, that a dozen persons might read the episode of the landlady and her accounts, and remain as blind as the narrator did at the time to its true significance. At last the tale that begins in nothing ends in nothing. The starving author does not finally get recognised; rather he does in a sense

get recognised, but by some fatality this seems to have no improving effect on his fortunes. In the end he embarks to work his passage on a ship bound for America, and the lights of the cruel city are the last things that he and we see as he passes down the fjord.

All this—or almost all—we are justified in assuming, is simple autobiography. For it is certainly historical that Knut Hamsun went to America and stayed there for some years to try and push his fortunes. If any one should think that the acts or thoughts recorded in this sort of 'confession' were too insane to be typical of human nature, let him read the book which records the result of Hamsun's experiences on the other side of the Atlantic, 'Amerikas Aandsliv'* as it is called. In that book, bitter as it is and through its bitterness limited and sometimes almost stupid, yet alert also and witty to no common degree, there is not the smallest trace of a disordered mind. The truth is, we are all less sane than we imagine, and far less than we should appear if a record could be kept of all our passing moods and whims. Our own minds forget them almost as soon as they are gone, or rationise them into a connected system of thought. The astonishing part of Knut Hamsun's book is the exactitude (apparent, we are forced to add, but it is an appearance that carries conviction) with which he has preserved the transient acts and feelings which most forget.

In this brief essay on the Scandinavian novel we have thought it best to select only some few typical authors, and of each one's works not more than one or two for notice, lest, by multiplying examples, we should give to the whole the appearance of a catalogue rather than of a criticism. There are many more writers who might seem to call for mention—certain ones who, from some characteristic quality, especially deserve it. In contrasting, for example, the meagreness of the human interest in Krag's books with what one might reasonably expect or demand, we should willingly have cited the work of a young writer, 'Kamp,' by F. K. Tranaas (1900), which, along with purity of style and a great sense of natural beauty, has a very rich vein of human interest. Another writer, who is notable in that he follows quite other models than those which have attracted the Scandinavians as a class, is Sophus Bauditz. His 'From

* 'America's Spiritual and Intellectual Life' is the only possible translation. For the reason that *Aand* has not its English equivalent we have left the title in the original.

a Garrison Town' is, if anything, more like the German novel of thirty years ago than anything else; but it has a fuller sense of reality than have most of its prototypes. It is, however, as they are, somewhat conventional. More especially do the contrasted fortunes and rewards of the lieutenant and the schoolmaster in this story remind one of the German romance of the time of Freytag. Amelia Skramm is another writer who has claim to distinction, but not a very high claim. Her writings have a kinship with those of some of her English sisters whose books are called powerful by the reviewers just in proportion as they approach or overstep the bounds of modesty. And it need not be said that the 'woman question' is a very prominent feature in Scandinavian fiction as a whole—in the Swedish most especially—and produces there, as here, novels often able enough, but on the wrong side of the barrier which divides art from cleverness, literature from mere writing.

The books produced in Scandinavia necessarily suffer from certain disabilities. In these countries there exists no great classic literature, nor long tradition of letters. They have behind them no Tudor age nor silver age, no Pleiads and no Encyclopædists, no Cervantes nor Calderon, no Dante nor any of the innumerable poets and prose writers of the Italian Renaissance: their best substitutes for Goethe and Schiller are Ibsen and Björnson. At present the languages of all the three countries are poor, and their vocabulary is meagre. The Scandinavian writers are, as a class, lacking in dignity—Ibsen himself is scarcely an exception, Björnson is not an exception—and their followers have not developed in a direction to fill up this want. This is not the place to speak of recent Scandinavian poetry. But we may say that that too, as a whole, is rather trifling in subject and in scope. It has been subjected, too (more than the prose), to foreign, that is to say, to French influences. In one poet the influence of Verlaine is very discernible, in another that of Mallarmé. From drawbacks such as these the Scandinavian fiction recovers much by those qualities which we have so often insisted on—its sincerity and candour. These give it a kind of dignity even when it is a little childish. We do not propose to draw a comparison between the Scandinavian novel as a whole and the English novel; but, as compared with those types of the latter which gain the largest suffrage from the public and the press, we may say that the Scandinavian novel has something of the charm that a child has side by side with

an affected man or woman of the world. We can, indeed, boast of—in trade language—an enormous 'output' in this particular of literature. An immense series of romances—some all of adventure, running, so to say, with blood, the others all of style, as of a fencing master at a duel (the one of sound, the other of fury)—are to our account; and a series equally vast of the novels of manners (it is the best word) varied and witty, and tied to a wholly conventional presentation of life—as conventional as is our drama: and now and again a book which is simple and sincere. But out of this great production how much forms the contribution to the finer literature of Europe—of how much would the historian of European letters be obliged to take account? Whatever in fiction is good with us, very little indeed possesses the special merits which we look for in the realistic novel. To each age its peculiar type of literature, and on each type of literature lie its special obligations. Realism, the higher realism which attempts to be the mirror of life—life outward and inward—is bound by some of the duties which life itself imposes, and that rule which Marcus Aurelius lays down for his own conduct might very well be exacted of it. 'Remember always to do what thou 'hast in hand,' the Emperor says, 'with complete and 'simple dignity and feeling of affection and freedom and 'justice.' 'With feeling of affection' to avoid the moroseness of the French, of the pessimists of all lands, but with justice to comprehend and apprehend all phases of human nature; and, above all, with freedom and with dignity such as can never be the lot of those who are for ever watching the set of public taste and trimming their sails to catch a favouring breeze. There is less of this commercial instinct in Scandinavia than here; and so, with all its defects, the fiction of these lands holds for the nonce a more important place than does our own.

ART. XI.—1. *Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901. Catalogue of the Fine Arts.*

2. *The Glasgow School of Painting.* By DAVID MARTIN, with an Introduction by FRANCIS H. NEWBERY. London: George Bell & Sons, 1897.

To celebrate the first year of the new century by an International Exhibition has inspired the citizens of Glasgow to raise a monument to their own industry and the world's commerce which marks the division of time between the past and the future. As an epitome of things accomplished and a forecast of new conquests in the sciences and the arts, the objects gathered together in the grounds of Kelvin Park are a remarkable, if heterogeneous, evidence of Scottish enterprise. The mechanical inventions, of course, show the one typical advance made by the modern artificer, whose swift onward progress is prophetic of the new century which has just begun. And we stand amazed by the ingenuities of huge engines, and the most delicate intricacies of minute contrivances, so adroitly made and so entirely the product of contemporary skill, that we are forced to acknowledge the engineer to be the master-workman of the age. Leaving the miscellaneous commodities and inevitable trifles, which lightly disparage criticism, we pass to the artistic and antiquarian collections which reflect the sober taste and more estimable energies of the West of Scotland.

The historical collection of antiquities has been formed without reference to purely local art, but nevertheless contains many relics of Scottish worthies and the circumstances of their lives, and of the city of Glasgow in particular. And we are reminded of a past when the culture of the city was centred in its mediæval cathedral and its university, founded in the middle of the fifteenth century after the model of that at Bologna, as it is said, when its learning and scholarship were an outflow of the Renaissance tinged with the austere logic and humanity of Italy. In spite of these ancient and important foundations the city grew but slowly, and apparently long retained the beauty and quietude of a mediæval town. In 1650 it was described as 'not so big or rich, yet to all a much sweeter and more 'delightful place than Edinburgh!' Even in the eighteenth century it was inconsiderable in size, with few premonitions of its sudden and eventful growth. An artistic movement

was, however, astir in the minds of the citizens, resulting in the establishment of the printing-press and academy by the brothers Foulis. Though conceived with hope and enthusiasm, the academy of art never succeeded. We hear that the drawings of the students were exhibited in the inner court of the college in 1761, and a few names not quite forgotten appear in the list of pupils, among them that of James Tassie. But the work of the printing-press was more fortunate, and is still memorable for its fine editions of the classics and its elegant type. Yet the injunction to 'print for posterity and prosper' was only half fulfilled, for the two brothers died insolvent.

Since those days Glasgow has grown monstrous in size and shape, swelling its boundaries in every direction. The prosperity for which the brothers Foulis prayed has come with a vengeance—the vengeance which heedless changing and trafficking bring. But the fierce strife of three generations has bred reflexion, and now again the last word from Scotland on the fine arts comes from Glasgow, who has become the mother of a school of painting.

The arrival of a group of young men professing a new æsthetic creed is naturally a matter of interest and curiosity, and when some years ago a few Scotch painters announced a revolt from the practice of their elders, and were ambitious enough to regard themselves and persuade others that they were the pioneers of new ideas, a public interest in their doings was aroused outside the immediate circle of their friends. And when this manifestation of intelligent vitality emanated from Glasgow, critical curiosity was still further increased.

That a city of merchants and engineers should bring to birth an æsthetic faculty is probably a natural part of its destiny, and is due to that energy and expansion which had hitherto gone out in the market-place, purged and softened by the inroads of culture. Even to make an ugly commercial city on a vast scale requires the virtue of strenuous effort, and the ardour for work may be easily directed to art. And as the ground is rarely too barren to produce a flower, nor man's conscience ever so dead as not to feel the touch of beauty, it happens that the consequences and disabilities of a black environment oppress us in a great town, and demand the service of artificial adornments. Tracts of dirty walls, endless pavements, and forests of chimney stacks however softened to the eye by the enveloping haze of smoke, are a poor substitute for the colours and

forms of the open country, and man perforce returns upon himself and his own resources to modify and counteract the ugliness which satisfied his first hurried needs. That a local phase of art should arise in the place which has been busiest in obliterating beauty in all Scotland is after all but the assertion of man's inability to live with dirt alone. It is the ethical need for beauty amid base surroundings, rousing the young men to a stronger and keener taste for it.

Coming upon the scene shortly before the last decade of the nineteenth century the Glasgow artists have a share in that burst of promiscuous genius which typified the passing years of that dying era. But the work of the school appears to be the result of education rather than of temperament, and its 'originality,' if not plagiarised, is traceable to ascertained influences producing a merely critical and eclectic art. Their battle and struggle against the older superstitions has been rather for professional success than an intellectual revolt arising from deep compelling convictions, and loses poignancy by a too great deference to conventional respectability.

Influenced by the modern spirit of France they have clearly absorbed many of the principles and methods which arose in the successive movements of recent years. The Barbizon school, the realists, the luminists, the impressionists were all at the service of the young Scotchmen, and each helped to mould and direct their attitude to nature and the problem of representing her anew.

They have wisely avoided any direct discipleship, but since no artistic impulse quite emancipates itself from its antecedent causes, we may recognise the inspiration of the young Glasgow artists in many places. At home there were a certain number of Scotchmen at the height of their powers, doing notable work, to whom the abler men of the younger generation would naturally look with admiration. Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Pettie, and Mr. McTaggart, to mention no others, might well exercise an influence upon their fellows. Mr. Orchardson, with splendid virility, painted a noble series of subjects combining the romantic treatment of realism with a very exquisite perception of the dramatic and structural embodiment of his theme. In the present exhibition at Glasgow the delicate qualities of tenderness in the large picture of a mother bending over her child are drawn with the strenuous touch of sympathy which impresses its finely ordered workmanship. Mr. Pettie also brought much power and spirit, as well as archæological insight, to the rendering of his episodes of Scottish history; and Mr. McTaggart

brilliantly anticipated by his bright vivid touch the mode of the luminists whose studied and reasoned science he divined with a natural and instinctive ease. The exhilaration of a clear breezy atmosphere is communicated with delightful freshness from these healthy stirring pictures, and the originality of his technique is one of the striking manifestations of a distinctly Scottish genius. How much Mr. McTaggart may have influenced the minds of his younger contemporaries is doubtful, but his methods tended in the direction followed by the Glasgow artists.

In England the example of Mr. Whistler, M. Legros, and even Mr. Sargent is acknowledged to have been a source of inspiration to various members of the Scottish group, and each of these men, it may be noted, has had a Continental training, so that directly or indirectly it is the Continental painters who are the avowed teachers of the Glasgow movement.

Mr. Newbery, who speaks with authority, says

'that neither revolution nor revelation is being attempted, nor are the minds of the workers bent upon much else than that of doing a day's work with the best possible credit to themselves. These Scottish artists desire to be neither prophets nor preachers . . . with no proselytising creed, they yet have a firm belief in *one* thing—which is, that it is quite sufficient for *Art to be Art*, and to be the most beautiful thing that man is capable of making her.'

Now this theory of art seems to exclude the passion and might of all great intellectual affirmation. It sounds ominously like a surrender to mediocrity. When the colouring sentiment of the mind lacks the compelling force of tragic intensity, or swift satire, or the ennobling romance which exalts man's sexual instinct, or the pity for darkened lives, the best promptings of the artist's nature are wanting. From the dark moments of the soul, or the bitter stripes of wit, as well as from more tender moods, must all impressive and serious art proceed. And when the work of a school, a period, or an individual deliberately avoids the poignancy of the intenser emotions for mere abstract generalities, picturesque or poetic though they be, we feel a sense of insufficiency of purpose in their efforts.

The artist's business is to improvise a stimulus to life, to praise loveliness and strength, to represent an ugly or wicked thing as that antithesis or negation of beauty which shall disentangle for us the antagonistic web of nature by gross and unseemly symbols, and thereby glorify some spiritual excellence through a veil of dark texture. The views of

despair, hatred, cruelty, misshapen features, sinful deformities are the antidote to indifferent luxury, and, in a picture, are the artist's tribute to the gravity of the world's tragedies.

Then there is the reaction from the over-subtle and artificial to the elementary and primitive, which is inevitable to the mind languishing in barren ways and feebly interested in borrowed vitality. By the return to fundamentals and first principles realities are substituted for decadent ideals and the weary devices of custom. The reassertion of the real to the man of super-refinement comes with the awakening shock of the sunbeam in the morning, and refreshed by the instinct of freedom and loosed from the arid sterility of habit, there flows from the artist's hand a new spring of youth and primal honesty.

That the painters of the Glasgow school have founded their practice upon general impressions derived from principles formulated by other groups of artists, rather than from inward impulses emanating from themselves, seems too evident to be denied. They have caught at some guiding precepts, mainly of a technical kind, relating to the outward form of their work, and have cleverly adapted them to their individual faculties, and from that beginning have developed a consistent mode of handling. And at least some of their success is due to the fact that the leaders of the movement had the taste to discover better methods abroad than those which prevailed around them at home. 'Much may be 'made of a Scotchman if he be caught young,' said Dr. Johnson—a truism which is clearly recognised and acted upon in Glasgow.

Unlike the contemporary novelists of their country, the painters abjure mere Scotticism in their work. A kail-yard cannot be a common adjunct to a Glasgow studio, nor are bagpipes often heard or kilts seen in the street. But were they so minded their pictures might abound with porridge-bowls, tartan plaids, Kilmarnock bonnets, red beards, whisky-bottles, elders, and Scotch mists. We have a faint suspicion that they regard these things as vulgar and provincial, and are too genteel and cosmopolitan to touch the homely things about them. But the facts of life in the great ugly city of the North are pregnant with matter for a painter with an eye and sympathy for them. And it is a deficiency in their relation to time and place, that no one has drawn adequately upon the things nearest to his hand, even a dignified rendering of Scottish life like that presented by Mr. Niel Munro being conspicuously absent.

It is notorious that a movement ceases to operate for good as soon as it takes corporate form and realises its existence by labelling and regulating its action. Attainment almost always paralyses man's desires; with consummation come inertia and the end of the power to work. In the case of artistic societies dulness creeps in with the election of a president and the purchase of a minute-book, and art flies out of the window. But the coming together of the Glasgow artists as a united and formal school only lasted for a brief period. They did not long submit to the nod of Mr. William Kennedy, and not for long was their oratory entered in the secretary's notebook. Their fighting days were over, and they became an easy prey to the enemy. In the year 1888 the Royal Scottish Academy, against whom they had banded together in battle, elected Mr. Guthrie as an associate, and by degrees others were caught in the net.

But peace is not yet in sight. At least one member has declined the Academic bait. After being duly elected to fill the last vacancy, Mr. Hornel repudiated the preferment, to the exceeding embarrassment of those within, and remains aloof in the sequestered woods of Kirkcudbright, where trees, flowers, and birds are patterned in the delightful convention of mosaic. Thus the revolt continues in a house divided against itself, and the flock is parted between those in the fold and those in the field, leaving to the Royal Scottish Academy the delicate task of electing possible members, who will throw the diploma in their teeth.

The new forces germinating in Glasgow owed much to the initiative of Mr. W. Y. MacGregor, whose landscapes seriously claim our attention for their sound artistic qualities. Reared on the banks of the Clyde he presently discovered the high road to London, and studied there under M. Legros, whose impressive personality has influenced not a few of our more distinguished young painters. The profound value of this master's art is a notable event of our time. His exquisite sympathy for human suffering in this death-haunted world, his noble pity for toil-worn men and all those who entertain '*le bonhomme Misère*,' their faith, their devotions, their illusions, realise the pathos of life only less fully than the art of Rembrandt. And his absolute mastery of the theoretic treatment of pictures has revealed the widest possibilities of advancement to his pupils.

Mr. MacGregor's range and vision are comparatively small, but by intensifying these he has perhaps reached a

stronger position than any of his fellow-workers. His bluff, stubborn, Scotch nature is reflected in the uncompromising and narrow scope of his work, and gives it an almost aggressive force. Intolerant of more delicate methods than his own, this robustness of aim deepens in the technique and formula of his art. Like all the members of the School, Mr. MacGregor has an acutely developed sense of form—so much so that the elaborate pains bestowed upon the pose of a tree, hill, or cloud, seems to withdraw the mind from that impassioned revelation of nature's secrets, wrested in a moment of inspiration and conveyed in the glow of exalted strength.

More than ever the landscape painter of to-day must be a seer. The ideal of nature has been presented to us in many forms, sometimes remote and sometimes near, hovering between a pure invention and a photograph or transcript. It may be treated in a hundred ways. To mention a dozen names of the last two centuries is to declare that its possibilities are as infinite and inexhaustible as the illimitable utterances of music.

The picture of 'An Upland Landscape,' exhibited at the International Exhibition at Knightsbridge in 1898, is a type of the country which Mr. MacGregor most often chooses to paint, and discloses his manner of painting it. In its features the subject of the picture is common enough—a stretch of lonely country, such as one may see anywhere in the North—the mixture of moorland and cultivated fields, which constitutes a farmer's holding in Scotland. Yet out of this homely material a vision is wrought. The actual topography receives a solemn and harmonious quality, impressive and beautiful. The scene is a re-created product in mental concentration, and Mr. MacGregor has found expression again and again for a preconception of the rough scenery of the half-mountainous uplands, absorbed, modulated, and composed to harmonic consistency. Formed thus out of the abstracted qualities and conditions of many places, grey rocks, brown peat, the red earth of a newly ploughed field, stunted trees, the rough cast of a crofter's cottage, and the rainy sky are blent together by a dominant and masterful will. The handling is appropriately broad, and the textures of the biggest—reminding us of his admiration for Daumier and Legros—the colour sober and sometimes delicate, but always satisfying in its fulness. Such work depending upon an inventive memory requires the most sensitive recognition of natural effects, a perfect adjustment of forms, of light,

atmosphere, and perspective to reproduce the true essence of the scene.

The architectural landscape, built up of conventional proportions, in which clouds, trees, hill, and dale are composed in balanced harmonious masses, was not a discovery of the Glasgow painters, but its principle has been adopted with dignified and sometimes poetic feeling. A purely reasoned art is apt to become dogmatic, and in the end too cold and dry; and the artist misses, by studious arrangement, the delightful vicissitudes of chance. In such carefully planned work nature's first influence gradually fades from the canvas, and the personal temper of the artist may assert itself overmuch, and almost always tends to monotony even in the case of more versatile masters than Mr. MacGregor.

'The Quarry,' which a few years ago attracted general attention at the New English Art Club, showed Mr. MacGregor at his best. This finely conceived subject disclosed his aims with greater finish and with a higher attainment of beauty than in any of his previous pictures. Here his careful avoidance of prettiness became embodied in a consonance of tone and form, mellower and more profound than that which he had hitherto reached.

The portraits from Glasgow have probably attracted the largest share of notice hitherto, and the more critical part of the public has generally looked to Mr. Guthrie for work of a higher quality than that of his fellow-townsmen. Usually he is regarded as their leader. Though trained in London and Paris, his character has retained much of the Scottish probity and earnestness which have tinged his work with an honest fervour and raised his technique to a height that has evoked constant admiration. His handling is, we believe, founded upon a long and close study of Velazquez, and if it lacks the swift vivid charm and perfect mastery of the Spaniard, there is a genuine vein of power in the effects of his drawing and painting. His dignified conception of portraiture is evident in many instances. That of Major Hotchkis (No. 447) in the Exhibition is a fine example of taste, selection, strength, and reserve, combined in a successful presentation of a soldier. Its quiet and satisfying tone has the acceptable serenity of an old master.

In the Corporation Galleries the portrait of Bailie Osborne is easy and natural. It has been painted perhaps too easily, and contrasts with the portrait of stern intensity by Mr. Orchardson close beside it.

Mr. Guthrie's essays in pastel hung in the Exhibition

have much of the rapid charm of that medium. The view of Helensburgh (No. 760), depicting a scattered crowd in the grey dusk, illuminated by newly lighted lamps mingling with a faint glow of sunset, is a picturesque study at the waning hour of the day.

If success be the measure of worth, Mr. Lavery may regard his position with ample satisfaction. By his agreeable talents he has reached an enviable fame both at home and abroad. Portrait-painters are often distinguished as those who enrage their sitters and those who please them, for there are not a few eminent limners whom every commission confronts with a prospective enemy. Mr. Lavery belongs to the pleasing type. The insistence upon feminine daintiness and the rejection of the unpleasant are characteristic of his themes, and, though the subject of cavil to his masculine critics, these qualities have secured him the admiration of a host of young ladies who would gladly submit to be re-created by his flattering-brush. We do not mean that his popularity has been achieved by compliments dexterously conveyed in paint. His success rests on more serious grounds and is gladly acknowledged beyond the circle of his gratified patrons.

He has a discriminating eye for the elegances of a lady's toilet—draperies, laces, feathers, flowers, and stuffs are defined with appreciative grace, and are wrought into a delicate harmony and design. This taste for dress and furniture and the appreciation of fashion give an incidental reality and the flavour of contemporary manners to his portraits. But the art appropriate to the drawing-room, the croquet lawn, fashionable or domestic functions, the haunts of the gay world, and other accessories also requires a significant interpretation. And we feel that Mr. Lavery, with all his skill, never approaches near enough to those forces which make such phases of life alive by the portrayal of delicate subtleties of character and manners. The inward vision is wanting. Caprice and frivolity, the charm of their mockeries and vanities, are merely blurred in a far-off view with the keen edge and emphasis eliminated. There is too little appeal to the mind. We miss the serious sympathy and concentration of Degas, and stand unmoved before the picture of the Croquet Party by which he has chosen to be represented at the Glasgow Exhibition. Yet its composition is admirably studied, the figures are very skilfully grouped and coloured, and there is a perfect sense of 'tonality,' as Mr. Martin calls it. The sunlight on the

lawn and sea, however, is obviously untrue without any perceptible compensation. The Bridge at Grès,* a picture of sunshine and pleasure, showing two gay ladies in a boat under the old bridge, borne lazily upon a purple tide, has the same unsatisfying character.

The examples of his portraiture are more interesting. The portrait of himself and a little girl, exhibited in London, showed the stronger qualities of his brush, and a more than usual concentration. His well-known portrait of Mr. Cunninghame Graham has surprising vivacity; the attitude, the drawing of the hand, the picturesque mien are all true to life, and reveal much of the character of an interesting and many-sided personality.

The slight but brilliant drawings of Mr. Crawhall have more of the vital touch of genius than the more pretentious works of his colleagues. Only from Japan do we get such studies as 'The Black Cock' (No. 1070) or 'The Cockatoo' (No. 695). Both are superb in their realisation of familiar but beautiful birds, exquisitely imagined. The same delicacy and swiftness of hand are seen in a series of bull-fights wrought in Spain. In one of these the bull has caught a horse on its horns and raised it up with its rider, who plunges his spear in its neck. The drawing and the design are singularly dramatic. The dust of the arena, the palisade, and the spectators, suggested with the fewest strokes of the brush, make a picture reminding us of the more precipitous gusto of an etching by Goya.

It is regrettable that Mr. Walton, who has a real faculty for painting landscapes and pastoral subjects, should exhibit a picture like the 'Sun-dial' (No. 381), which is quite unworthy of him. The would-be-poetic sentiment is painfully overstrained and banal; it is badly designed, and nothing could well be uglier than the cast-iron design of the pedestal of the dial. On the other hand, the small Landscape (No. 1013) in another room shows that his talent is of a high order. There is a fulness of motive and tender atmosphere in this naturally and skilfully composed scene which is truly pleasing and satisfying.

The art of Mr. Henry has latterly received the recognition due to its merits and is well represented at the Exhibition. There is a real suggestion of music in the essentially harmonious picture called 'Symphony' (No. 495). A girl with a rapt face plays a piano. The tone of her dress

* Exhibited at the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.

and hair conforms to the ruddy brown of the mahogany furniture, and the scheme of colour is completed by the gleam of a goldfish swimming in a glass bowl. The emotion is more gracious and of a subtler kind than is usual in the North. His vivid and arresting portrait (No. 451) of a pretty bright-eyed child in red is also charming.

In the gallery of prints we notice with pleasure the plates by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the etcher of the group, whose facility and grace in the use of the needle are not the least agreeable products of Glasgow art. His paintings are almost equally pleasing. The view of a road in Tuscany, hung in the Institute, is one of the most attractive pictures in the collection. A road between two purple banks, with slender fragile trees, winds towards a blue plain, till it is lost in the horizon of the pale sky.

The vast collections of an international exhibition dazzle the mind by their manifold array of divergencies; styles, races, periods, localities, disturb the normal 'congruities of 'the brain' and unstring the nerves from their customary repose. Not only does each section require the exercise of a new faculty, but almost every object in it. The fine loan collection of French pictures, too seldom seen in this country, shows the distinctive taste of the Glasgow collectors, and makes the Exhibition memorable by their presence alone. In the sculpture hall we are dominated by the strange and enthralling fascination of Rodin's work.

The hanging of the pictures in the Exhibition leaves much to be desired. For hanging, although the public is only slowly awakening to the fact, is an art in itself. It is an art, moreover, requiring a very special skill if justice is to be done to each individual work without prejudice either to other works around or to the general effect of the walls as a whole. Few of the picture-seers who visit a gallery grasp to what extent the appearance of a picture—and consequently their appreciation of its merits or demerits—is influenced by its position both with regard to light, and more still, in many cases, with regard to the close neighbourhood of other pictures. And though in the matter of light the choice of the hanger is obviously restricted by the inevitable limitations of wall space at his disposal, in the matter of the actual juxtaposition of pictures he is, or should be, his own master. With him, indeed, lies the responsibility; and again we repeat it, the task demands, not alone a rare and special talent, but judgement, patience, and experience—so to arrange his walls that the hazardous

brilliancy of one school may not eclipse the fainter delicacy of another, or the breadth of one artist's treatment be forced into a semblance of coarseness by the too near approach of some other painter's method of over-attenuated refinement.

A gallery hung by a competent artist, whose aim is not the display of this or that picture at the expense of others, bears its own stamp of recognisable excellence. In it the spectator is not required at every step to readjust his valuation of colour; he has not the oppressive conviction brought home to him that he must perforce efface the impression of each picture in turn before he can—without a visual somersault—shift his gaze to the next. And, in a less definite degree, the discomfort many picture-seers experience of being unable to receive any impression, clear or unclear, from the pictures before them, is reduced to its minimum. Unconsciously their eyes have been guided and educated in the art of seeing. Their attention has not been exhausted by violent transitions, except where contrast could be fairly employed to serve as stimulant or where contraries gained significance by immediate opposition. Nor—an equally exhausting process—has their interest been allowed to flag by an overstrained and unbroken monotony of selection. It is, with such results in view, scarcely an exaggeration to say that, except for trained eyes, a gallery of inferior works well hung will convey a more intelligent idea of art than a gallery of gems ill-assorted and misplaced. This being at least a half-truth, the importance of the office of a 'hanging 'committee' cannot be over-estimated. Moreover, if consistency of principle be an essential element in harmony of effect, it is self-evident that the duty of such committees should resolve itself into the careful choice of a dictator, with whom should rest the final appeal no less than the actual arrangement of the pictures. The Glasgow Gallery hardly appears to have solved the problem of authority as satisfactorily as might be, although possibly, as compared with other exhibitions—notably the annual hanging of the Royal Academy—criticism should perhaps be dumb.

On glancing at the architectural drawings we are struck by the lamentable degeneration of the modern Glasgow architects—only a generation ago the architecture of Glasgow was something to boast of—'Greek Thompson' and his contemporaries raised a series of buildings unique and admirable to which their successors might look with respectful emulation. Yet there is neither dignity, style, invention, nor consistency in the work of the younger

men. Notwithstanding, they need hardly have gone to London for such a provincial design as that of the new Art Galleries. It looks scarcely superior to the wooden pavilions, whose flamboyant outlines and fantastic cupolas are sufficiently appropriate to such ephemeral structures.

When the Corporation conceived the idea of decorating the Town Hall, they afforded a great opportunity to the four young men selected for the task. To a man of genius such a commission would mean a great achievement. Unhappily the adequate decoration of a public building is one of the arts hopelessly lost in the nineteenth century, and we therefore look with anxiety at every new attempt, if only to learn some lesson from its failure. The first defect we notice is that Mr. Lavery's panel does not harmonise with those of Mr. Walton and Mr. Roche, thereby breaking the continuity of the wall. Neither do the other designs, either in treatment or conception, realise the demands of the occasion. The lunette by Mr. Henry has far more affinity with the architectural scheme and colour of the Hall, but its convention reminds us of a page from a child's picture-book, and, therefore, it begs the question of how to combine a decorative harmony with a mature technique.

This united achievement of four members of the Glasgow School is an evidence of their collective and individual powers, as much as the small pictures from their hands, and confronts us anew with the problem of how to arrive at a true estimate of their talents. Placed before the work of a body of artists still at the height of their career, it is obviously safer to propound a question than pronounce a judgement. We therefore ask, Do their pictures possess the perfect workmanship of the great masters? Are they fraught with more than a conscientious dilettantism of previous schools? What is their part in the intellectual movement of our time? And how do they compare with their contemporaries in the South, like Mr. Rothenstein and Mr. Steer, whose pictures at the Exhibition are so notably conspicuous? And the still more important question remains, whether this sudden energy is the beginning of a decentralization of the arts, which shall lead to a permanent local tradition of painting throughout the country, and whether by realising a more extended scope for their art these young men are strengthening a love of beauty which shall one day magnify their city by a line of artists as great and distinguished as those of Florence or Venice. These are questions whose answer time alone can give.

ART. XII.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., at the Reform Club, July* 9, 1901.

2. *Letter from the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., to the City Liberal Club, July* 16, 1901.

3. *Speech of the Right Hon. H. Asquith, M.P., at the Hotel Cecil, July* 19, 1901.

4. *Speech of the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., at the City Liberal Club, July* 19, 1901.

5. *Speech of Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., in the House of Commons, August* 2, 1901.

THE Empire stands to-day in a position of great difficulty and of some danger. Lord Salisbury's Government is unusually strong in the support of Parliament and nation; but it has not as yet found itself able to satisfy the hopes and expectations of the electors who a year ago gave it their confidence. 'Can we not, ought we not to, be doing better?' That is the question which all men are asking, and which means, when Englishmen ask it, that they are turning inquiring eyes beyond the administration of the moment to political possibilities of the future.

Let us look, then, beyond the supporters of the Government to the broad political situation, the position of parties, the condition of the House of Commons, and the state of things produced by this most deplorable South African war.

The Liberal party has never recovered from the blow inflicted upon its credit and its power by Mr. Gladstone half a generation ago. In 1885, for the last time, the united party appealed under a leader, recognised as such by every section of it, to the country. It obtained in Great Britain a very substantial majority. The Liberal party was not indeed, in 1885, entirely homogeneous, but comprehended, as it has always done, many shades of Liberal opinion, from Liberal-Conservative on the one side to advanced Radical or Socialist on the other. Between these sections, or between their leading representatives, relations sometimes became strained; just as in former days there was occasionally sharp antagonism between Whig leaders such as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, and the spokesmen of the Manchester school, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. But in 1885, as in earlier times, it was found possible for the party, and advantageous to the country, for Whigs and Radicals to make common cause. The zeal and popular enthusiasms of

the latter, when practical measures of reform were under consideration, had often been brought face to face with the more cautious views of experienced Whig statesmen; and the happy result had been achieved of steady progress in almost every direction, no spirit of reaction having been caused by a shock to public feeling brought about by revolutionary change or even premature advance. In the autumn and winter of 1885 Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, Mr. Dillwyn, Sir Charles Dilke, to name eminent members of the House of Commons only, fought the battle of a common Liberalism, and won for that party with the electors of Great Britain its last victory.

It was, however, evident enough to those who looked below the surface that the elements of discord within the Liberal party already existed. The Radical Caucus was determined to assert its own power, which, be it said, it greatly over-estimated; representative Radicals, such as Mr. Labouchere, constantly urging on the public that what the Liberal party really needed was to throw off the burden of Whig influence, in order that unadulterated Radicalism might for the first time enter upon its inheritance. Still there were moderate men amongst Whigs and Radicals who earnestly deprecated the efforts of the headstrong or foolish members of either section to create a breach with the other. Above all, the high character, the eminent service, the transcendent abilities of their great leader gave Mr. Gladstone an unrivalled ascendency with the people. It is strange that the only statesman who could have kept his party united and victorious in the autumn of 1885 should, a few months later, have been the man to shatter 'the great instrument' in pieces, to reduce it to a condition of powerlessness and discredit, from which even sixteen years afterwards it finds it impossible to emerge.

In 1886 Mr. Gladstone made the question of Home Rule—that is, the establishment of a separate Irish National Parliament and Government in Dublin—the sole test of Liberalism. In the light of subsequent events, it is difficult to suppose that the new cause was embraced by the more prominent of Mr. Gladstone's adherents (with the exception of Mr. Morley) with any great intensity of conviction. Still, at the word of command, Home Rulers they became, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt vied with each other in the vigour with which they denounced the wickedness of Liberals who main-

tained their own former principles of attachment to the cause of the Union, admirably expounded as they had been up to the last moment of 1885 by Mr. Gladstone himself.

What the people of Great Britain thought of all this history has made plain. In the gifts which draw popular support the Liberal party has never had a leader comparable with Mr. Gladstone. From 1832 to 1885 the Liberal party was distinctly the popular party in Great Britain; their opponents relying largely upon what was known as 'influence' against the mere voice of the crowd. After 1885, it is hardly too much to say that all constituencies were 'popular con-'stituencies.' In these fifty-three years the Liberals had for the most part prevailed. In the sixteen years since the conversion of Liberals into Home Rulers, notwithstanding the democratic character of the constituencies, notwithstanding that in two out of the three general elections the Liberal party as newly constituted was led by Mr. Gladstone himself, Great Britain has steadily supported their opponents; and so decisive has been the national verdict that Liberal statesmen in opposition now themselves dread nothing more than the accusation that they are pledged to carry out that Home Rule policy which they had made the supreme test of Liberalism!

So far so good. Home Rule has been killed. Progress and reform have been proved to be no monopoly of the Liberal party. As a final result of the great measures of 1832, 1867, and 1885, there is no longer possible a conflict between parties relying the one on popular forces, the other on privilege and personal or class influences. Each party now draws strength from the same source, and has to appeal to popular opinion—the opinion of the masses. Mr. Gladstone's taunt about 'the classes' did not deceive the electors fifteen years ago. The appeal was out of date then. It would be even more hopelessly absurd now; for the classes and the masses are in truth indistinguishable. The changes that have been made in our electoral system, and not less the change that has come over opinion, have made it almost impossible that the old root distinction between political parties should prevail. There is nothing nowadays to make a strong desire for reform incompatible with Conservative statesmanship. Democratic developements are as likely to come from Conservatives and Unionists as from Liberals and Home Rulers. Free education, representative county government, extension of Irish land purchase, have been amongst the works of Lord Salisbury's administration: and

stronger evidence there could not be that the historic prejudices of an antiquated Toryism, if not extinct amongst individuals, can no longer direct the political action of the modern Conservative party.

It seems to be supposed in some quarters that the breaking down of the old distinction between the two English parties, the existence in the House of Commons of a third —the Irish party—independent of them both, and the tendency of the parliamentary Opposition to break up into groups, portend a permanent change in the working of the parliamentary system. It is, of course, at the present time impossible to classify members of the House of Commons simply as supporters of the Government, and as members of the Opposition. The majority, it is true, whether they call themselves Conservatives or Liberal-Unionists, do form one party, in the old sense of the term; but the Opposition, consisting of those who till lately made Home Rule the principal plank of their platform, having for the most part dropped Home Rule, seem to have no common bond to unite them, no leader to whom they all defer, no general tendency even to see eye to eye together on those political questions of the day that have the most interest for Englishmen. Still, it is certainly premature to suppose, in consequence of the disintegrated condition of the Opposition of to-day, that the two-party system has permanently broken down.

Men who have little practical knowledge of popular assemblies, and who are shocked by the unfortunate length to which blind partisanship often carries politicians, imagine that a House of Commons in which six or seven hundred members looked alone for guidance to their own individual judgements would be an improvement upon the present, and certainly very far from perfect, representative assembly. In truth, such a body would be nothing more than an irresponsible mob, which it would be impossible practically to call to account, and which would have all the characteristics—excitability, fickleness, and general foolishness—for which mobs, large or small, have from all time been distinguished. Parties there must be, and it is surely better there should be two great parties the opponents and critics of each other, each having before its eyes the responsibility which attaches to office, actual or potential, than that politicians should be divided into sections, or groups, or cliques, with an administration dependent upon the alliances, combinations, and intrigues amongst them.

The truth is, that the powerless condition of the Opposition to-day is the natural result of what has occurred. There is nothing so abnormal in the present situation as to lead us to suppose that the party system in politics, such as we have known it in the past, is breaking down, and will not resume its old sway. The Liberal party in 1886 lost credit with the public, as completely as Mr. Fox and his friends a century earlier lost credit with the country in consequence of their coalition with Lord North. The power of Pitt throve upon the deep national distrust of his rivals. Lord Salisbury's authority since 1886 has been largely due to a similar cause. The effect of the coalition between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, after all that had occurred, gave a shock to the steadying elements in English politics, the effect of which has not yet passed away. When on the top of this discredit the Opposition found itself in the position of official critic of a popular war, it needs little knowledge of English history to explain the distressing condition into which it has sunk. To refer again to the eighteenth century, Lord North's ministry was one of the most unfortunate that ever governed England, yet it lasted longer than almost any other; and for this reason—that England would have none but a fighting ministry, and the Opposition was bent upon peace. The disasters of the American War would have sufficed to turn out Lord North's government half a dozen times had there been another set of statesmen ready to carry out the policy of conquering the Americans, upon which nine-tenths of the nation had set its heart. When, again, in 1857 the Peelites opposed the war with China, Lord Palmerston swept the country; and naturally, since the electors regarded the issue as one between 'an insolent barbarian at Canton' on the one side, and Lord Palmerston, the upholder of the honour of the British flag, on the other. One of the unhappy Peelites who urged that 'the barbarian' had been unjustly treated, and who suffered in consequence, long afterwards recorded his opinion that the occasion must be rare indeed in which the British people would not support its government at the beginning of a war.

These are considerations of a general character, and they are amply sufficient to show that of necessity the position of an Opposition at the present time must be an exceedingly difficult one. There are, however, special circumstances that have helped still further to promote actual demoralisation in the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal left his followers without any commanding authority to which the

rank and file of the party, not to mention those of more outstanding position, were willing to defer. In Opposition Lord Rosebery found it impossible to lead the party in the country and Sir William Harcourt to lead it in the House of Commons. Each may be taken as, to some extent, the representative and leader of a strong body of Liberal opinion. Each had failed, not on account of deficiencies of his own, but in consequence of the divisions which rent party Liberalism, to consolidate into one powerful Opposition the jarring fragments and sections which only Mr. Gladstone's great personality had been able to control and combine. In these adverse circumstances Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman felt it to be his duty to the party to accept the Liberal leadership in the House of Commons, when it was pressed upon him by every section of Liberal opinion, and never did any one take upon himself a more thankless task! It was to be his first duty, subject, of course, to the higher interests of the country, to keep his party together. Every party-leader is of necessity required to hold the doctrine of 'the great instrument,' and we have no doubt Sir Henry conscientiously believes that the existence of a strong and united Liberal Opposition is essential to the welfare of the country. Was he, as the accepted leader of the whole party, to identify himself with either section of it, and compel the other to leave the ranks? This would have presented the singular spectacle of a statesman (selected for the express purpose of keeping men together) giving the *coup de grâce* to every hope of their ultimate union.

In his capacity of leader Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was entirely justified in inviting the whole body of Liberal members of Parliament to meet him at the Reform Club. As he truly said, the reasons were obvious, for recent events had disclosed a discord in the party which had made united action exceedingly difficult. 'It is my prime duty,' he continued, 'as well as my chief desire, to maintain harmony 'in the party—the harmony without which it cannot fulfil 'the part it ought to play, and cannot exercise its due 'influence in the State—it becomes necessary for me to 'ascertain . . . whether I still retain your confidence—the 'confidence which is absolutely indispensable to any effort 'that I may make to achieve the purpose of maintaining 'harmony in the party.' That the great difficulty arose in consequence of the party being hopelessly divided about the war was not in his view correct; for what concerned prac-

tical men was not the origin nor the past conduct of the war, but rather 'the present administration of affairs, and 'above all the future policy to be adopted in South Africa, 'a question fraught with the most momentous consequences 'to the Empire, and to the position of this country in the 'world. The whole matter, however—and I would impress 'this strongly upon you that we should never forget it— 'rests not within our responsibility, but in the responsibility 'of His Majesty's Government. I have from first to last, 'so far as in me lay, done all in my power and exercised 'every endeavour that I could put forth to save the Liberal 'party from any share in that responsibility.'

In speaking as he did Sir Henry used language which would in similar circumstances have been employed by any leader of Opposition. His position required him to be conciliatory, and to minimise differences. Constitutional precedent justified him in placing responsibility for the present state of affairs entirely upon the advisers of the Crown. As a matter of course the vote of continued confidence in his leadership was carried with acclamation. But of greater significance than the vote itself was the line taken at the meeting by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Their speeches were evidently the result of deliberation, and, taken in combination with the subsequent deliverances of Lord Rosebery, they indicated possibilities of party developement, of vital importance to the Liberal party and of considerable interest to the country at large. Mr. Asquith spoke with eloquent enthusiasm of the traditions, the name, the hopes, and the aim of the great Liberal party, which 'was to be in the future as it had been in 'the past, the most fruitful and potent instrument of 'national progress.' He, however, entirely disagreed with his Leader in thinking that differences of opinion as to the origin of the war might be minimised with a view to agreement as to present policy. Honest differences as to the causes of the war must, he insisted, 'colour and influence 'men's judgement of the present and their estimate of the 'future.' Sir Edward Grey, who, as well as Mr. Asquith, spoke with friendly warmth of the great services of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was no less explicit. 'I know 'his (Sir Henry's) opinion all through has been that it was 'possible to find a common ground by suppressing certain 'differences. I have felt all through that the differences 'were too deep to be suppressed.' And they both recognised the importance of the meeting as establishing hence-

forward their right to express their own individual opinions on the subject of the war, a right which, it must be said, they had already most properly established for themselves. It was a national as well as a party crisis, said Sir Edward Grey; but 'there are two things of which no one can think. 'One is that no man can think of retiring from public life, 'and the other is that no man can think of going over to 'support the present Government. They are a worn-out 'Government that have neither foresight nor grasp in 'things abroad, and no conviction in things at home. 'There is no health nor hope to be found in them.'

The public felt a little puzzled at the advice thus given it. It is, indeed, clear from Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey that statesmanship, wisdom, virtue are the inheritance of the 'Great Liberal Party,' though what that remarkable political combination has done, or aspired to do, to entitle it to so much public admiration, since it has had the honour of the support of these two gentlemen, is not very evident. But surely the simple fact dwelled upon by both—that deep differences of opinion divide the Liberal party as to the policy to be pursued in South Africa—is sufficient to prevent the British people in a time of national crisis from feeling a great desire to avail itself of that famous instrument. If, and it is a mere supposition, Liberal-Imperialists take substantially the same view of the South African question as does the Government, both as to the policy that has been pursued and the policy that is to be pursued, and if the times are as serious as Sir Edward Grey most justly considers them to be, on what ground is it forbidden to think that Liberal-Imperialists might patriotically support the present Ministry? They might perhaps supply some of that 'grasp' and 'foresight' which they deem so lacking.

Some five days after the meeting at the Reform Club Lord Rosebery wrote a letter to the City Liberal Club discussing the condition of the Liberal party. 'Neutrality 'and an open mind,' the basis of the Reform Club reconciliation, was little to the taste of the late Liberal Prime Minister. 'The whole Empire had rallied to the war.' In such circumstances Liberal impotence was impossible. 'The 'area of comprehension is too wide. On this question it 'embraces the whole human race. And this question is 'vital, morally and politically. Morally either the war is 'just or unjust. Either the methods are civilised or legiti-'mate. If the war be unjust and its methods uncivilised, 'our Government and our nation are criminal, and the war

'should be stopped at any cost. If the war be just, carried 'on by means which are necessary and lawful, it is our duty 'to support it with all our might in order to bring it to a 'prompt and supreme conclusion. These are supreme 'issues; none greater ever divided two hostile parties. 'How, then, can our party agree to differ on them?' This difference was, according to Lord Rosebery, but one amongst a host of other differences. How (he asked) could men such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Edward Grey be members of one party? The evolution of the Empire had produced all this divergence. There were two irreconcileable schools between which the Liberal party must decide: between, that is, 'Imperialists,' as the one school calls itself, and 'Little Englanders,' as it calls its rival. Until this decision was made 'it is of no use to speak of the grand 'old principles of the Liberal party. That is all very well 'for a peroration. But for practical or business purposes it 'is necessary to know what these principles are as applied 'to the British Empire in the present condition of the 'world.' As for himself, Lord Rosebery was determined never voluntarily to return to the arena of party politics.

Lord Rosebery would therefore, it seems, restrict the Liberal party to Liberal-Imperialists and enthusiastic supporters of the war—a rather strange contribution to the controversy, if his object be to build up a Liberal Opposition—but natural enough, and patriotic to boot, if his intention be to strengthen Lord Salisbury's hands in prosecuting the present war to a victorious conclusion.

Having written his letter to the City Liberals on July 16, Lord Rosebery on the 18th delivers a long speech to the same highly favoured gentlemen, in which the views expressed in his letter are expanded and revised. He did not complain of the vote of confidence in his old friend Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and he should not like to call the meeting of Liberal members of Parliament at the Reform Club 'an organised hypocrisy;' but if its policy of party comprehension was pursued, it meant the paralysis of the Liberal party. What was needed was a party in earnest as to matters of domestic reform, as to which the failure of the Government afforded a splendid opportunity to the Opposition. 'You start,' Lord Rosebery continued, 'with a clean slate as regards these cum-'bersome programmes, with which you were overloaded in 'the past. You are disembarrassed from some entangling 'alliances. You may proceed to deal in a new spirit with

'the new problems of the age as they arrive, and I, for 'one . . . do not yet despair of seeing the Liberal party, 'or some such party, because if the Liberal party will 'not undertake it, the matter is of such necessity that 'some party will create itself—I do not despair of seeing 'the Liberal party purged of all anti-national elements, 'and confident therefore of the support of the country in 'regard to Imperial and foreign questions of policy, pro-'ceeding in the work of domestic reform. . . .' And Lord Rosebery indulges a hope that Liberal-Unionists will rally to this promising 'Liberal party' of the future; and concludes his address by declaring that for the present he must remain alone and plough his furrow by himself, but before he gets to the end of it he thinks it very possible he may not be alone.

What is the upshot of these enigmatic utterances? That the present Government is to be turned out is common ground to the Reform Club meeting and to Lord Rosebery. The latter would supply its place by a Liberal Government, supported by a party freed from entangling alliances (that is to say, which has repudiated Home Rule), and 'purged' also of those who believe that unwise policy on the part of the Government at home and in South Africa had a very large share in bringing about the Boer war. We wish Lord Rosebery's speech could have been made to the assembled representatives of Liberal constituencies at the Reform Club. The purging process to restore the health of the Liberal party sounds a little drastic, and perhaps it might be safer to try it, in the first instance, upon Lord Rosebery's late colleagues on the Liberal Front Bench before applying it to the whole party in the House of Commons. How far its effects might extend, it is not within our province or competency to say.

We can judge with more confidence of the probable result of the audacious appeal of the late leader of the Home Rule party to Liberal-Unionists. Lord Rosebery and several, possibly a large number of, prominent Liberals are exceedingly and most intelligibly anxious to bury Home Rule altogether. Under the name of Liberal-Imperialists they have adopted the principles, so far as we can understand, professed and acted upon by Lord Salisbury's Government. *Therefore* the Liberal-Unionists are to quarrel with Lord Salisbury, and join a party, of which all we know is that 'it will proceed to deal in a new spirit with the new 'problems of the age as they arrive'! Liberal-Unionists

see with great satisfaction the desire of Liberal Home Rulers to return to the older faith of the Liberal party. But 1901 is not 1886. Surely there is a more logical conclusion to be drawn from the approximation of Liberal-Imperialists to the principles of the whole Unionist party on Home Rule and South African questions, than that Liberal-Unionists should turn their backs on a leader and a party with whom they have now no fundamental difference. But then Sir Edward Grey tells us that that conclusion is unthinkable. And it is for Liberal-Imperialists, not for Liberal-Unionists, to judge.

With an Opposition thoroughly disorganised, and disunited amongst themselves, the House of Commons cannot show itself at its best. The presence of the Irish members, who make a boast of their national hostility to the cause of the Empire, has in the purely party sense been of considerable use to the Government. Both as regards policy and administration, the interests of the country require that the action of the ministry should be subjected to public criticism by men who, if they see things from a different standpoint, are as patriotic as ministers themselves. But the effect of such criticism is destroyed by the association of the critics in the lobby with members who frankly avow their determined hatred of the British nation, and their hope that victory will be on the side of her enemies. In time of war an Opposition is always more or less exposed to the hurling against it of the party taunt that it sides with its country's enemies; but since the Opposition of the present day has been till lately closely allied with these gentlemen, and still depends upon their votes if it wishes to present a tolerable appearance on a division, the familiar party missile tells with crushing effect.

Under these circumstances, where legislation has not been in question, the Government has had its own way in Parliament, and has been subjected to very little effective criticism. The ministry has the support of a very large majority, fresh from the country, ministers themselves always present a united front, and there have been no symptoms whatever of differences in the ministerial ranks. Yet the Unionist party is not happy! Its frame of mind is not that of a triumphant majority, which has lately had from the constituencies a new lease of power. It votes straight, but it grumbles mightily; and both inside and outside the House of Commons it would be absurd to pretend that 'depression' is not the special note of the day.

Why is this? Too much by far has been said as to the

unpopularity caused by the ministerial reconstruction. No one, however, has pointed out the omission from office of those who would conspicuously have brought weight to the administration. Dissatisfaction of this sort is keen, rather than widely spread; for the country at large takes very little interest in the filling of minor offices. Putting the matter at its worst—viz. that Lord Salisbury has shown an 'undue preference' for his own relations, some of whom happen, as a matter of fact, to be amongst the ablest men in Parliament—the country would hardly take it very seriously to heart. What oppresses the Unionist party is a deep sense of dissatisfaction with the state of the House of Commons and with the state of the country; and it looks to the Government to show vigour and determination in putting things right.

It is certain that the arrangements for the satisfactory transaction of business in the House of Commons require to be thoroughly overhauled to enable that assembly adequately to perform its proper functions. Legislation, of course, is only one of these functions. Another, not less important, is to debate the policy of ministers of the Crown, and to criticise their action and the conduct of the administrative departments. The failure of the Government last session to pass into law the principal measures that had been promised in the King's Speech ought not to be *entirely* attributed to the defective business arrangements of the House of Commons. The country being for the time indifferent to everything but the war, and Parliament closely reflecting the national mood, it is natural enough that little important legislation was accomplished, and that there has been no strong general dissatisfaction expressed at the smallness of the legislative output.

It would be premature—and this would hardly be the place—to consider in detail the alteration of parliamentary procedure which the times demand. When a minister of the Crown proposes in any way that the House should restrict what are called the privileges of private members, a storm is at once raised, as if the issue were one between a bureaucratic administration on the one side and a free House of Commons on the other. Now, the simple truth of the matter is that reform, involving no doubt the restriction of much-abused privileges, is as much needed in the interest of the House of Commons as in that of the administration. Supplies must be voted. Administrative business must be got through; but upon the adequacy of the debate depend

the usefulness and the reputation of the House of Commons. During last session—and the same may be said of all sessions—far the most important business with which Parliament had to deal was so-called 'ministerial business.' It was this in which the country, as well as nine-tenths of the House of Commons, was interested, and for which it was desirable to have ample time for debate. Yet, whenever Mr. Arthur Balfour, who after all cannot make time, asked to increase the time available for the discussion of this, the principal business before Parliament, at the expense of the time allotted by the ordinary rule to what is known as 'the business of private members,' a storm arose as if his proposals were not made mainly in the interests of the House of Commons itself. There is ample time between February and August for the House of Commons to do its work thoroughly, if only it will conduct its business in a businesslike way, and if only private members will remember that they owe some consideration to the working efficiency of the assembly of which they are a part. Of course, if 670 individual members were to proceed on the principle of putting as many questions, and making as many speeches at any possible stage, as the forms of the House permit, the whole thing would break down. The House has been too long-suffering towards those who, whilst they of necessity respect the letter of its rules and forms, do violence to the spirit by which in the past Parliaments have been guided. We are afraid it is impossible to ignore the fact, due to various causes, that the respect of the individual member to the House as a whole, and as an institution, is far less than it was.

The great difficulty in reforming procedure lies in the fact that it is the abuse of privileges and rules, in themselves very valuable, that has to be checked, and care must be taken in uprooting the tares not to tear up the wheat also. The right to put a question on the floor of the House to any minister about the conduct of his department affords, undoubtedly, great protection to the public, and many of our permanent officials are aware of the good that has sometimes in this way been effected. Undoubtedly, also, it is a protection to the public that private legislation should at certain stages have to face the ordeal of public debate in the whole House. Publicity in private Bill legislation is of much importance for many reasons, and there is no publicity to equal that obtained by full parliamentary discussion. Again, motions for the adjournment of the House in order

to discuss some definite matter of urgent public importance may be of the greatest utility. It is clear that, whether the Government likes it or not, there should be a means of discussing in the great assembly of the nation occurrences of real urgency and national importance. Here it is easily conceivable that the immediate interest and advantage of the ministers may not coincide with the interest and advantage of the nation; and if they wished to burke discussion a mechanical majority would always enable them to do so.

Now as regards these three matters—Questions, Private Bill Legislation, Motions for the Adjournment—if only members would make a moderate and responsible use of the privileges afforded them there would be no necessity for making great changes in the rules. It must always be remembered that it is only by a very limited number of members that what may be called the business-spirit of the House is set at nought. These are, however, sufficient in number and persistent enough in temperament to inflict great injury upon the House by diminishing the time available for the proper purpose of debate. The first feeling that strikes a stranger visiting the House is the sense of what can only be called the insincerity of a large part of its proceedings. Questions, maybe a hundred and fifty, are asked, eight or ten, perhaps, by the same member. There is hardly a pretence that any public purpose is served by the putting or answering of nine-tenths of these questions in a full House at the time of public business. The member could be supplied with the information sought by the written answer of the minister, and the answer might, if it were thought desirable, be circulated with the votes. It was in this fashion that till lately almost all members obtained the information desired. It would be interesting to know how many questions were put during their long parliamentary careers by the last three 'Fathers of the House of Commons,' and it is certain that the total of all three would not approach the record of several individual members during last session alone. During that session 6,448 questions were asked, and there are no existing means of preventing this preposterous number being largely increased.

The quite modern practice of debating at length private Bills on the second and third reading has grown largely out of a desire to shorten the time available for public business, and thereby to hinder the progress of some ministerial measure or other Bill to which objection is taken. Even where these debates are quite genuine, it must be said that as a rule a full

House of Commons is a tribunal singularly ill fitted to perform the semi-judicial functions required. The judgement should turn on the evidence; but here *ex parte* statements only are put before a generally empty chamber, and the decision is then given by a comparatively full House, the majority of members voting in complete ignorance of the merits of the case!

Motions for the adjournment are also unfortunately largely resorted to for the purpose of abstracting time intended to be allotted to 'Government business,' that is, to the principal business before Parliament. If what was intended to be an exceptional proceeding in case of national urgency comes to be used as a convenient method of delaying Government business, or as a suitable occasion for delivering speeches on the subject of the leading articles in the morning's newspapers, the rule must, of course, be modified.

It is important to notice that in all the three cases with which we have been dealing, it is the efficiency of the House itself much more than the mere convenience of the Government of the day that is concerned. It is the House of Commons as a legislative body and as the great arena of national debate that requires protection against those who are hampering its action and injuring its reputation. It behoves the Government, and in an especial degree the leader of the House of Commons, to lay before that assembly at an early date proposals to restore to it its old efficiency, to give to it something like a command of its own time, and to defend it against those within, whether they be the avowed foes of the British parliamentary system, or those whose personal idiosyncrasies cause them to flout every consideration of parliamentary propriety and convenience.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is singularly well fitted to perform what is undoubtedly a difficult task. He has been himself something of a free lance, and his long subsequent career as minister and ex-minister has not led him into a favourite delusion of the official mind—that the two Front Benches constitute the House of Commons. It has been his duty to make more free use of the instrument of closure than any of his predecessors, but yet it is universally recognised that no one is by nature less inclined to silence arbitrarily *bona-fide* opposition and argument. When debate proceeds far beyond that limit the House of Commons in the past has been able to defend itself against indefinite prolongation of unprofitable talk on the part of members lacking the sense of personal responsibility, and without respect for the general

sentiment and dignity of the assembly. Closure by orderly clamour, if the expression may be used, that is to say, by the refusal of the House itself to hear more, worked in former days well enough, and by its means certain well-understood practices as to the regular winding-up of debates were enforced. Some years ago, however, it was demonstrated that the old instrument of closure had lost its efficacy, and it became desirable to forge a new one. In one way or another it has always been necessary for the House as a whole to protect itself against the domination of reckless or perverse individuals or cliques amongst its own members. It is the root principle of parliamentary government that after full discussion the majority shall prevail; and those are not the friends but the enemies of free parliamentary institutions who, in the much-abused names of freedom of debate and sacredness of the privileges of the representatives of the people, are ready to take from majorities their power.

There are two great and guiding principles which we hope will find very large support on both sides of the House of Commons, when in the near future it becomes necessary to revise its rules. Every precaution must be taken to prevent the repression of unpopular opinion. The opinions, for instance, of the Irish members cannot but be deeply offensive to the sentiments of Englishmen and Scotsmen. Nevertheless, they are the representatives, the constitutional spokesmen, of the majority of the Irish people. Ireland is the sore part of the generally healthy body of this kingdom, and if there is any merit at all in the representative system, the representatives of an uneasy, troubled, discontented region will surely reflect the temper of those who elect them. In these times we hear it glibly said that the House of Commons should not tolerate within it men who express this, that, or the other opinion. For these opinions they are accountable to their own consciences and to their own constituents, not to the majority of the House of Commons, were that majority ninety-nine hundredths of its whole body. What would be the use of a House of Commons if the representatives of the dissatisfied portion of the community were to be excluded? and where would exclusion end?

The second great principle concerns the due enforcing of order. During last session lamentable want of respect was shown to the spirit of the injunctions that came from the Chair. If one member was called to order, another member

would spring up and commit precisely the same offence; and occasionally an offending member seemed to think it was his business to argue with the Chair rather than to obey it. In Mr. Gully the House has a Speaker of absolute impartiality and of singular quickness, discretion, tact, and temper; qualities which it is given to few men to combine in an equal degree. Nevertheless, his authority, that is the authority of the House itself, was several times violently disputed, and scenes took place calculated greatly to discredit the House of Commons. It is not sufficient merely to punish offenders in these cases. Indeed it is not at punishment we should aim, so much as at the saving the House of Commons from a state of disorder fatal to its efficiency and most damaging to its reputation. For flagrant and determined resistance to the authority of the Chair, the House of Commons should suspend the offender for the duration of the Parliament which he has done his best to injure and degrade.

The task of reconciling liberty with order is never an easy one; but if the Government will proceed upon sound principles they will surely find it possible to do much to restore the House of Commons to its proper position in the eyes of Englishmen. Mr. Balfour has behind him a very large majority, and there are men opposite him not less eager than the Unionists to maintain the dignity and efficiency of Parliament; next year, therefore, should see the accomplishment of internal reforms, which cannot in safety be longer delayed if the efficiency of the parliamentary machine is to continue.

The proposal to reduce the number of Irish members has been discussed, as if it formed part of a scheme for the improvement of House of Commons procedure. Doubtless the diminution, by thirty or so, of the Irish representatives would improve the composition of the House, since amongst the Irish party is to be found almost the whole of the flagrantly disorderly element of which we have been speaking. That would be an incidental advantage, resulting from a measure demanded by sound policy and equity on other grounds; a reform which should be carried into effect at the first convenient season. The Home Rulers in these latter days have become affected with an extraordinary reverence for the Irish Act of Union. The Act provided that the representation of Ireland should be one hundred members, that figure having been chosen after a consideration of the numbers and wealth of the Irish people as compared with other

parts of the kingdom a century ago. A hundred years before, at the time of the Scottish Union, the number of Scottish members had been fixed permanently in a similar fashion. But 1707 and 1801 are respectively two centuries and one century behind us. It is no real disrespect to our ancestors to be just to ourselves, in circumstances which they were unable to foresee. We must not let the dead hand rule too rigidly the energies of the living. So, at all events, statesmen and Parliaments reasoned in 1832, in 1867, and in 1884. In 1832 the representation of Scotland was increased from 45 to 53, that of Ireland from 100 to 105, that of Wales from 24 to 29, whilst the representation of England was reduced by 18 members. In 1867, 7 more seats were given to Scotland, 1 to Wales, while 8 were taken from England. In 1885, England had an increase of 2 seats, Scotland of 12, Wales remained unchanged, and Ireland lost 2. In the last half-century there has been a very large migration from Ireland to England and Scotland, where the result has been to modify very considerably the political colour of many constituencies. It is difficult under all these circumstances to understand the contention that Ireland should for ever retain a much larger proportionate share of representation in Parliament than other parts of the United Kingdom. Of the justice and desirableness of the change proposed there can be no doubt; but as to the means by which it should be brought about there is room for much difference of opinion. Should Ireland alone be dealt with, or should the redistribution be general, and on one principle, throughout all the constituencies of the kingdom?

It is, however, certain that in times such as these Parliament will postpone domestic questions of great difficulty to the primary object of bringing to an end the South African war. We have now entered upon its third year. Many delusions, due to British ignorance of the conditions of the South African problem, have been swept away. The gloomiest anticipations of those who in the past deprecated every step that tended to bring nearer to us the overwhelming calamity to the Empire and South Africa of racial war have been more than fulfilled; and men are now beginning to ask themselves, as well they may, whether, after all, the ultimate effect of a war which has cost us so dear will be to render more secure than formerly British rule in South Africa.

We do not intend now to go into the right or the wrong,

the wisdom or the folly, of what occurred before the war. Since it began the great majority of Englishmen and Dutchmen, on the one side and the other, have been convinced that with their foes it was simply from the beginning and by design a war of conquest. The British meant to conquer the Republics. The Boers meant to drive the British out of South Africa. And each nation, looking only to the evidence in support of its own side of the case, triumphantly appeals to the annexation declarations of its enemy as proof positive of the truth of its own contention!

What we have to deal with is the war as it stands to-day, and, however men may differ as to its causes, there surely can be no difference as to what it now involves. If the British are victorious, the Republics will be conquered. Nothing less than complete annexation—that is, conquest—can possibly be accepted as the condition of peace. The Boers, therefore, are fighting for national independence. On the other hand, Boer success *now* would mean the overthrow of British power throughout South Africa. For such causes as these brave men will fight their hardest, and make almost any sacrifices. Already the British have sacrificed very much in the loss of valuable lives, and in a gigantic expenditure of public money. The Boers have lost almost everything they possessed. A very large proportion of the whole manhood of the population, including old men and boys, are in exile. Never probably in modern times have the consequences of war fallen with greater severity on a whole people; for we have had to fight not an army of professional soldiers, but the whole citizenship of the two States. As with every war of independence against overpowering strength, the majority of those possessing means and substance—that is, those having most to lose—are willing to succumb sooner than the 'broken men' who, under high-spirited leaders, determine whilst life remains to prolong the struggle. This is the stage at which the war has arrived.

Yet it can hardly be described with truth as a guerilla war. The Boers are led in the field by known commanders, in considerable bodies. As a general rule, they respect the laws of war. They attack positions even when strongly held. And they pursue our own practices of night attacks, sudden surprises, and the 'rushing' of encampments. They still show themselves able to make considerable captures of men and supplies, and almost invariably put their prisoners at liberty after they have possessed themselves of their ammunition,

coats, and boots. They do not, indeed, wear uniform, for the sufficient reason that they never possessed any; but they, nevertheless, seem to come within the meaning of the term 'belligerent,' as asserted by Sir John Ardagh, when representing Great Britain at the Hague Conference. After the commandoes have been dispersed, and their leaders have been taken, it is by no means improbable that in so vast a country we shall still have to meet and put down with a strong hand a good deal of real guerilla warfare and sheer brigandage. For the present the war goes on.

The Government at the last general election received a double mandate. The war, then believed to be very nearly over, was to be brought to an immediate and victorious conclusion; and a constitutional system of government, resting upon the basis of political equality amongst Europeans, was to be established throughout South Africa. No efforts were to be spared to accomplish the first. When the first had been accomplished, the second was to follow as soon as possible. The Boers had excluded the British from the franchise in the Transvaal; but under the British flag all would be equal; and South Africa would take its place by the side of Canada and Australia as a great self-governing colony of the British Empire. The Government has found itself unable so far to give effect to the popular demand. And, truth to tell, the nation has not even yet grasped the gigantic nature of the task which lies before it; for when at last the conquest is complete, will the constitutional government of South Africa be much nearer?

What is only too certain is that the condition of South Africa at the present time, in the annexed States and in the British Colonies, is disastrous, and that the longer this lasts the more impossible will it be to return to a healthy state of things. Not only so. The British Empire has interests to guard all over the world, and it is sheer blindness to ignore all dangers that do not arise directly from the mobility of the commandoes of Botha and Delarey. The violence of the feeling against Great Britain among the nations of Europe cannot be disregarded. Sometimes even wise and prudent Governments have in unhappy moments given way to, or been carried away by, the vehemence of popular passion which they were unable or unwilling to control. These are democratic times, and even autocratic rulers may find it necessary, or at least highly desirable for their own sakes, to ride on the crest of the wave of strong popular feeling. Nothing is to be gained by blinking the

fact that every month that the war lasts increases the dangers to which an Empire such as ours always stands exposed—dangers which might very easily become greater than any that have threatened it since the close of the great war at Waterloo.

Do we know the whole truth about South Africa? Never in recent times has the public been so completely dependent for information upon purely official news; and for months together all that we get from these sources is the result of disconnected skirmishes fought at distances of many hundred miles from each other, which are very often without any important consequences. Lord Milner is now back again at Pretoria, and it is time that another general view of the whole situation should be laid before the country, such, for instance, as he gave of South Africa in the month of February last. It was then frankly confessed that the preceding six months had been a 'period of retrogression.' Has retrogression ceased? Is the complete subjugation of the two States really close at hand? And has the danger which has seemed of late to trouble Cape Colony and Natal finally passed away? It is distressing to find after two years' war that our troops have still to be employed in defending the frontiers of Natal from Boer attack, and to read accounts of aggressive Boer action in very widely separated districts of Cape Colony itself. It would seem that a country of the almost boundless extent with which our forces are dealing does not feel itself really conquered because of the military occupation of the railways and the holding of the more important towns.

Now our wish is not to deal with the detail of the military situation in South Africa, so much as to consider the political position created by it at home, and what prospect there may be of the country finding a way out of very pressing difficulty and danger, by having recourse to new political combinations. The Government have, it is true, not, so far, succeeded in carrying out the mandate of the nation. But, for our part, we are entirely unable to see, considering the essential difficulties of the case, that any other Government following the same policy would have been more successful. If Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey are really in possession of 'foresight, grasp, and skill' which will enable them to triumph over all difficulties, and to give us victory and peace, we believe that in the present national emergency the country, setting aside party predilections, would gladly entrust them with power. Theirs is the only

section of the Liberal party which the nation would trust to carry out its will, that is in the first instance to achieve complete victory in South Africa. But we are entirely unable to discover when these statesmen in the past have been more in the right than the Government, in the view they have taken either of the political condition of that continent or of the conduct of the war. In the light of the great events that have been taking place, the letting loose of tremendous forces, the clash of national passions, the criticism of Liberal-Imperialists strikes the public as almost microscopic. Had five or six thousand more troops been sent to Africa earlier before the outbreak of war, how much better it would have been! If only Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley had pulled better together! If only the Government had despatched disciplined regular troops of the best quality rather than raw yeomanry! If two years ago these statesmen had been in power, they would not have had, any more than had Lord Salisbury, an army of a quarter of a million men at command. They would have had to do what after all Lord Lansdowne and his advisers achieved very remarkable success in doing—they would have had to create one. Why they should have done this better does not appear. Surely all this is to make the mistake natural enough to statesmen in opposition—that of attributing difficulties intrinsic to the policy pursued entirely to errors of management and administration. In such gigantic operations as we have been engaged in, some mistakes will always be made. We do not wish to excuse them; but in the last two years the faults and blunders brought home to administration have been far less frequent and less important than those that have marked the carrying on of any of our historical great wars. The grand error of all, the blindness as to the consequences which racial war would bring upon South Africa and the Empire, a blindness which in our opinion at least told upon policy, they shared to the full with the members of Lord Salisbury's administration.

We are not concerned to deny the truth of some of the criticisms that fall from the Liberal-Imperialists, nor is the criticism that comes from the more Radical section of the Opposition without weight. For instance, what has been said as to the mischief done by farm-burning as a military policy was certainly well founded. And the objections taken to some of the proclamations both of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were perfectly sound, and it was right that they should be noticed in Parliament. The proposed

exiling for life of those Boer leaders who had not surrendered before September 15, was rightly shown by Mr. Asquith to be beyond the authority of the military or civil executive. When Lord Durham, possibly for very good reasons, exercised authority not altogether dissimilar in regard to French Canadians, the Whig Government of the day found it impossible to support his action. After the Republican States have been really conquered, their citizens will have the rights of British subjects according to law, which law can, of course, only be abrogated or modified by a competent legislature, local or imperial. The idea that when the war is over, the liberties and rights of South African Dutch will be determined by military proclamations issued during the extreme stress of a mighty struggle, ought to be completely dispelled. Martial law has unfortunately been a necessity of the position with which we have had to deal. Enforced over limited districts, and only for a short time, it might do little harm; but nothing can be worse than its effect upon the ordinary population where it is unduly prolonged. The dislike to martial law is a natural and most wholesome instinct of Englishmen, and no folly could be greater than the maintenance of such a system in any locality an hour longer than the safety of the public and the actual peace of the district demand.

We have no desire to deprecate public criticism of the action of the Government or its agents. During the last few years we have had perhaps too little rather than too much criticism. Only do not let us suppose, because occasionally mistakes have been made in administration, some of them serious ones, that our present most difficult position is mainly due to them. The conquering of the Republics, having regard to the general condition of South Africa, could not in the nature of things be anything but a gigantic undertaking; and it would be most unfair to attribute our present stress to the supposed lapses of Mr. Brodrick or to an alleged want of genius amongst our generals in the field.

Far the best speech made in the House of Commons during last session on the South African question was that of Sir Edward Grey. It was admirable both in substance and in tone. Whilst criticising with effect where he had to blame, he did not forget the necessities of the case, nor lose sight in these necessities of the ultimate result which we hoped to achieve. 'You cannot, when the 'country is in a state of war, have the operation of the 'ordinary law, but admitting that martial law is necessary,

'the more reason for great care in the execution of it.' Capital punishment might be unavoidable in certain cases; but in our proceedings there should be at least some sort of dignity, and he censured most properly the conduct of those who had compelled the friends of the condemned men to be present at their execution—'a reversion to ancient 'methods' which is hardly credible, and which, as he said, 'must tend to greater exasperation without having any 'more deterrent effect.' Again, it was probable that the camps for the Boer women and children were a necessity, but the Government in doing its best to improve the sanitary condition would receive assistance—not hindrance—from the utmost possible publicity as to their real state. Vigorous common sense also marked his comments on that most serious step—the suspension of the constitution in Cape Colony—a step which could not but be regarded with suspicion.

'But we have it before us as a temporary measure, which excites no protest in Cape Colony itself, and I make no protest against it here. But I dwell on this, the suspension must be temporary; otherwise your government in the Cape must tend to become arbitrary; and if you once carry the suspension so long as to have discontent excited, the mere existence of discontent makes it more difficult to resume the constitutional situation afterwards.'

But the words which it is most essential for Englishmen to bear in mind were those spoken of the future:—

'After the war we want South Africa to settle down. Two races there must be; but if we are agreed on the lines of the settlement, though there be two races, may they not feel that there is but one mind at home? *I can imagine nothing more deplorable than having one race appealing to one party in this country, and the other race appealing to the other party.*'

And Sir Edward then referred with approval to Mr. Chamberlain's excellent speech last winter as to the terms on which the Government were willing to make peace, and the sort of settlement to which they were looking. On those lines he thought Englishmen in general might agree to work.

That, no doubt, is what they ought to do. But a moderate course, if the only right and wise one, and the only one moreover which has in it any prospect of success, will be little to the taste of either of the extreme parties in South Africa or at home. It is but natural that there almost all should be extremists, and the Government will have to exhibit considerable firmness if it is to adhere to a really

statesmanlike policy of South African reconstruction. Here the Liberal-Imperialists may do good work in strengthening Ministerial hands.

The Liberal-Imperialists, if they understand their own position, may render great services to the State in its present exigencies. They may strengthen the Government for good, they may do much to keep it out of mistakes, into which possibly some of its own followers might push it. Amongst them are very able and public-spirited men, and their leaders at least are aware of the conditions of local self-government under which alone our great Colonial Empire can be retained. But do not let them flatter themselves that they can, as things stand, reconstruct the Liberal party in opposition to the Unionist Government and prepare to take its place. No opposition was ever founded upon the basis of agreement with the Ministry on the great question of the day; and this, so far as we can understand it, is the position at present taken by Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. They are ready, even anxious, to abandon Home Rule; and though to zealous partisans amongst their opponents it may seem the clever game to identify the whole of the Liberal party with the principles of its least admirable members, more patriotic men will rejoice at the tardy escape of an effective portion of the Liberal army from a policy so much opposed to national well-being. We fail, however, to see how all this brings 'Liberal reconstruction' any nearer, or to understand what is to be done with Liberals, and they are many, and many of them are statesmen of mark, who repudiate the principles of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith. If Liberal-Imperialists are prepared to part with so large a section of Liberals, in what way is the loss to be made good? Lord Rosebery is sanguine that in the future a 'Liberal party, or some such 'party,' will put everything straight. We shall watch with interest the growth and developement of the 'Some Such 'Party.' 'Imperialists' are, we believe, Unionists. Indeed, this seems to be not the least definite part of their creed, and so far at least we wish them success. But if on the great subject of Home Rule, and on the great subject of the war, they are in agreement with his Majesty's Ministers, what about their opposition?

Till the Unionist Party breaks up, the notion of a Liberal Ministry victorious over Unionists, Radicals, and Home Rulers, is of course a dream. But the Unionist Party shows no sign of breaking up. Should Lord Salisbury, after a long

and brilliant career, feel himself compelled by the weight of advancing years to withdraw from public life, great though the loss would be to his party and to the country, the consequences would not be such as followed the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. The choice of his successor would be limited by the fact, that in the House of Lords no one could take place above the Duke of Devonshire, whilst in the House of Commons no one could be put over Mr. Balfour. It would be for the Sovereign to decide which of the two statesmen he should ask to form a Ministry, and there are no precedents to prevent him selecting the Minister in his opinion best able to form and keep together a strong Government. Whatever his choice, the party situation would remain unchanged.

The almost unanimous desire of the people is to strengthen the existing Ministry, not to weaken it; for in the existing crisis all men feel that party considerations are small indeed as compared with the national interests which are at stake.

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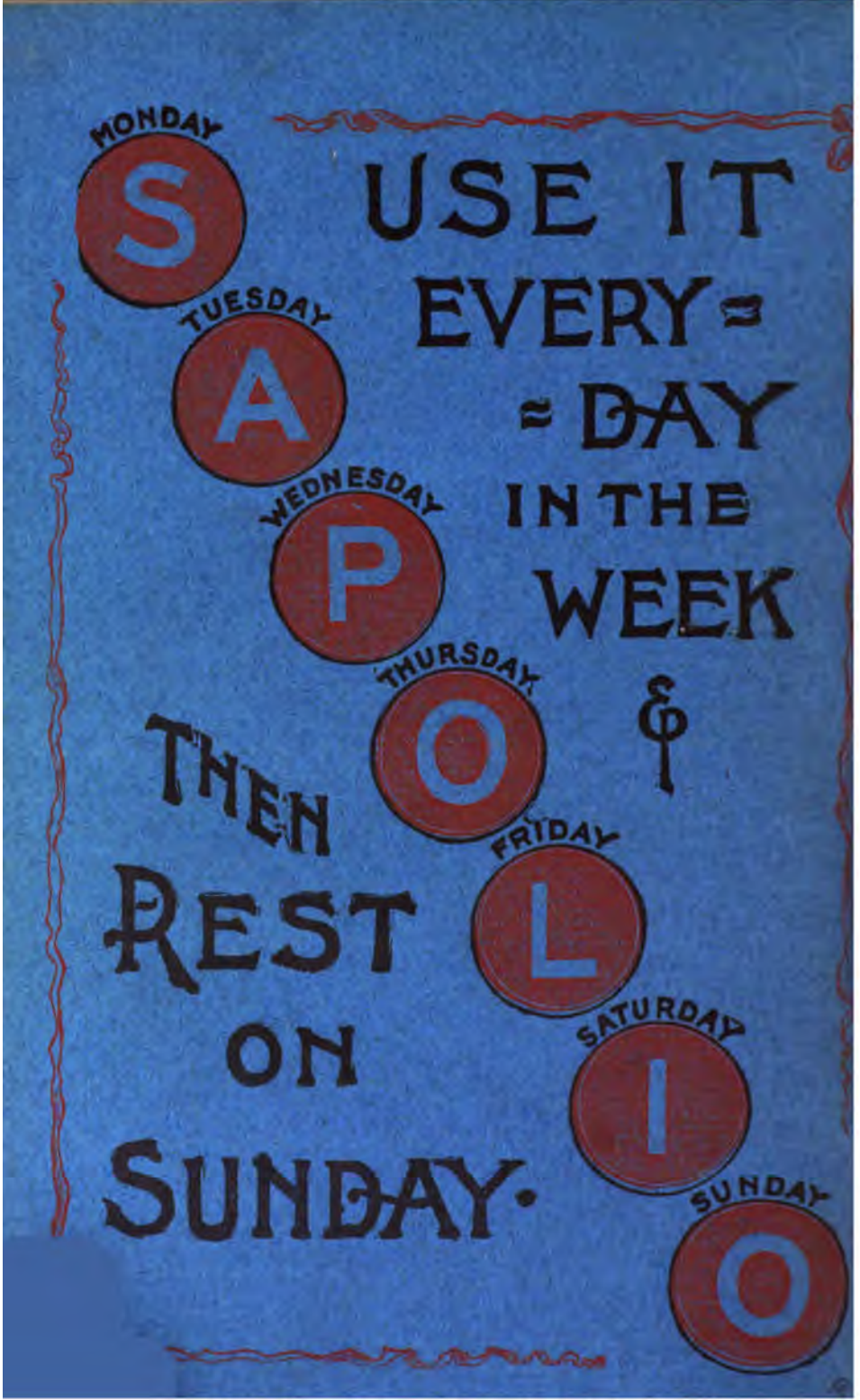
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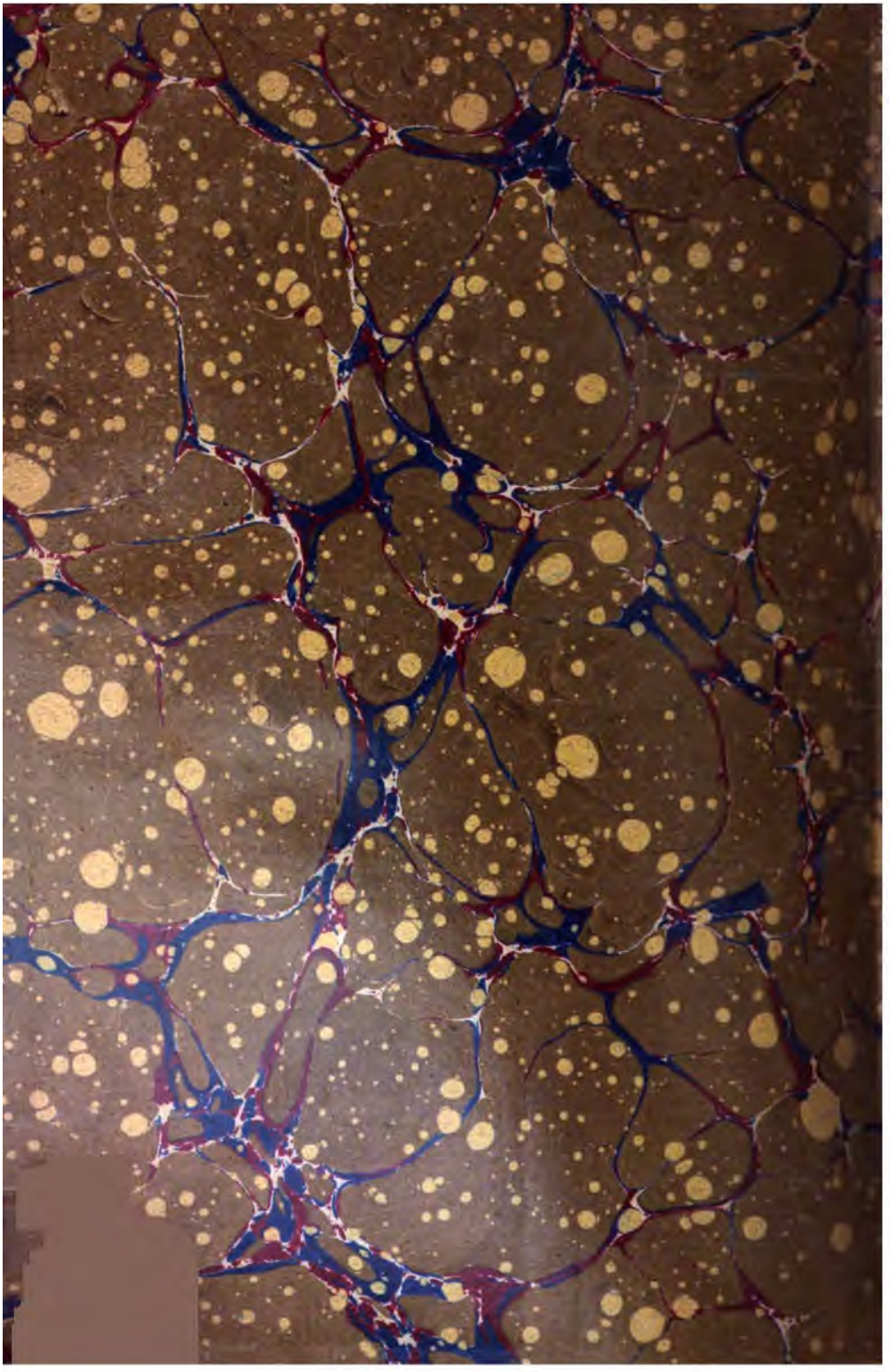

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